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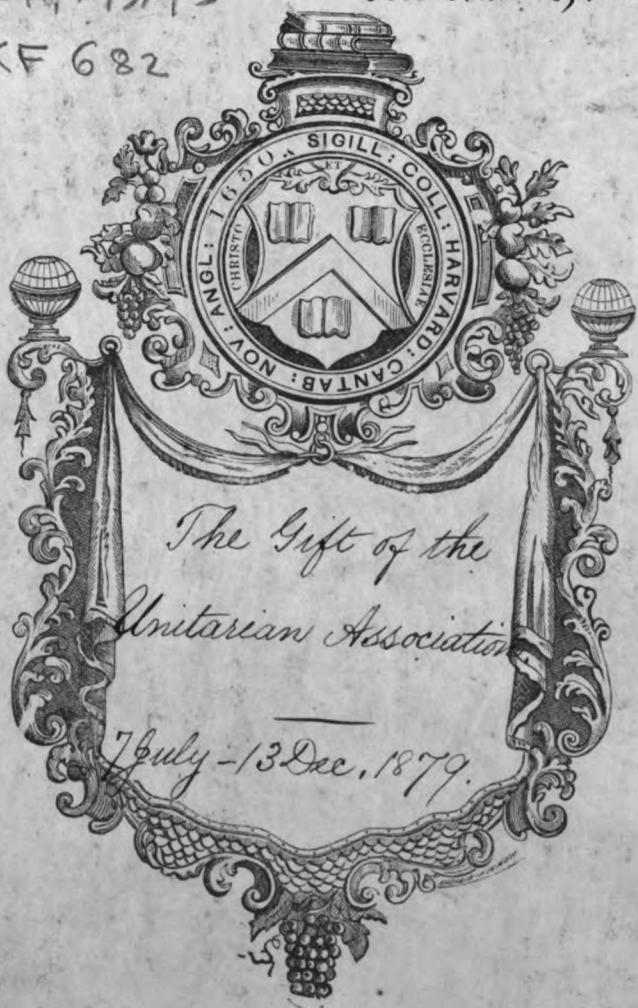

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THE STATE OF THE ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS.

Statements are frequently made in current religious literature to the effect that recent investigations have essentially modified the historical proofs of the genuineness of the Gospels and most of the other New Testament documents, and confidently assuming that only prejudiced or ignorant persons any longer have faith in the historical validity of these books. Even one who believed that he had long since made up his mind on solid and immovable grounds in favor of the books may be excused for a little uneasiness and fear lest what he supposed to be a fair statement of the facts bearing on this subject was not so, and that its falsity has been proved by discoveries made since his special study of the subject. He asks himself: Can it be that I am holding to an obsolete faith? still reading and studying the Gospels to learn what Jesus taught of himself, of God, and of man? to learn what sort of person Jesus was,—how he lived, died, and left the earth, and the result of it all,—while these books are only a selection or residuum of the fabulous or half-

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fabulous legends of a later age, full of fictions, having little if any claim to be faithful witnesses as to what Jesus was, did, or said, or even of what his personal friends and followers believed and taught about him?

Our faith in Jesus and his religion does not depend on the settlement of this question. In some respects that faith rests on the quality of the teachings, not on the person of the teacher or the channel of their transmission. Nevertheless, one must desire to know whether the historical edifice of the Christian Church and cultus rests on a mistake as to the books which form its main element of stability, whether of doctrine or morals. One might retain his faith in Christ without faith in the apostolic origin of the records; but a mistake so early made, so widespread, so suggestive of weakness, carelessness, and ignorance in the first Christians, would be extremely humiliating to the believer, even at this distance of time. There is much reason to think, however, that this question is practically one of standing or falling faith; that as the rejection of belief in the genuineness of the documents is now generally associated with disbelief of the divine origin of the gospel, so the general acceptance of this negative conclusion by Christendom would be the end of Christendom.

These views explain the wish to reëxamine the subject so far as to see if any important discoveries have been made which impair the grounds of faith hitherto held sufficient. It will appear, I think, that the question at issue is not as to *facts*, but as to the just inferences to be drawn from the facts about which all are agreed. It is a question not to be determined by profound or even "prodigious" learning, but by the use of sound common-sense in seeing the bearing of facts as to which there is no dispute.

In treating this subject, there is always some danger of confounding the genuineness with the authenticity and credibility of the books. These are not only distinct, but they depend on different bases. The first is purely historical; the second critical and moral; the third philosophical. But they are so mutually related in their bearing on our convictions,

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that it is not easy to keep our views on either from affecting our judgment as to the others. The Christian apologist, starting from the position of faith in the religion, is biassed in favor of the genuineness, and inclined to such estimate of historical facts as favors that conclusion.

The adverse critic, generally starting from the position of unbelief in revelation and miracles, is as much or more tempted to force the historical evidence into opposition to the genuineness of the books. In the late English work entitled *Supernatural Religion*, the argument takes this form: The accounts in these books are not such as the apostles would be likely to give, since these accounts are evidently fictitious. But aside from the begging of the question as to the credibility of miraculous events, and allowing that stories of miracles must be false, there is no reason why Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John should not have written fables, if these books are not authentic, since all we know about them and the other apostles is what we learn through these books themselves. Aside from our faith in the historical trustiness of these writings, Christ and his apostles are quite out of the range of our knowledge. Our common idea of the apostles as men of simplicity and veracity is itself, in that case, one of the figments of the Christian imagination. Fables, or even wilful falsehoods, might as well be ascribed to the traditional authors as to others who differ only in being nameless.

The question I am concerned with is not whether the character and works ascribed to Jesus are probable, rational, and credible or not; whether the writers were honest and true men and capable witnesses or not. It is this: Are these books the same that were in use among Christians from the first, and by them believed to be the works of the men whose names they bear; and were they the only ones so received and trusted as original and apostolic documents? The point to be established by proving their genuineness is, that we have in these books a presentation, as far as they go, of what was believed and taught by the personal companions of Jesus, his disciples, in the period immediately following his departure from the earth.

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The distance of time alone is sufficient to act in most minds as an element of doubt. How can we be sure about what took place over eighteen hundred years ago? But for the purpose of this study we can throw off at least sixteen of the eighteen centuries. No critic, however endowed with that historic sense which is supposed to be the special gift of modern scholars, at least of one school, and to make its possessors capable of determining this class of questions with a kind of intuitive certainty, has any doubt that in the third century, soon after its beginning, say two hundred years after the death of Christ, the state of belief among Christians in regard to these books, and their manner of using them, were substantially the same as at the present time, except that there was then no class of scholars calling themselves Christians who disputed their authority. If there were sceptics, they were sceptics on dogmatic, not critical, grounds. The books were universally received as genuine documents of the apostolic age; as the only ones having such a character which related to the affairs of the gospel; were read in the churches and other places of worship; were relied on as the sources of knowledge about Christ and his teachings; were known to have come to that age from the preceding, and to be sustained by a general tradition handed down in the churches, especially the Episcopal churches, which no Christians anywhere disputed or suspected. That is, at a period nearer by half a century to the time when the events recorded took place than we are to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth,—as near as we are to the time of the Salem witchcraft,—some millions of earnest men, including travellers, scholars, and critics, representing all the leading nations and races of the civilized world, among them many people living on the spot where the events occurred, believed in the gospel, in the story of Jesus' life, and in the genuineness of these books with the same assurance that we feel in regard to the leading events of the settlement and early history of New England, and on similar, though even stronger, grounds; their faith was not related to a distant and seldom visited region, but their

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Christian fellowship covered the ground which was made holy to them by the history contained in the books.

To these sacred places scholars as well as devotees journeyed, and on the spots where the most interesting incidents occurred they found fellow-believers and churches whose traditions went back easily to the time of Christ. Local traditions, written or oral, must have been as vivid and assured as ours of Plymouth Rock, of the first graveyard there and its sad story of pestilence, of the spring of fresh water, still flowing there, which was one special inducement to the choice of the spot for a settlement. The story of Jesus was as near to the men of that time as that of Hampden and Cromwell to the people of England to-day,—to some living near the places where the battles of the so-called Rebellion were fought, whose ancestors from their windows saw the smoke and heard the roar of battle, saw the flying troops of the King, saw the drooping form of the noble Hampden, as he rode, mortally hurt, from the field; as near as to the people of Lancaster, Deerfield, Dunstable, and Haverhill are the traditions of the Indian wars, whose tales of woe are briefly told on the rude gravestones that still mark the resting-places of the slain. To suppose any general ignorance of the leading facts concerning the historical beginnings of their religion among the Christians of the third century such as to allow of the reception of fictitious and ungenuine histories, is on a par with ascribing similar ignorance to the people of New England in regard to the leading events of their early history.

The successive centuries are not separate chapters in history, but continuous as to all things like beliefs, customs, and institutions. To go from the early part of the third century to the latter part of the second, is to pass no gulf separating two unlike and disjoined eras; it is but stepping a little way back in an unbroken path. The state of things in the first part of the third century was the result and continuation of that which obtained in the latter part of the second. If, for example, we take Origen as a competent witness of things in his time, what does he make us sure of?

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Not only that the third century had the Gospels at or near its beginning, but that the third century received them — the general use of them in public instruction and worship, the faith in respect to their authorship — from the preceding century, not by a leap or a toss over a gap between A.D. 200 and A.D. 201, but in an unbroken current of wide-spread custom and unquestioned tradition. Origen speaks as a learned, intelligent, and able man, we may say at A.D. 225, not giving a critical or uncritical opinion, but stating facts of his own knowledge. He and his generation knew of four and only four Gospels coming to them from the undisputed tradition of the past, as the works of apostolic and competent witnesses. But, let it be observed, Origen's testimony as to these facts does not belong to the time when he happened to write his books, but to his past life as far as his memory reached. He was born about the year 185, and was the son of an educated Christian, a teacher of eloquence, and a martyr, and, after his father's death, a pupil of Clement of Alexandria. If Origen were the earliest witness, he would establish the general reception of the Gospels as early as the end of the second century. That is, he is a competent witness to the state of things in his youth, as the writer of this article is to the beginnings of the railroad system in this country forty-five or fifty years ago. In this estimate of the force of Origen's testimony, I omit what adds in fact much to its value; namely, his scholarly research into the records and traditions of the earlier times, as a student of history and as a critic of the text of the New Testament writings.

But when we go back to Origen's childhood, we are in the age of the three great witnesses. There is no need to repeat the well-known story. Its amount briefly stated, and so far as I know not disputed by any school of critics, is this: that during the last twenty-five years of the second century, a period as near to the age of the apostles and the generally believed composition of the Gospels as we are to the taking of Quebec and the death of Wolfe, we have abundant testimony in three widely separated regions to the

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same state of things which we have already seen in the third century; namely, the universal reception and use of the four Gospels as the authentic, and only authentic, records of Christ's life handed down from the apostolic times. The witnesses referred to are not men engaged in maintaining the genuineness of the Gospels, or trying to establish that, but in maintaining and diffusing Christianity, and referring to the Gospels continually as the only authoritative source of knowledge as to what Christ said and did. Modern critics object to these men on various grounds. Clement was a mystic and allegorist, Tertullian was a fiery bigot, Irenæus was credulous and weak. But these defects do not render them incompetent witnesses to an undisputed fact; namely, that all Christians used the four Gospels as their sacred books and only records of Christ's life and words. Would those or any conceivable defects cause the three men — widely removed locally from each other, and speaking with complete independence each of the others — to agree in bearing witness to the same things, if the things were not facts?

About the year 175, Irenæus wrote a copious treatise against heretics. We are not much concerned with the cogency of his reasonings, though in common sense,— on most points,— in apprehension of the main things at issue, and in clearness of statement he will not suffer by comparison with some modern critics. What he does for us is what the other two do likewise: he shows us the state of things in his time, and as far back as his memory reaches; and that is, that the Christian community were a unit in receiving and using the four Gospels, just as they were in Origen's time, and have been ever since, with insignificant exceptions. It was not because Clement, Tertullian, Irenæus, Theophilus, or any other man or set of men told them to do so; not because any council or ecclesiastical assembly of any sort had so decided; not because there was a recognized canon: but because the unbroken tradition of Christian families, communities, and churches had passed them on as being the only known apostolic tradition; books not in libraries or on

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the tables of scholars only, but in the churches, chapels, closets, and households many thousands and tens of thousands of copies.

It is said that nothing in the quotations of this age shows that there was any recognized canon of the New Testament Scriptures. Most certainly there was not. It is one of the strong points in favor of their genuineness. They held their place by their own right, not by the action of any body assuming to dictate to the Christian Commonwealth. In critical writings on the early history of Christianity, we often meet the phrase "the Church," used as if there had been then some organized institution, a power representing and acting for the whole body of Christians. There was no such body; and not till long after did any general council meet. There was no power that could even attempt to dictate to Christians in respect to their sacred books, either to include or exclude, much less to compel a change, a surrender of one set and the acceptance of another; "the meaning of which remark is in the application of it," as may be seen presently. It would have been impossible to compel, or by art to create, the common consent in regard to the four Gospels and the other principal documents of the New Testament, which is the first phenomenon history reveals to us in regard to the collection.

What the three great witnesses establish is not that in their critical judgment the Gospels are genuine. We are very little concerned with their critical judgment or lack of it. They reveal to us the fact that about one hundred and fifty years after the death of Christ his religion had spread widely over the known world, and that everywhere, with one or two exceptions where rude tribes had embraced Christianity simply on *oral* evidence, these four Gospels were in undisputed reception and use as the only authoritative records of the life and teachings of Christ; were read in the public worship; were studied as the sources of Christian knowledge and referred to as arbiters on disputed points. This is a state of things which could not grow up in a day or year, but carries our assurance of the existence of the

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books many years back, at least as far as the recollection of the generation then living. The witnesses not only testify to what was true at the time they wrote, but to what had been true in the past as far as their knowledge extended. They could not have remembered the coming into use of these books or of any one of them, or the going out of use of any other that had been believed to be apostolic. The reasons Irenæus gives why there were four Gospels, over which the critics have made themselves merry, are just as useful as better ones to show that, as far as Irenæus knew, there always had been four Gospels and four only. Clement was a scholar, not a man of prosaic logic and poise of judgment; perhaps mystical in excess: and, as such, very likely to accept extravagant traditions about Jesus, had he not been restrained by his reverence for the Gospels. There is no reason to think him incapable of telling the truth as to a matter of fact; still less, that he was indifferent whether what he received and taught was true or false. Scholarship meant then what it does now,—acquaintance with books and other sources of knowledge beyond the scholar's personal experience. His testimony is entitled to the weight that belongs to scholarship.

But if we confine ourselves to each man's personal knowledge, we can be sure that Irenæus must have had an intelligent apprehension of the open facts respecting Christian customs and the books used among them for religious instruction as early as the year 150, for he was then fifteen years old, and was brought up as a Christian, and was personally acquainted with Polycarp, the friend of St. John. The Christian traditions must have been among the most vivid and ineffaceable impressions on his mind and in his memory. If he then was familiar with oral traditions coming so directly from the apostles as they would have done, and no books of apostolic authority were received, it is inconceivable that the fact should not have appeared in his writings. But, on the contrary, we have his assertion that not only were the four Gospels in use in his later days, but that they were received from the age before, were the true

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apostolic tradition; and he strains a point to show why there were four and only four: of which the importance to us is in the incidental demonstration that he had no recollection or knowledge other than this.

But when Irenæus as a boy was learning the gospel from Polycarp, Justin Martyr was already writing and publishing his controversial and apologetic works, crowded with references to and citations from what he describes as memoirs of the apostles and their companions, meaning their memoirs of Christ's life and teachings. Of about two hundred such references, all but four are substantially like passages in our Gospels. In some instances, his phraseology indicates that in giving accounts of certain incidents he used the memoirs in connection with other and unnamed sources of information, in all probability oral traditions.

So far as Justin describes the state of things, it is that which we have traced back to his time; and his mode of speaking implies that it had been the same as far back as his memory reached: that is, the Christian churches used memoirs of Christ written by the apostles and their companions. All the discussion respecting Justin's method of quotation may be passed over. It is interesting, but not essential to the argument. He wrote largely, and his purpose led to a full statement of what he regarded as the essentials of Christianity, both its history and its moral instructions, as generally received and taught among Christians in his own time. He lived at a time when there must have been a large element of oral and miscellaneous written tradition about Jesus and his sayings. He actually gives with some detail the leading incidents of Christ's life and death, and the most striking points of his moral system. Now if, down to his time, the Christian tradition was essentially unshaped, but gradually coming to shape, and if there were a great many documents in common use as records of Christ's life and words, but none recognized as of peculiar and especial authority, which is the theory of the critics who maintain the late origin of the Gospels, is it conceivable that we should not find in his writings a great deal that is not in our

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Gospels? But we do not. One slight incident at the baptism of Jesus, and one moral sentence which is hardly more than a paraphrase of what Christ is reputed as saying in our Gospels,—aside from these, Justin does not add to our knowledge of Christ's life and word so much as the single saying which has been preserved in the Acts. The presumption from these facts is very nearly conclusive that he used no other written documents than the Gospels which we have, and that he held them to be the sure and only authentic records of Christ's life and teachings.

The evidence derived from Justin's quotations and statements can be put in a still stronger light. It appears clearly that in his time the Christians had and used as the chief source of their knowledge of Christ's life and religion certain documents containing accounts of him and his teachings, and believed to be the works of his apostles and their companions. These accounts he himself quotes from abundantly. There is no reference or allusion, however incidental, to any doubt or uncertainty as to the books, or book, —for it is not made clear by Justin's language whether the "memoirs" were in one or several books. The question he treats is, What is Christianity? and he draws his answer from these memoirs. The one thing he makes sure is that the Christians had books about Christ which they ascribed to apostles and friends of the apostles as authors. It is worth observing, also, that Justin was not an unlettered or obscure person, whose information was limited to the place where he happened to be. Born in Palestine, but of Gentile parents, he was trained up in the heathen religion, studied the philosophers, became a zealous Platonist before his conversion to Christianity, travelled much, was familiar with the scenes of Christ's ministry. He is a specially competent witness to the state of things among Christians generally. At the time Justin thus bears witness to a recognized written standard of Christian belief about Christ, Irenæus was a lad of fifteen years of age, a Christian scholar, acquainted with at least one man who had been a companion of the Apostle John. A few years later, this lad, grown to

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man's estate, a Christian bishop in Western Europe, far from the place of his birth and early training, a keen controversialist, and learned in matters pertaining to the Church and its history, tells us that the churches throughout the world have four Gospels, and only four; have always had them from the first; knew of no others of like authorship or authority; have received them from the fathers before them, and regard them as of equal and sufficient authority upon matters of Christian belief. How could the memoirs known to Justin Martyr as the generally received standard of faith in use throughout a fellowship of churches and Christian believers spread over the known world, and themselves multiplied in many thousands of copies, drop out of use and sight in thirty or forty years, and another set of writings newly compiled, yet falsely pretending to be the true originals, come into universal use, so that a bishop of the Christian Church whose personal observation spanned from Asia Minor to Gaul, whose own memory ran back to or before the time of Justin's writing, knew only of these and never heard of those?

Sufficient testimony might compel us to receive a story so violently improbable; but in fact there is not a particle of evidence, not a mention, allusion, or indication pointing to such a revolution of use and belief. Whatever evidence we have coincides with the belief that Justin Martyr quoted our Gospels simply because there were no others that had any hold on the confidence of Christians.

This, then, carries the Gospels, as we have them, back of the time which is assigned to their composition by most of the writers who deny their genuineness; since Justin's evidence is not for the time when his books were written, but for the earliest reach of his personal recollection of Christian matters some years earlier; that is, he carries our knowledge of the Gospels as near to the time of Christ's public ministry as we are to the beginning of the War of Independence, and nearer to the time of the writing of the Gospels and their coming into general use, on the supposition of their genuineness, than we are to the adoption of the

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Federal Constitution and the beginning of Washington's administration. It is not a question of believing or not believing miracles, or of the credibility of Christ's claim to be a messenger from God to man we are considering; it is testimony to a fact as natural and simple and entirely within the competency of human witness as to-day is the evidence or certainty that we live in the United States, and under the government which arose out of the War of Independence, and that the Constitution of to-day, amendments excepted, is the Constitution adopted by this nation within the memory of the fathers and mothers of a great part of the present generation. The tradition of the leading facts in the inception of Christianity and the Christian Church must have been as clear and unquestionable in Justin's time, as in ours that of the 19th of April and 17th of June, 1775; of the Declaration of Independence; of Washington's assumption of the command of the army in Cambridge, and his subsequent services.

We are not without some traces of belief in the time between the apostles and Justin. Papias died in extreme old age about A.D. 164. He was probably contemporary with the Apostle John for from ten to twenty years, and must have been acquainted with many whose memory went back to the time of Christ's ministry. He was a weak-minded man, Irenæus tells us, who yet quotes from him several of his weak stories about Christ. But he was a bishop, as was also Irenæus himself; and perhaps we can judge from the two what sort of records of Christ's life we should have had if the Gospels had "grown," as some critics say, instead of being written by men whose inner being was sobered by the force of Christ's personality. Papias tells of two Gospels by name, one by Matthew and one by Mark, not as stating a fact for information, but to put on record certain traditions about their composition, thus showing that they were old in his time. This is a hard thing for the critics, but they get over it by maintaining that the Gospels so named by Papias were not the same that we have. The difficulty in this view is to account for their sudden disap-

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pearance; since Irenæus, who tells us what we know of Papias, and was contemporary with him for a considerable part of his life, knew no Gospels of Matthew and Mark but the ones we have. The objections to the testimony of Papias miss the real point. He may easily have heard and repeated as true some special and minor traditions as to the occasion and form of the writing of the original Gospels which were not true; but he could not have well imagined that Gospels were in use in his time bearing the names of Matthew and Mark, if there were not such; and if there were, they could not have disappeared and others come into their places, and the men who were leaders while Papias was yet alive have known nothing of such an exchange.

For brevity's sake, I pass over Tatian, Hegesippus, Theophilus, Marcion, and others, all of whom afford arguments more or less effective for the genuineness of the Gospels or of one or more of them. They merely confirm what we have already gathered from more important witnesses.

The aim of this paper and the hope of the writer is not to change opinions already formed, but to confirm in faith those whose belief is more or less disturbed by the confident assertions of sceptical critics. The underlying conviction is not that our Christian faith depends on the view we take of the authorship of the Gospels, but simply that in an historical matter it is better to rest in the truth than in falsehood, and that the Gospels are more valuable for moral and religious use if relieved from the stigma of false pretence in regard to their authorship. It is no careless charge to say that the attack on their historical value has been inspired by dogmatic, rather than critical, motives; has been in the interest of a variety of philosophical theories which agree in this: that Christianity must have been purely natural as a series of events, and as a process of moral and religious growth. What in its present form is miraculous must have been an after-growth or addition. In our Gospels, therefore, we see what came to be told and believed of the wonderful person who gave them occasion to be, long years after he died and returned to dust. We have in them a later exag-

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geration of the story of the Hebrew enthusiast, mystic, and prophet, Jesus of Nazareth.

It is a corollary to this view that the earliest accounts of Jesus must contain least of the miraculous. But as a fact of history, it is not so. We find no trace of a time when Christians believed less of the greatness of Jesus' life, word, and deed than the story of the Gospels. As far as we can go in the open highway of history, they go with us. We find no small beginning, no gradual growth, no mixture of legend and myth slowly shaping itself into the New Testament record. In the beginning of the second century, we find the Jesus of the Gospels, word, deed, life, and death. Whether Clement of Rome, Polycarp, Justin, Irenæus, Marcion, Celsus, friends, heretics, or enemies quoted from our Gospels or not, the story they have to tell is the same; and as many as quoted believingly reveal to us the same Christian faith, the same divine ideal.

But all along the ages, the history we read is not the history of these books, but of the great river of Christian life and faith, of which the books are but an adjunct, however important; first, the offspring of the faith, afterwards its nurse and conservator. The Christian fellowship, the new moral and spiritual life which organizes itself around the New Testament record, the hope, the joy, the aspiration, the spiritual worship, the elevated morality of Christendom are a greater, more splendid, more indisputable reality than even these venerated Scriptures.

For a few years the stream disappears from view, the historic continuity is at least obscured. It is almost exactly midway of this gap that Pliny's famous letter gives us an unbeliever's testimony, showing us the gospel as a depopulator of the heathen temples, and the Christian faith as an inspiration to martyrdom. Earlier still, is the testimony of another unbeliever, Tacitus, that the "detestable superstition," as he terms it, had spread to Rome and won great multitudes of converts. When we strike the stream again back of this obscuration, we find in the leading towns and cities of Asia Minor and Greece, and in Rome itself,

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"churches of the Lord Jesus Christ," a fellowship of men and women to whom the whole creation is a new thing because of their faith in Christ; a community lifted at once into the assured belief in immortality by their belief in the resurrection of Christ; a society based on a positive and exacting scheme of practical morals, not deduced from speculative reason, but received as the will of God through the incarnate word. It is not a story of a Jewish enthusiast that greets us, in the simplicity of pure nature, but the gospel of the Son of God, the Christ, the Saviour, the renewer of the life of humanity; and this story of things so far transcending the range of common experience told with a dignity and nobleness of conception which the first three Gospels only suggest, and the fourth may be said to struggle to set forth.

An explorer is tracing the Nile to its source. He ascends its broad current nearly two thousand miles by its first and its second cataracts, and along its upper reaches. What a marvellous river! No tributaries in all this distance; still the same majestic stream. At last navigation is interrupted and he takes to the land, and for a few miles, by circuits around marshes and mountains, presses onward. Now and then he catches a glimpse of the nearly hidden river; traces its path even at a distance by the line of richer vegetation, and once or twice has a full view of its sweeping current. Presently he comes down from the hills, traverses the green lowlands to the bank, and lo! again the glorious stream, not the accumulation of multitudes of rills and drainings of meadows, but issuing full-grown from the broad tropical lake fed by the rains of the surrounding mountains, the glory of the river itself answering to that of the never-failing fountain. So, as we draw near to the beginnings of Christianity, we find no tangle of scanty rills uniting to form the stream, but the undiminished current along which we travel for eighteen centuries till we reach the source from which it started on its journey of the ages.

The Gospels, it is agreed by all, are not the earliest statements of Christian faith. It is in the earliest of all and

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the most unquestioned writings that we have the highest statements of Christ's rank and work. Paul writes less than thirty years after the death of Christ to large gatherings of Christian believers, to churches that unite the religious culture of Hebrews with the intellectual acumen of Greeks, and he addresses them, not as one who has a doubtful hypothesis to maintain or a strange tale to affirm, but as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ; of God, the Father, and of his Son; of the new dispensation which has revolutionized history; the revelation of the divine purposes hitherto hidden; the divine word which has superseded the venerable religion of Moses, and swept into the rubbish heap the outworn fables of heathen mythology. It is when he rises to the highest statements of Christ's nature and work, he speaks with the greatest assurance, as if his only trouble is the insufficiency of language to express the truth. Christ is the Son of God; the First-born of the whole creation, having in him the whole divine *pleroma* or every divine perfection; the Head of all things; the Head of the Church, the new order of regenerated human society; risen from the dead; the glorified Lord of man's higher life and destiny; the Judge of all; the one Mediator between God and man; so high in power and prerogative that Paul, Jew of Jews in his faith in one only God, joins the names of God and Christ in his frequent and intense utterances of devout praise. This is but a meagre sketch of Paul's way of embodying his idea of Jesus Christ; and all is said by him, not as something to be proved, or likely to be questioned by those to whom he writes, or as his own personal opinion, but as the faith common to all Christians. It is not a personal enthusiasm for Jesus only: it is his conviction of the reality and greatness of the new order. Old things have passed away; all things have become new. It was a faith that took hold on things, and rested on the evident unfolding of a restoring power among men through the preaching of Christ's name and gospel. Of all Christian writers whose works we have, Paul is the earliest; and he has the fullest, most practically effective, as well as ideally highest view of the person and work of

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Christ. If we accept his record, he had the latest personal interviews, a look behind the veil, a sight of the glorified Lord, and lessons for his work from those divine lips. He might well bear the highest testimony.

The other writers fall below Paul only for want of power to express their belief. They show no intended limit to their exaltation of Christ. In the first Epistle of Peter, which is acknowledged to be a voice from the primitive Church by those who question Peter's authorship, we have a conception of Christ and his work which cannot be supposed to be borrowed from the Gospels, but such as agrees with the belief that the Gospels are a restrained and partial presentation of the outer facts of a life and character too great to be grasped by the writers' minds, and which they do not attempt to set forth in full,—Christ, the Lord, sent of God to die for men and to rise as the pledge of our immortal life, to come again as a judge, exalted at the right hand of God, the angels being made subject to him. If Peter wrote the letter or address, and he was, as some critics maintain, at the head of the anti-Pauline section of the Church, the more significant is this agreement in a faith in Christ which was greater than the writer's resources of language were equal to expressing in full.

The author of the epistle ascribed to James writes in a cooler frame and more purely ethical spirit; but he calls himself servant of God and of our Lord Jesus Christ; and the faith he exhorts men to keep pure is the faith of our Lord of glory, Jesus Christ.

The Epistle to the Hebrews may be fairly considered an echo of Paul, but a very noble echo. Its conception of the rank and work of Christ is not behind that of Paul. There is one sentence in this undoubted utterance of apostolic times which is specially significant: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation, which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him, God also bearing them witness both with signs and wonders, and with diverse miracles and gifts of the Holy Spirit?"

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In their desire to discredit the Gospel of John, critics who reject the Gospels have pretty generally come to agree that the Apostle John did write the Apocalypse. This, then, is a true voice of the primitive age of Christianity. In this, if at all, we ought to find it free from the accretions of legend and myth. Let us listen to him who was Christ's intimate friend, not to say beloved disciple. The book begins with a prayer for peace and grace to his readers from God, and from Jesus Christ, the faithful Witness (or martyr), the First-Begotten of the dead, the Prince of the kings of the earth. "Unto him who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God even his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever." It is indeed a strong epitome of the primitive faith: God and Christ one source of grace and peace, Christ the Slain, the Risen, Prince of kings, Redeemer from sin, the coming Judge of all men and nations. The whole book glitters and flashes with the utterances of a faith in Jesus Christ such as could not have grown out of the Gospels and the story as there told, but which, already existing and rooted in evidence far stronger than any written record, makes the existence of the Gospels as a record of such of the facts as could be thus reduced to writing an intelligible thing. What that stronger evidence was, is not far to seek. Mr. Martineau says that estimating Christ's public ministry at fifteen months, say four hundred and fifty days, we have only thirty-five days distinctly noticed in the Gospels, while whole months together, now three, now two, are passed in total silence. The precise proportions of time are not important, but the substance of the statement is seen at a glance to be true. We have only the scantiest fragments of a record of Christ's teachings, and it needs but a moment's reflection to make it evident that precisely those words, actions, and expressions of face which would most powerfully impress on the disciples the grandeur of Christ's personality would be those least likely to be written down, if indeed they could be, by men so little skilled in literary work, and themselves so mere beginners in the apprehension of the Gospel.

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These earlier witnesses to the faith of the first age in Christ do not directly prove or help to prove the genuineness of the Gospels, but they remove the objection that the Gospels tell such a story as could have grown only by the accumulations, in a credulous age, of oral tradition. They show that the Gospels are faulty only by defect, not redundancy. Beyond them, accepted as the work of apostles and apostolic men, we see the transcending greatness which shines pale and thin in their scanty records. Christ himself was greater than Christianity, defining this as men's apprehension of Christ and his word; and Christianity was greater than its written documents. Christ in the Gospels is an image twice reflected. We see, indeed, as in a glass darkly.

Rightly to interpret that half-seen glory, is a task that yet calls for the highest efforts of the highest minds. But it surely is no hopeful way to begin by casting away the reality which history has preserved, and substituting something else of which we have no evidence, as our starting-point. The work we have to do is not to prune the record as it is given to us till we have left only the man Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, artisan, enthusiast, saint, and victim of self-delusion. On the contrary, accepting the fact that there was something to account for the New Testament, through the story and the religious writings of those who stood nearest and knew best, we are to search for a living, if never wholly adequate, apprehension of the greatest phenomenon in human history, the life and character of one so transcending the common type of man that only such metaphors as Son of God, Incarnate Word, Image of God, Lord of Life, Captain of Salvation, and others, sufficed to interpret the impression he made on those nearest to him. What definition we shall accept of the deeds reported to have been done by him, what explanation of his unparalleled spiritual force, what theory of the special connection between his life and the Source of all being, are, with others, questions to be determined as best we may. There is no help towards an answer in a theory which virtually denies any cause for the greatest apparent effects in human history.

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In time, Christ is of the past; in essence and power, not. Those who look back along the lines of a vanishing perspective to find him will fail. In life and power he is above and before, and those are faced towards him who believe that every step forward and upward is an advance in the knowledge of Christ. We shall not get beyond him. It is enough to be moving towards him. No genuine exaltation of Christ carries him away from man; for, to be genuine, it must be the expression of an advancing spiritual life in the disciple. Wherever Christ goes, man goes. Our higher life is so far the incarnation of the word. Christ reveals our sonship. We are joint heirs with him. His glory is the glory of humanity. From the highest points of our own life, we have the vision of the unique, preëminent loftiness of his being.

L. J. LIVERMORE.

ASSYRIOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

We live in apocalyptic times. The vision of John is being realized. For many ages the Bible was a "book written within" and "sealed with seven seals"; and "no man in heaven nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look therein." We need only to read the edict of Charles V.,[1] to call to mind how fast these seals were. But now the "seven spirits of God sent forth into all the earth" have taken the book from the right hand of him that sat upon the throne, and the seals are dropping off. The seal of the civil prohibitive has been removed, and those of superstition, bigotry, and ignorance are gradually loosening. And as these seals are broken and the book opened, hardly a month passes in which one of the "four beasts"—if in deference to the author of Revelation we may call Bible explorers by this discourteous name—does not say to us, "Come and see." The invitation comes now from

1 "Moreover we forbid: All lay persons to *converse* or *dispute* concerning the Holy Scriptures openly or secretly, especially on any doubtful or difficult matters, or to *read*, *teach*, or *expound* the Scriptures, unless they have duly studied theology and been approved by some renowned university." The penalty was death—by fire if they persisted in their errors; execution by sword or burial alive if they renounced them. Motley, *Dutch Republic*. Vol. 1, p. 261.

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Assyria, whence the primitive arrow-heads are falling thick and fast into Old Testament literature, reminding us again of what John predicted would follow the opening of the first seal, when he that sat on the white horse had a bow in his hand, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer. It is quite possible that such a career of conquest is before the mounted champion of Assyriology, who, with his quiver full of cuneiform darts, has entered the arena of biblical criticism.

In the June number of this *Review*, 1878, its readers were favored with an article by the Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, D.D., on "Recent Assyrian and Babylonian Researches," in which the writer gave a short history of Assyrian research, with an analysis and transcription of some of the most important tablets which the lamented Smith has given to us in his *Chaldean Account of Genesis.* It is not our purpose to go over in detail the ground which Dr. Stebbins has already traversed; but, like the boy that Jonathan sent after the arrow, to see just where this Assyrian shaft has lighted upon Hebrew soil. In other words, we wish to consider the *relation of this Assyrian literature*, especially its literature of legend, *to the Old Testament.*

In an article[2] on "Egyptology and the Bible," Dr. Philip Schaff concludes with the remark that "the Bible has nothing to fear from Egyptology." We may say in advance the same thing of Assyriology. We should prefer, however, to put the statement in another form: *The Bible has nothing to fear from Assyriology or Egyptology among those who are willing to take it for what it is.* On the other hand, they have very much to fear from both these promising fields of research who insist upon taking it for what it is not — an inspired and infallible historic guide. For the tendency of these studies is to assist knowledge, to dispel misconception, and to effect a modification of long-current views concerning the nature, origin, and historic authority of much of the Old Testament.

When men have built vast systems of theology upon this book, it is not surprising that they should be afraid to dig

2 *International Review*, May–June, 1878, p. 343.

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around the foundation stone. In proportion as they have built upon the chronologies, the legends and presumptions of the Bible, instead of upon its grand moral and spiritual revelations, will their fear be increased. Once it was sufficient to assume that this foundation stone descended from heaven; now it is very evident that it is not a meteorolite, but that it shows a definite historic and human stratification. When compared with the literary and legendary geologies, so to speak, of Egypt and Assyria, we can see that much of it comes from the same formation, and was hewn in the same quarry.

Let us now see what Assyriology has done, and, still more, what it promises to do, for the elucidation of the Old Testament. We must remember that this study is yet in its infancy. It is only ninety years since a beginning was made in deciphering those curious wedge-shaped characters under whose mysteries one of the oldest literatures of the world lay hidden. We may well be surprised that so much has been accomplished by those who have devoted themselves with remarkable patience and assiduity to this difficult task. We may safely say that the results which we can grasp to-day are meagre compared with those which we may legitimately hope to receive when further excavations shall have been made, and greater accuracy and facility acquired in epigraphy and interpretation. We must recognize also at the outset that in all that relates to Assyriology and Egyptology there is great need of caution. Only a few can have access to the originals; only a few can interpret them. What we receive, we receive at second-hand. It is evident, too, that the most learned students in this department are not agreed as to the value of all the characters, and the interpretation of its ideographs, while many characters are entirely unknown. In his inaugural address on the "Fruits of Assyriology for the Comparative History of Religions," Prof. Tiele, of Leyden, says: [3] "I cannot deny that those who wish to learn the religion of the Babylonians and Assyrians and its history, and who consult for the purpose

3 *De Vrucht der Assyriologie voor de Vergelijkende Geschiedenis der Godsdiensten.* C. P. Tiele. 1877. p. 29.

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the works of the Assyriologists, must be very careful, even suspicious, in their choice, and must not accept everything which is related until they have seen it with their own eyes in the text, or, at least, until it is supported with sufficient proof." All Assyriologists of repute recognize the need of making haste slowly. Bearing this caution in mind, we confine ourselves in this article to those facts which rest on eminent authority, and to those conclusions which it seems to us may safely be derived from the facts.

Most readers are perhaps familiar, in a general way, with the explorations of Layard, Botta, Rawlinson, and others in the Assyrian field. Apart from any relation to the Old Testament, their explorations were of value in revealing to us the cradle of Eastern civilization and the character and religion of the people that effected it. But Sir Henry Rawlinson[4] also "pointed out several coincidences between the geography of Babylonia and the account of Eden in Genesis, and suggested the great probability that the accounts in Genesis had a Babylonian origin." It was first, however, in the explorations of Mr. George Smith that these conjectures were powerfully confirmed. The account of his remarkable perseverance and wonderful success, though often told, will bear repetition. When preparing the fourth volume of cuneiform inscriptions, he noticed references to the creation in a tablet in the collection of the British Museum. In a subsequent thorough search, he discovered a portion of the Chaldean account of the deluge. After immense labor, he was enabled to take this chaotic mass of fragments found in the British Museum, and to put them together into a connected and unmistakable account of the flood. Mr. Smith's lectures on these subjects excited the interest of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, who proposed that the Assyrian excavations should be reopened at their cost. This proposition was accepted, and Mr. Smith went to Assyria for six months, and was rewarded by finding a new fragment of the Chaldean account of the deluge, filling up the most considerable blank in the story; and also

4 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 3.

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fragments belonging to the creation and to the fall of man. In a second journey several fresh portions of the fragmentary history of the creation and fall were discovered, and the results of these expeditions and provisional translations of the new tablets were printed in the *Daily Telegraph* of March 4, 1875.

It is not surprising that the discovery of the few fragments of broken tablets in the British Museum on which were words respecting a ship resting on a mountain, and a dove sent forth which could find no rest, should suggest a Chaldean account of the flood, and that this good fortune should instigate new excavations in the East; but that this search in Asia should have been crowned with success, and that the broken needle should be found in the haystack, seems to us almost miraculous. The difficulties which Mr. Smith overcame in going over this immense heap of seeming rubbish, and in putting together these broken arrows, furnish one of the most conspicuous instances on record of indomitable, intelligent, and fruitful perseverance.

In the article of Dr. Stebbins, already referred to, the translations of these Chaldean tablets are given in considerable detail. We can only briefly refer to their contents. As given by Mr. Smith,[5] the tablets include:

1. A long account of the origin of the world, the creation of the animals and man, the fall of man from a sinless state, and a conflict between the gods and the powers of evil.

2. A second account of the creation having a closer correspondence with the account of Berosus.

3. A bilingual legend of the history of the seven evil spirits, apparently part of a third version of the creation.

4. Story of the descent of the goddess Ishtar or Venus into Hades, and her return.

5. Legend of the sin of the god Zu, who insults Elu, the father of the gods.

6. Collection of five tablets giving the exploits of Lubara the god of the pestilence.

7. Legend of the god Sarturda, who turned into a bird.

5 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 17.

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8. Story of the wise man who put forth a riddle to the gods.

9. Legend of the good-man Atarpi, and the wickedness of the world.

10. Legend of the Tower of Babel, and dispersion.

11. Story of the eagle and Etana.

12. Story of the ox and the horse.

13. Story of the fox.

14. Legend of Sinuri.

15. Izdubar legends: twelve tablets, with the history of Izdubar (whom Mr. Smith identifies with Nimrod), and an account of the flood.

16. Various fragments of other legends.

It will be seen that the tablets contain various other fables of Assyrian mythology not found in the Hebrew Genesis. It is well to remember this when we are forming an estimate of the historic character of the Hebrew accounts. But, dismissing these unfamiliar fables, let us confine our attention to those that run parallel with Genesis,— the account of the creation, the flood, and the fall of man.

The first question we ask is: How closely and in what respects do these accounts, dug from the ruins of the old Assyrian library at Kouyunjik, resemble those of the book of Genesis? We must bear in mind, in the first place, that the tablets we have are very imperfect. There are many gaps which cannot be filled, and the translation also is not complete. Nothing could be more unsafe than to found any theories upon a too close verbal comparison. And yet the identity in the outlines is so remarkable that it cannot be concealed from even the casual reader. This identity is thus described by Mr. Smith[6]: —

"The principal Babylonian story of the creation, given in chapter V., substantially agrees, as far as it is preserved, with the Biblical account. According to it, there was a chaos of watery matter before the creation, and from this all things were generated. We have then a considerable blank, the contents of which we can only conjecture; and after this we

6 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 303.

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come to the creation of the heavenly orbs. The fifth tablet in the series relates how God created the constellations of the stars, the signs of the zodiac, the planets or wandering stars, the moon and the sun. After another blank, we have a fragment, the first I recognized which relates the creation of wild and domestic animals. . . . Our next fragments refer to the creation of mankind, called Adam, as in the Bible; he is made perfect, and instructed in his various religious duties, but afterwards he joins with the dragon of the deep, the animal of Tiamat, the spirit of chaos, and offends against his god, who curses him, and calls down on his head all the evils and troubles of humanity. This is followed by a war between the dragon and powers of evil, or chaos on one side and the gods on the other. The gods have weapons forged for them, and Merodach undertakes to lead the heavenly host against the dragon. The war, which is described with spirit, ends of course in the triumph of the principles of good, and so far as I know the Creation tablets end here."

Again Mr. Smith says[7]: "The story, so far as I can judge from the fragment, agrees generally with the account of the creation in the book of Genesis, but shows traces of having originally included very much more matter."

One of the most important of all the tablets is that giving the legend of the flood. The coincidence of this account with that in Genesis is certainly remarkable, the most striking differences being in the size of the ark, and the number that were saved in it, and the duration of the flood. The Bible states the number that were saved to be eight persons,—all of the family of Noah,—while the Chaldean account generously includes his servants, friends, and boatmen or pilots. In the Bible the breadth and height of the vessel are given as fifty and thirty cubits. In the Chaldean account the measures are effaced, but the height and breadth of the vessel are stated to be the same. As regards the duration of the flood, there is greater difference. The [8]inscription gives seven days for the flood,

7 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 61. 8 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 288.

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and seven days for the resting of the ark on the mountain; while the Bible makes the total duration one year and ten days. There is a difference also as to the mountain on which the ark rested. In the cuneiform account, in addition to the raven and the dove, a swallow is also sent forth. Yet the two accounts so unmistakably point to the same tradition that the differences seem slight compared with their agreements, and serve only to show us how the legend was developed.

Thus we have, side by side, two ancient and traditional accounts of the creation, the fall of man, and the flood. A most important question immediately presents itself: Which of these two accounts is the *older?* which was derived from the other?

In reading Mr. Smith's *Chaldean Genesis*, one is immediately struck with his cautious reticence upon this subject. It is very evident that the question did not escape him; for he squarely presents it in his book. But he was very careful not to answer it at a time when he thought such an answer would not be expedient. In his introduction he frankly says: [9]"I have avoided some of the most important comparisons and conclusions with respect to Genesis, as my desire was first to obtain the recognition of the evidence without prejudice." . . .

Further on he says: [10]"Biblical criticism is, however, a subject on which I am not competent to pronounce an independent opinion, and the views of Biblical scholars on the matter are so widely at variance, and some of them so unmistakably colored by prejudice, that I feel I could not take up any of the prevailing views without being a party to the controversy."

It may be asked whether the Christian community is ready yet to receive facts which may be disastrous to accepted theories in regard to the formation of the Old Testament, and the source from which much of its material was drawn.

[11]"It might certainly have interfered to some degree,"

9 *Chaldean Genesis*, Introduction. 10 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 284. 11 *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1878, p. 320.

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says Prof. Proctor, "with the unprejudiced recognition of the evidence of the tablets if it had been maintained by him, and still more if he had demonstrated, that the Babylonian is the earlier version. For the account in the book of Genesis, coming thus to be regarded as merely an expurgated version of a narrative originally containing much fabulous matter, and not a little that is monstrous and preposterous, would certainly not have been presented to us in quite that aspect in which it had long been regarded by theologians."

Despite all theological prejudice, we must put the question, Which of these two accounts is the older? The vexed subject of Babylonian and Assyrian chronology is then at once opened. We cannot expect to find very much light here. Assyrian chronology is uncertain. But it is not more uncertain than that of the Bible. As Dr. Schaff says of the relation of Egyptian and Hebrew chronologies we may say of the Assyrian when compared with the Hebrew: [12] "Both chronologies are still in a state of confusion, and cannot be satisfactorily settled with our present means of information." Equally positive is the opinion of M. Lenormant in regard to Bible chronology. He says: "The calculations which have been attempted on Biblical chronology rest in fact solely on the genealogy of the patriarchs from Adam to Abraham, and on the statement as to the duration of their lives; but the prime element in a real and scientific chronology is absolutely wanting. . . . There is no real Biblical chronology, and therefore no contradiction between that chronology and the discoveries of science."

Hence there is nothing in Hebrew chronology which prevents us from taking the Assyrian as the older account, if the stronger evidence points that way. Although Mr. Smith expressed himself with both caution and modest reserve in regard to this subject, it is quite evident to the unprejudiced reader which way his opinion pointed. He has not withheld his testimony as to the great antiquity of these Assyrian inscriptions. [13] "By far the greatest number of the tablets

12 *International Review*, May-June, 1878, p. 336. 13 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 21-2.

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brought from Nineveh belong to the age of Assurbanipal, who reigned over Assyria B.C. 670, and every copy of the Genesis legends yet found was inscribed during his reign. The statements on the present tablets are conclusive on this point, and have not been called in question; but it is equally stated and acknowledged on all hands that these tablets are not the originals, but are only copies from earlier texts. . . . The Assyrians acknowledge themselves that this literature was borrowed from Babylonian sources, and of course it is to Babylonia we have to look to ascertain the approximate dates of the original documents."

We will not weary the reader with the details of the critical process by which some of the dates in earlier Babylonian history are fixed. It is sufficient to say that, taking the period of literary development in Babylonia as extending from 2000 to 1550 B.C., Mr. Smith [14] concludes that "traditions of the creation of the universe and human history down to the time of Nimrod, existed parallel to, and in some points identical with, those given in the book of Genesis," though he thinks it is probable that most of the legends had existed as traditions in the country long before they were committed to writing.

Rev. A. H. Sayce,[15] one of the most eminent Assyriologists, confirms this view of the antiquity of these texts, which he says "are Assyrian copies or editions of ancient Babylonian originals which cannot be assigned to a later date than B.C. 1700, and are probably even older. It was about that period that Accadian seems to have ceased to be a spoken language, and the legends had been translated into Semitic, in their present form before this event took place. The various versions of them, however, which still exist, as well as the worked-up and artificial character they now bear, show that they must have been current in some shape or other long before their translation into Semitic; and in accordance with this, we find on the earliest seals and cylinders of which we know, representations, not only of the heroes and other mythological beings recorded in them, but

14 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 29. 15 *Academy*, Jan. 1, 1876, p. 3.

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also of the very scenes and details which they describe. Indeed in the case of the Flood story, we can actually trace the several stages through which it had passed before it assumed its present form."

The evidence from the Assyrian side of the great antiquity of those documents is thus sufficiently strong; but as it is easy for Biblical scholars to claim an equally early date for the Biblical account, the question of relative age cannot be so easily decided by comparative chronology. The important question, too, is not merely that of relative age, but whether there is evidence that one account was *derived from the other*. Prof. Porter, of Belfast, readily admits, as indeed do Mr. Rule and others, the greater antiquity of the Assyrian accounts; but argues [16] that there was no "collusion" between them, since Moses had no intercourse with Babylon. Happily there are much more satisfactory means of discovering the parentage of these stories than those which chronology affords.

In our late war it was not uncommon to find among the refugees a negro father and son, neither of whom could tell his own age or the age of the other. Yet in this absence of chronological definiteness, it was generally very easy to tell which was father and which was son. So in regard to these two accounts: though we may not fix their date, it is not difficult to tell by their very physiognomy which was derived from the other. There is seldom a stream so sluggish that we cannot tell which way it is running. And even when it has long ceased to run, an examination of its banks and levels will show which way it did flow. So it is with these traditions. It is possible to trace them back to their original springs simply by following the stream of tradition, custom, thought, and language down which they have flowed. When we follow this method, we find that these springs are not in Palestine, but much further to the East.

I. The derivation of the Hebrew legends from the Assyrio-Babylonian is indicated: *In the traditions of the Hebrews pointing to their own Eastern origin.* Such a suggestion is

16 *Princeton Review*, July, 1878.

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found by many in the name "Hebrew," which they derive from a verb meaning to cross over. Others, with Gesenius, prefer to derive it from Eber, which they regard as the name of the founder of the Hebrew people. But apart from any doubtful etymology, we have the distinct assertion in Genesis xi., 31, that Abram came from Ur of the Chaldees. This we may regard as the first piece of solid ground in Old Testament history. The interest of this statement does not centre now in the personality of Abraham and the sharpness with which we are to define it, but in the fact that this passage shows a reminiscence of the early migration from Ur of the Chaldees into Canaan. Where, then, was Ur of the Chaldees? Much time was spent by learned men for many years in guessing its probable location. But the cuneiform inscriptions have established now beyond doubt that it was that *'uri*, or city, in the land of the Chaldees which to-day is identified with the ruins of Mugheir on the right bank of the Euphrates.[17] There is no evidence of any other land of the Chaldees at this period. Smith notes it as a curious fact[18] that the rise of the kingdom of Ur about B.C. 2000 to 1850 coincides generally with the date given for the life of Abraham.

Now if Abraham, or the early Hebrews whom his name may typify, came from Chaldea, they must have brought their language, their customs, and their traditions with them, just as certainly as they brought their tents and furniture. And their language, customs, and traditions should furnish us a trail by which to trace their pathway back to their original home. Taking up this trail, we find that,—

II. *The Bible tradition of the Eastern origin of the Hebrews is confirmed by comparative philology.* "It cannot be denied," says Schrader,[19] "that the tribes which migrated to the westward—the Hebrews and Phenicians—show in a surprising manner a philological relationship with the Assyrio-Babylonian language." In his article on the origin of the

17 Z. Schrader. *Semitismus und Babylonismus; Jahrbücher. f. Prot. Theol.* No. 1. 1873. *History of Babylonia*, by Geo. Smith, edited by Rev. A. H. Sayce. 1877.
18 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 298. 19 *Zeit. der deut. Morgen. Gesell.* 27 *Band, III. Heft*.

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old Semitic alphabets from the new Assyrian cuneiform character, Mr. Deecke[20] presents a table in which the old Semitic alphabet, the Greek and the Assyrian are placed side by side. The resemblance in many cases is so striking that the conclusion that one sprung from the other can hardly be avoided. We have no difficulty here, on pure morphological grounds, in saying that the more perfect form sprang from the less perfect one. And the result of Mr. Deecke's analysis of that table is the opinion that the old Semitic alphabet has arisen from the new or cursive Assyrian cuneiform writing. Still the inventor knew and used the whole system of cuneiform characters, which there is good proof still existed at his time. He supposes the invention to have been made in *Aram*, and from thence to have gone into Canaan.

Passing from the alphabet to the language itself, the Hebrew shows a close relation to the Assyrio-Babylonian. This is clearly seen to be a higher Semitic stream from which it largely draws its life, though it may not be the primitive source.

We remind our readers here that the cuneiform texts furnish us with monuments of two languages; *viz.*, first, the Assyrio-Babylonian, in which most of the texts are written; but also the older Akkadian from which the Assyrio-Babylonian borrowed. Babylon was not the original home of the Semitic race. The Semitic Babylonians and Assyrians themselves came in all probability from the Arabian desert,[21] the middle point or source of the entire Semitic nation. The original population of Babylon was the Akkadian, probably of Turanian origin, speaking a language distinct from that of any of the Semitic tribes, and remarkable for their superiority to the Semitic nations in civilization, literature, mythology, and science. When the Semitic nations swarmed into and conquered Babylon, they appropriated the elements

20 "Ursprung des altsemitischen Alphabets aus der neuassyrischen Keilschrift," *Zeit. der deutschen Morg. Gesell.* 31 *Band, I. Helf.* See also 31 *Band, IV. Heft.* By W. Deecke.

21 Schrader. *Zeit. der deut. Morg. Gesell.* 27 *Band, III. Heft.*

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of this old culture,[22] accommodating it to the original Semitic character which they brought from their primitive home, and which is preserved in its greatest purity in later times by the Arabs. The Semitic conquerors, however, imposed upon the Akkadians eventually their own language, and Akkadian ceased to be a spoken tongue. But the Semites borrowed that form of writing, and they necessarily borrowed a great number of terms expressing Akkadian civilization for which they had none in their own language. Hence, when we seek for the roots of many Hebrew words, we are carried right back through the Assyrian to the primitive and non-Semitic Akkadian. Thus, in Akkadian, 'uri[23] means a city, which immediately suggests the Semitic 'er. Again, the Hebrew maneh (Greek μνᾶ) is another loan-word whose root is only found in Akkadian. In his Assyrian lectures,[24] Mr. Sayce shows us, first, that the phonology of the Assyrian and the Hebrew agrees in a remarkable manner. Secondly, that there is a striking agreement between their grammatical forms; and, thirdly, that this most striking agreement is found also in the lexicon. "Such an agreement will be looked for in vain between Assyrian and any other Semitic language, with the exception of course of Phenician, which is practically identical with Hebrew."

It is interesting to note also on the same authority that the Assyrian affords illustration of many obscure words, and ἅπαξ λεγόμενα in the Old Testament. Abeh, for instance, is found only in Job ix., 26. But the common translation is confirmed by the Assyrian *abatu*, ship. Hebrew words originally applied to Assyrian officers have received illustration from the Assyrian *pakhat*, "governor," and *sagnu*, "prefect." Another instance adduced by Mr. Sayce is the obscure word in Isaiah xiii., 21. "The doleful creatures," in the authorized version, is determined by the corresponding Assyrian *akhu*, which represents Akkadian *lig-barra* or hyæna. "Many

22 *Chaldean Genesis*, p. 22. Also, Smith's *Assyrian Discoveries*, p. 449.

23 *Principles of Comparative Philology*. Rev. A. H. Sayce. p. 207.

24 *Lectures upon the Assyrian Language and Syllabary*. Rev. A. H. Sayce. 1877. *See also for an elaborate comparison of Hebrew and Assyrian words, Die Keilinschriften*. Schrader. 1872.

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words of rare occurrence in Hebrew are met with plentifully on the inscriptions." Dr. Delitzsch has pointed out that the language of the Targums and the Talmud was largely affected by that of Babylonia.

III. The derivation of the Hebrews from the Assyrians; and the still older culture which they borrowed is shown not only in alphabet and language, but *also in various manners, customs, religious ideas and habits of thought which are clearly traced to the Babylonian home.*

(1) The division of the week into seven days, and of the month into four weeks, and the holiness attached to the number seven, may be traced to Babylonia. The later and contradictory Hebrew attempts to account for the origin of the Sabbath day, where in Exodus it is ascribed to the resting of God on the seventh day and in Deuteronomy is regarded as a memorial of the deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt, show that they were speculating about a custom whose origin was much deeper than they knew, or wished at that time to acknowledge. We find the true reason to be that it was simply the importation of an old Akkadian custom. Mr. Oppert's early determination of the origin of the Hebrew Sabbath received prompt acknowledgment from Assyrian scholars, and has since been amply confirmed by Prof. Schrader, Mr. Sayce, and others. "Seven," says Mr. Sayce,[25] "was a sacred number among the Accadians and their lunar months were at an early epoch divided into periods of seven days. The days were dedicated to the sun and moon and five planets, and to the deities who presided over these. The northern Semites borrowed this division of time and carried it with them on their migration to the West." Mr. Sayce himself translates[26] a memorandum attached to an ancient calendar which is so striking that we insert it here: —

The 7th day, the festival of Merodach and Zirpanitu; a holy day. A Sabbath for the ruler of great nations. His clothes he may not

25 *Academy*, Nov. 27, 1875, p. 554. *Theol. Studien u. Kritiken.* 1874. II. "Untersuchen über die Abstammung der Chaldäer und die Ursitze der Semiten." *Zeit. der deut. Morgenlandischen Gesell.* Bd. xxvii., 397–420. *Semitismus and Babylonismus, Jahrbücher für Protestantische Theologie.* No. 1. 1875.

26 *Academy*, Nov. 27, 1875, p. 555.

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change. (New) garments he may not put on. Sacrifices he may not offer. The king his chariot may not drive. In royal fashion he may not legislate. A place of assembly *for the judge* he may not establish. Medicine for his ailments of body he may not apply. To make a *measured square*, it is suitable. During the (ensuing) night, in the presence of Merodach and Istar, the king should erect his altar, make a sacrifice, and lifting up his hand worship (in) the high place of the God.

Even the word Sabbath itself was not unknown to the Assyrians. It occurs under the form Sabbatu, where it is explained as "a day of rest for thine heart." The calendar from which Mr. Sayce translates was written in Assyrian, but it is very important to notice that the occurrence of numerous Akkadian expressions and technical terms shows that it was therefore of non-Semitic origin, though borrowed by the Semites along with the rest of the old Turanian theology and science. The original text must accordingly have been inscribed at some period anterior to the seventeenth century B.C., when the Akkadian language seems to have become extinct.[27]

(2) The most characteristic thing in the form of Hebrew literature is *parallelism*. This style of rhythmical construction appeared to be a peculiarity of the Semites. "But those who held this opinion were greatly puzzled," says Schrader,[28] "when looking at the Arabian poetry; for we seek a parallelism of numbers there in vain. It would have been strange, if this kind of rhythm were specifically Semitic, that it should not have been found among those who remain, as no other Semitic people, free from foreign influence." But Assyrian study has rendered the explanation clear. The Akkadian, or proto-Chaldaic, text of the songs which are preserved from the old Babylonians and Assyrians on the clay tables in the British Museum, and from which the Assyrian in good part are simply translations, clearly shows that the Akkadians composed their songs in parallel verses, and that they observed a strophic arrangement which is also characteristic of Hebrew prose. Thus a form of poetry which we had supposed to have been purely Semitic is seen

27 *Records of the Past.* Vol. VII. p. 157.
28 *Jahrbücher f. Prot. Theol.* Vol. I. 1875, p. 121.

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to be a part of the debt which the Hebrews and Assyrians owed to the early Akkadians whose civilization they borrowed.

(3) Many of the metaphors which the Hebrews use in their songs, as well as many of the ideas which are associated with them, are clearly of Babylonian derivation.

(4) More important is the fact that a series of religious ideas of the West Semites sprang from the Babylonians. Since the discovery[29] of the "Höllenfahrt of Istar," which describes to us the under-world as a land without return, as a place of darkness, of dust, of corruption, there can be no more doubt that the Hebrew representation of Hades is of Babylonian origin. The Arab knows nothing of it.

(5) The gods of the Semitic people seem also to be of Babylonian origin;[30] "and that the whole north Semitic Pantheon, with few exceptions, goes back to Babylon, can now be regarded as an accepted result of science." The sun-god Baal is the Babylonian Samas; and the Saturn-Moloch, the Assyrian Malik. The representation of the god of love, Istar (Astarte), had a notable history within Semitism. Very early, in addition to her sensuous character, she adopted a more serious *rôle*, which is represented through the Phenician Astarte. It was especially among the Assyrians that this side of her character became of importance.

(6) The special Hebrew consciousness of sin is also considered by Schrader to be of Babylonian origin. "That only the good shall prosper and the bad shall be ashamed," is the teaching of the Babylonian psalm.

(7) The entire weight and coinage system of the Hebrews goes back to Babylon. The Arabs know nothing of the sexagesimal system. We have already referred to the Hebrew maneh as an illustration of an Assyrian word; but not only the word but the *idea* of measure which it represented was transferred to Semitic custom, and also adopted by the Greeks, who derived their weights and measures from the East.

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29 Schrader, Idem, p. 123. 30 Schrader, Idem, p. 126.

Cf. *Vergelijkende Geschiedenis van de Egyptische en Mesopotamische Godsdiensten.* C. P. Tiele; also *De Frucht der Assyriologie voor de Vergelijkende Gerchiedenis der Godsdiensten.* C. P. Tiele. 1877.

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(8) M. Oppert[31] has lately called attention to the fact that the figures which make the basis of the first pages of the Hebraic cosmogony are not arbitrary; that the duration, for example, attributed to the life of each of the ante-historic patriarchs was not chosen by chance. "It is impossible," says Renan, "not to be struck when M. Oppert calls attention to the fact that in the Chaldean computation the creation lasts one hundred and sixty-eight myriads of years; in the Babylonian, seven days,—that is, one hundred and sixty-eight hours; that from the beginning of creation up to the deluge, the kings in the Chaldaic computation reigned four hundred and thirty-two thousand years; ten patriarchs, according to the Biblical account, lived one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years,—figures exactly equivalent, if one reckons a Hebrew week equal to a *sosse* of months or five lustres (five years). From the deluge to the beginning of chronological time, Berosus gives thirty-nine thousand one hundred and eighty years or six hundred and fifty-three *sosse* of years; the Bible, six hundred and fifty-three years. Nothing can be more striking, surely; and after the curious discoveries of latter years which have found in Chaldea the prototypes of the Bible story of Babel, of the deluge, etc., it would not be surprising if the story of creation and all the primitive patriarchal history should also have had its Babylonian origin,—these stories so simple, so human, reduced to such modest figures, may have come from more mythologic stories, like the *kalpas* of India, through *kotis* and myriads of years."

(9) Apart from the considerations which we have advanced to show that the Hebrew Genesis must have been derived from the Babylonian, a comparison of the two versions themselves powerfully supports this view, and renders it almost conclusive. The Hebrew account bears evident traces of recasting and modification. We have seen how the Hebrews took the Babylonian Sabbath and adopted it in

31 *Origine commune de la chronologie cosmogonique des chaldéens et des dates de la Genèse* (extrait des *Annales de philos. chrét.* Fev. 1877). See also Renan's Review in *Journal Asiatique* 7th series, Vol. XII. 1878. For a view of the Comparative Chronology of the Assyrian and Jewish Kingdoms see *The Assyrian Eponym Canon* by Geo. Smith.

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their religion. So also they took these legends and gradually modified them to adapt them to Hebrew monotheism. The different documents, Elohistic and Jahvistic, in which the Genesis legends are contained in the Hebrew show the traces of this modification. The Hebrew account expurgates much of the detail of the Babylonian writers, and leaves out much of the mythology. Prof. Proctor,[32] who views this subject as an astronomer and without theological bias, says: "The account in Genesis is not only simpler, and, in a literary sense, more effective, but it is in another sense purified. The celestial bodies do not appear in it as celestial beings. The Babylonian legend is followed only so far as it can be followed consistently with the avoidance of all that might tempt to the worship of the sun, moon, and stars. . . . The writer of Genesis is careful to remove from the tradition which he follows all that might suggest the individual power and influence of the heavenly bodies."

We have examined rapidly the evidence for the Assyrian derivation of the Hebrew Genesis. This evidence is ample and positive, and furnishes us with firm ground for a few inferences concerning the Old Testament. But before calling attention to these, it is worth while to notice the use which some orthodox writers have made of the Chaldean accounts.

It cannot be denied that Mr. George Smith was right in suspecting that his discoveries would meet with theological prejudice. But this prejudice is not without enterprise or ingenuity, and it will not be surprising to those who are familiar with its operations that it found it convenient to waive or dismiss altogether the question of precedence or derivation, and to treat the Babylonian records simply as a *confirmation of the stories in Genesis!* It is on this plan that Mr. Rule[33] proceeds in his *Oriental Records*, which is made up mainly of a repetition of the matter already published in the *Records of the Past*, much obscured, however, by the author's attempt to throw light upon it.

32 *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1878, p. 327.

33 *Oriental Records Monumental, Confirmatory of the Old Testament Scriptures.* By William Harris Rule, D.D. London.

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Mr. Rule is not willing merely to seek to establish the historic portions of the Bible, but he boldly uses the Babylonian records to "confirm" as historical its legendary and fabulous portions. "It is to be feared,"[34] he says reproachfully, "that the tendency exists, in some minds, to overlook the distinction between history and legend. This tendency seems to be betrayed in such expressions as 'Biblical legends' when speaking of what we apprehend to be plain, historical statements in holy Scripture."

Mr. Rule himself is an excellent illustration of the tendency he deprecates,—to overlook the distinction between history and legend. He overlooks it totally in treating as historic the Hebrew legends in Genesis, and begins his book with the assumption in the very first line that "Moses is the author of the most ancient history in the world":—

> ... Moses, however, stands on ground exclusively his own. His cosmogony has a character of incomparable simplicity. His account of the creation, and a considerable portion of the book of Genesis, is more than history. History, properly speaking, is the narration of what the writer has himself witnessed, or it may be what he faithfully relates after learning it from faithful witnesses. Come to him as it may, first of all it must have been seen. But no man saw the creation; no tradition has yet come to light with any credible account of it. Such an account, however, Moses wrote, describing with great brevity, but admirable clearness, the beginning of the material creation, and the works of the six days, before Adam passed through his deep sleep, and became conscious of his own existence. It is indeed conceivable that the Author of our being would reveal to Adam, first of men, the relation now established between himself and the created world, and inform him of the creation then perfectly finished. This information committed to the knowledge and memory of the universal patriarch might never be utterly forgotten. The tradition might possibly be cherished by a few, and even preserved, although imperfectly, by Noah. It is possible, but that is all that we can say, barely possible, that some primeval record, even in Paradise, might have been made by our first parent, or some confession of his fall, but there is nowhere any trace, or shadow of probability, of such a document. The clear character of the truth impressed on the account of the creation by Moses must leave the persuasion on our mind that it was written by inspiration of the Holy Spirit of the Creator.

We present this extract as a sample of Mr. Rule's method,—as an illustration of "the tendency that exists in some

34 Idem Preface, p. 2.

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minds to overlook the distinction between history and religion." The assumption here and elsewhere in his book seems to be innocently made that the Hebrew Genesis furnishes the authoritative account, and that as the inspired story in Genesis recounts the flood and the fall of man, the Chaldean account only confirms its authenticity. As if two fables could ever make a history! To be sure, no one would have regarded these Assyrian stories as historic or sacred, were it not for the fact that they are found in Genesis. All the other stories which Mr. Smith and other laborers exhumed from the same library, and which have no parallel in Genesis, are at once dismissed as fables. But, without personality, we may say it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If it can be conveniently assumed that the Assyrian stories confirm the account in Genesis, and prove it to be true history, may not we with equal ease and gravity take the counter assumption that the account in Genesis confirms the cuneiform texts, and that, as the latter are fables, the parallel parts in Genesis are fables also? It is very important to remember that a fact cannot be proven by the mouth of two witnesses unless they both testify on the same side. And when we are invited to believe that the cuneiform account "confirms" that of Genesis, we may well ask, What does it confirm?[35] does it confirm it as history or as tradition? does it confirm the common view of its inspiration or does it compel us to take an entirely different view of its origin?

We doubt if there is a single one of our readers who will not agree with Mr. Rule that it is altogether improbable that Adam wrote an account of his fall in Paradise. His mental condition after the fall was not favorable to composition. So far Mr. Rule stands on scientific grounds, but he becomes utterly unscientific when he assumes that "the clear character of truth impressed on the account of the

[35] Mr. Rule has maltreated Egyptian monuments in about the same way as the Assyrian ones, but has furnished nothing that could not be found in the *Records of the Past*, — the translations of the texts themselves. In his *Monumental History of Egypt*, Osborn is pledged to the same method, but rather tries to sustantiate Egyptian history from the Hebrew account than to prove the Hebrew account from the Egyptian.

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creation by Moses must leave the persuasion on our minds that it was written by inspiration of the Holy Spirit of the Creator." This whole question of the tradition, language, and inspiration of the Genesis legends is opened by these Assyrian discoveries, and it is useless for Mr. Rule or anybody else to close it. So far from confirming the common delusion in regard to the inspired character of the story of Genesis, the facts which Assyriology presents strongly tend to dispel it. They throw a remarkable light, not upon the actual history of creation (for in the geology of the world we have a much older and better record written by God himself), but upon the *history of the narratives* concerning the creation which the Hebrews have handed down to us. They show us beyond question that we must search for an older, though not less human, inspiration than that of Moses for the origin of those poetical accounts which have had such a wonderful place in the religious history of the world.

Another surprising instance of an attempt to capture the whole field of Assyriology, and place it under tribute to theology, is furnished in the ambitious enterprise of Prof. J. L. Porter, of Assembly College, Belfast. Prof. Porter's article appeared in the *Princeton Review*, July, 1878, and was entitled "Exploration as verifying Revelation." The stated object of this article was to show in what way recent Assyrian discoveries are calculated to illustrate Bible history, and "thus to confirm our faith in divine revelation." The ignominious failure of Prof. Porter's attempt was at once recognized by Assyrian scholars. In a curt review, the *Nation* (July 18, 1878) showed his "utter incapacity to treat the subject undertaken for the *Review*." One count in the indictment is that he takes a translation of the Chaldean account of the creation from Mr. Fox Talbot, "a notoriously rash and untrustworthy author." The New York *Independent* said: "In this article on Assyrian explorations there are as many cases of *suppressio veri*, or of absolute misstatement, as can well be crowded into the room. It is a worthy service to show how wonderfully exploration illustrates Scripture, or

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confirms the historical portions thereof; but it is a very difficult thing to see how a confessed myth can confirm anything." It calls Prof. Porter's article a "crude, ignorant, and dishonest digest," "with no critical distinction between the translations of competent and incompetent men."

After such an arraignment from an "orthodox" paper whose editor is one of the ablest and most industrious Oriental scholars in this country, we may be pardoned if we refuse to accept Prof. Porter's "confirmation" as of any more value than his "affirmations." But it is somewhat amusing to know that he spends two pages of the *Review* in showing that the Assyrian accounts fill up the blanks in regard to the fallen angels, and that they confirm the statements of II. Peter and Revelation xii., that Satan "was cast into hell." It is strange that it should never have occurred to Prof. Porter's magisterial mind that these early myths do not confirm the truth of the *delusions* of later times, but only show whence they were derived.

A better title for Prof. Porter's article would be "Exploration as *creating* Revelation,"—part of it created by the Professor himself, but a much more valuable part furnished by Assyriology, which he has entirely overlooked, and to which we would now call attention:—

(I.) These explorations reveal to us the source of much of the Hebrew Genesis. We learn that it was not original with the Hebrews, but was simply borrowed and adopted by them. "Our confidence," says Prof. Rawlinson, "must ever rest mainly on our conviction of the inspiration of its writer." But when we seek to find this writer, we cannot stop in Palestine: we must seek him in that very Babylonia on which the later prophets pronounced so many curses. Moses can no longer be regarded as the author of the Pentateuch. Yet Prof. Porter would have us believe that the account of the creation, the fall of man, etc., was given to Moses by direct inspiration without "any collusion" with Babylon! The most that we could concede with reference to these narratives would be that Moses was an editor who took the previous Assyrian accounts and rewrote them to adapt them to

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his views of the creation and of Jahveh, just as we to-day are compelled to modify and rewrite Genesis to adapt it to our view of God and to the revelations of science. Yet we cannot with any probability assign to Moses even the position of editor of these accounts. Moses was brought up in Egypt remote from Chaldean influence. These traditions in regard to the creation, etc., may indeed have been known to the Israelites in Egypt; but the close correspondence of the Genesis accounts with the Assyrian rather points to a period of intimacy between these two nations at the time the Genesis accounts were committed to writing. They are not the faded reminiscences of Egyptian slaves. This period we must find after their reëstablishment in Canaan and their contact with the Phenicians and other nations around them of a similar origin whose influence they so powerfully felt. On the other hand, the Hebrew deviations from the Assyrian are such as to show the influence of later priestly or prophetic ideas. It is altogether probable that the narratives did not receive their final form till after the captivity.

(II.) Another important result of this Assyrian exploration is to help us to distinguish between the historical and the mythical parts of the old Testament. The old method of Biblical criticism was to accept every statement as historical. And the fact that the first chapters of Genesis were so taken created a great deal of trouble for geology in its effort to gain recognition in the religious world. Assyriology clearly shows us that Genesis has not only a historic, but also a mythical or poetical, element. When we read that Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees, we are not obliged to resort to any of the phantasies of Goldziher to explain this statement. It is simply an indication that the Hebrews recognized their Eastern origin, and this is confirmed by their language, customs, and traditions. But when we take the accounts in Genesis,— the flood, the fall of man,— we trace them back, not to the historical, but clearly to the mythical. They belong to a series of Babylonian fables, and must be regarded as mythical even in the Hebrew form. Neither Jeremiah, nor Nehemiah, nor Ezekiel could render them historic. When we apply the test of criticism, they are still

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seen to be of Assyrian metal gilded over with the Jewish monotheism. Mr. Smith[36] has told us that "the value of the Assyrian and the Babylonian mythology rests not only on its curiosity as the religious system of a great people, but on the fact that here we must look, if anywhere, for the origin and explanation of the obscure points in the mythology of Greece and Rome." And to-day we must add "of Jerusalem." What an immense relief it would have been for Biblical scholars if this fact could have been earlier recognized, and the mythology of the Bible accepted as of equal authority and import with the mythology of Greece and Rome, of much the same nature, and owning very remotely, in some degree, a common origin!

(III.) We learn that the Hebrews were not an exclusive people; that they had the same language as the Semitic nations around them; that the course of their religious development and of their literature was just as natural as that of any other nation; that the Sabbath and many of their religious institutions and customs were not supernaturally communicated, but that they were adopted from the early Akkadian culture.

(IV.) These Assyrian discoveries put an end to any supposed conflict between science and religion founded upon the myths of Genesis. Poor Hugh Miller need not have blown his brains out if Babylon had been unveiled a little earlier. As to the vast number of books written to reconcile "Genesis and geology," they may as well go again to the paper mill. There can be no conflict between the facts of science and the myths of Genesis: for the one is fact and the other fable.

We have before us a recent popular book on the *Story of Creation*.[37] The book begins thus: "About thirty-five hundred years ago a man sat down to write a history of creation; and that unique and curious production still survives in its original language and form. . . . This daring author was Moses, the ancient Jewish law-giver, and the document he prepared is to be found in the opening chapters of the

36 *Assyrian Discoveries*, p. 451.
37 *The Story of Creation.* By S. M. Campbell, D.D. Boston. 1877.

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Hebrew Bible"; and the attempt is made to reconcile these chapters with modern science. If the writer had accepted the results of Assyriology, he would have been compelled to put the statement somewhat in this form: "There is *no* evidence that about thirty-five hundred years ago any *one* man sat down to write a history of creation; if he did, the daring author is *not* Moses, and the document he prepared is *not* to be found in the opening chapters of the Hebrew Bible; it does *not* still survive in its original language and form, but may be found in Assyrian translations and adaptations on the clay tablets in the British Museum." And then wisdom would have restrained him from proceeding any further with an unnecessary book.

The story of Genesis has its true place; it is not as a contribution to the history of creation, but to the history of the mind of man. It furnishes us material to study the development of our own ideas. To study primitive history without psychology is totally to ignore the historical sense; as if a blind man should write a treatise on colors, or a man without smell should write on odors.

(V.) Finally, it is evident that while the Christian religion sprang from the Sermon on the Mount, the current Christian theology has been founded on an old Babylonian fable. The foundation stone of Calvinism was "the fall of man." It was this that rendered a hell and an atonement necessary. But the story of the fall of man has nothing to do with divine revelation; it is simply an importation from Assyria into Palestine, and as utterly fabulous as the theology which was built on it. It seems wonderful, indeed, that a poetic story invented east of the Euphrates so many centuries ago should have hardened into prose and exerted such a wide and lasting influence upon the thought of humanity, and that it should still survive in the creeds of Christendom hundreds of years after the people that invented it and the language that bore it have perished. But such is the fact. As one often remembers the stories with which his nurse frightened him in infancy, so humanity recalls to-day the cradle stories which it learned far away

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"between the rivers" of the East. What is yet stranger, it still believes in them. As we look back and see Babylon, the city of primitive wealth and culture, "arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls," and remember then the legendary stream which from the "golden cup" was poured into the veins of humanity by the "scarlet woman," we are tempted to write upon her forehead the name which Revelation[38] places there: "Mystery; Babylon the great; the mother of harlots and abominations on the earth." But when we search to-day among the ruins of the condemned city and find buried under the sands of ages that golden cup of Babylonian poetry still moist and fragrant with the old and unadulterated wine of that mythic superstition, we can only say to the vindicated woman: "Where are thine accusers?" It was Babylon that filled the cup with wine; but it was the schoolmen and theologians that added the baneful poison.

We must not forget, then, the debt of nurture which we owe to the Genius of the East; that she has placed in our hands the very weights and scales by which justice and judgment are executed. Laws and institutions, Sabbaths and calendars, and a substratum of thought which lies deep in our brains assure us of our kinship.

And, as if history had repented of its deceptions, she leads us by the hand back to Babylon, the nursery of our religious ideas, and by these broken tables of stone vindicates to-day the name of God and the nature of man from the false interpretations which have degraded both. *Babylon is fallen:* but humanity is risen, and builds its temples on her ruins.

S. J. Barrows.

38 Revelation xvii., 5.

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"THE CHINESE MUST GO."

There are only about sixty-four thousand Chinese in the United States. The population of California is nine hundred and eleven thousand.* The arrivals of Chinamen for the last eighteen months have been in excess of the departures by less than one thousand. When these figures are considered dispassionately, the urgency of the Chinese question disappears. It may be, indeed, that it is only a question of time till we shall be overrun as a nation and people by the hungry Asiatic hordes; but it is a very long time. And then there is no denying that the cry with which this article begins was first raised by the lowest, laziest, most shiftless and worthless of the population of the Pacific coast. It was echoed by the hoodlums, swelled by all sorts of people of foreign birth, and gathered its greatest strength during the stormy period of 1877, when a communistic spirit, spreading suddenly throughout the whole nation, began in places the wholesale destruction of property and life, and seemed for a time to threaten every sacred or venerable institution,— everything that goes to make up the sum of our civilization. In 1878 the streets of San Francisco were placarded high and low with these words, "The Chinese must go," and Dennis Kearney, in his harangues at the Sand Lot, was advising the "workingmen" to organize and arm themselves, for the purpose, among other things, of expelling the hated barbarians at the point of the bayonet. Such advocacy was enough to bring any cause into disrepute among the industrious, intelligent, and thoughtful. But instead of losing, this cry has gained strength continually; and what is strangest of all — almost incomprehensible to our Eastern friends — is, that it has captured men of all classes, and that now those of greatest ability and broadest culture — our statesmen, those most deserving of the name, our editors, lawyers, and preachers — join with the ignorant Irishman in sentiment, until a majority, and a majority of the best, unite to say: "The Chinese must go."

* In 1870, 582,031.

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This shows that there is something more in the anti-Chinese movement than the common delusions of labor-reformers, however fed and magnified by political demagogues. People who do not want either Blaine, Grant, or Tilden for our next President, and who inwardly approved, if they did not openly sanction, the President's veto of the Chinese Bill, yet are willing to be counted in this movement. People who are not, and do not pretend to be, frightened lest we be overrun within a few years by the Mongolian race; people who realize and confess the exceeding great convenience of Chinese servants, and the suffering that their immediate departure would cause; people who are not poor, and who are not seeking office, and in large numbers from these classes, unite in the wish that we were well rid of Chinamen altogether. The thoughts and feelings of these people are worthy of due consideration; and it will be found that they arise, not from mere prejudice or party spirit, but from a number of considerations that have not been brought before the American people and discussed with the care and thoroughness that they merit.

Whether the Chinese are an inferior race, depends entirely upon the meaning attached to the phrase by those who use it. A Chinaman is a man,— not an inferior being, not a sort of connecting link between us and the monkeys, as used to be held of the negro by certain men in the Southern States. A Chinaman is a man, and therefore, as true Americans, we must say endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness. This undoubtedly means that he may have that liberty if he can get it, and pursue that happiness whether he can get it or not, in China. Whether he has these rights in America or not, remains to be seen. But it is confessedly true that in many points of manhood and morals the average Chinaman is superior to the average American. We may mention two qualities in particular in which he excels: industry and patience. His industry may be inherited from a line of ancestors who were slaves; but he has it. Patience is almost among the forgotten virtues with us; but it is a

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virtue, and the Chinaman has it. When we come to the more robust virtues, we must speak in qualified phrase. Courage the Chinaman has to such an extent as to be absolutely indifferent to pain or death, when he has made up his mind that a certain course is to be pursued or a certain thing done; but only a Chinaman can calculate accurately what will bring this latent courage out. Ordinarily two Pacific Coast "hoodlums" will drive six or more full-grown Chinamen from a common fishing-ground or other desirable situation. This may be because the Chinamen think that they have no rights; but the fact that they allow even our boys to impose upon them shows a real lack of some qualities that make up what we are accustomed to call manliness. And people of the Pacific Coast would speak with almost entire unanimity and great confidence that, as a whole, the race is inferior to our own. And the Chinamen themselves seem to understand the matter thus, though it would be very hazardous to attempt to say what a Chinaman understands or thinks or feels.

One of the first things thought of, when a proof of their inferiority is sought, is, that as a race the Chinese do not change or improve. They do not learn our language, nor care for our literature or science. The results of science they are quick to use; the science they would like better if it were magic. They accept the position of servants and expect to remain there. They never even think of employing a white man except as teacher or overseer. They seem to have no ambition to be other than what they are in any way, except it be to be richer.

But it is perhaps better to leave out of the question the matter of inferiority or superiority as a race, and consider the fact that the Chinese have fixed habits, language, customs, and modes of life, which they do not and will not change, and that these modes of life are not so good as our own. Whether the Chinese themselves are inferior or not, there is no question that their civilization is inferior. That is what is meant when they are called barbarians. Their way of living is semi-barbarous when compared with our way.

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We might be willing to allow them to remain in barbarism in their own country. Certain it is that, although as Christians and as civilized men we have a gospel to preach to every creature, we neglect most barbarous nations until we want either their land or their labor. We might be willing to allow the Chinese to retain their peculiar forms of half-civilized life in their own country; but upon sober second thought we find that we cannot afford to have them live in that style in large numbers in our country. For of necessity they will bring all who compete with them in any field of labor or enterprise to their own half-savage level. For example, they will sleep three in a bed and nine in a small, low room, eat a few ounces of rice daily, and dress in blue drilling and brown sheeting, and, living thus, can reduce wages to twenty-five cents a day. In a short period, as soon as there are enough of them among us, they will do all the manual labor, or force any class that undertakes to compete with them to their own level. To a certain extent, the same thing is true in trade. Living as he does, the Chinaman is content to make two or three per cent. per annum on his capital, and will rapidly drive out all who must make more to live. By these processes, society will soon be differentiated into two classes: Chinamen and those who can live as they do, and white men who are able to use Chinamen and live off of their cheap labor.

The cry that the Chinamen are taking all the money out of our country, hoarding their wages and sending gold home to China by the shipload, has nothing in it to frighten the political economist. If they take money away, they earn it and leave an equivalent in the results of their labor. At the worst, this process only means that we are skimming our soil and using up our forests and mines, robbing the future a little more rapidly than we could do without cheap Chinese labor,— more rapidly perhaps than we have a right to do. But posterity has not done much for us, and it is a lesson that we shall be slow to learn, that anything is to be gained by considering posterity. And then the forests will grow again, and the recuperative powers of Nature are ever surprising us; and it is perhaps a small sin to get what we

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can out of the old earth while we live on it, and after us let the deluge come. But in another way we are bound by the highest moral considerations to regard ourselves and posterity. We must build for ourselves and transmit to our children such a social and political fabric as shall enable them to live upright moral and religious lives. Now the state of society toward which, with the Chinaman among us, we inevitably tend is not good. It is quite analogous to that of the Southern States in the days of slavery. We see the beginning of it now in California. Colossal fortunes will be amassed, the price of labor depreciate, until the breach between those who labor and those who employ will be impassable. How many poor white men will remain among the laborers, and how many high-caste Chinamen will come over to join the employers, we cannot foretell; but the wide separation between those who labor and those who plan is sure, unless the Chinaman changes. And it does not seem probable that the Chinaman will change. Some have professed conversion to the Christian religion, but in most cases it has afterward appeared that they simply had learned that it would give them certain situations to say certain things, such as: "Me lovee Jesus much," "Me great deal Christian." There are without doubt instances of real conversions to our religion and to our form of civilization, but these are but one in a thousand.

A state of society such as that which cheap Chinese labor will produce in this country, if allowed, has many attractions. To have our farms tilled and our housework done by cheap hired help, to make good profits from factories wherein Chinamen and other machines do all the work, to live in luxury with servants to attend every desire,— what is more enticing to the thought of the natural man? What if a few thousand white families are driven into the exceeding misery of living on as little as so many Chinamen would live on,—is it not their own fault? Let them do as we do,— employ Chinamen and grow rich! For the sake of argument, let us suppose that this would be possible. We would then have a race of white aristocrats supported by a race of Chinese hired slaves. With all the lessons of history before

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us, from ancient Rome to the Southern States, we need not argue that such a state of society is unstable and bad while it stands. It will be admitted by all who have read history to any purpose, that the only stable foundation for national prosperity and greatness is in a free yeomanry, a contented and intelligent and industrious class, owning the soil they work and the homes they live in, loving their country and taking an intelligent and loyal interest in its government. Chinese labor rapidly and completely destroys this condition of affairs. A few men begin to employ Chinamen, and prosper. Competing with those who labor themselves with their sons and daughters, they drive them, willing or unwilling, to employ the cheap labor; and the man who cannot do this soon finds himself in debt and must sell his home and emigrate, and the whole tenor of society rapidly changes.

There are those who think that this tendency toward the wide separation between the laborer and the employer will be checked in a natural way through the ambition of the Chinaman. We might hope for this, trust in it, but for the three hundred million more who wait in Asia ready to come over as soon as wages should rise to a certain point. The continual immigration would probably effectually prevent either any considerable rise in wages or the arising of any large class of Americanized Chinamen. If we could stop with those we have and cut off all hope of return to the mother country, a century or two would make all our Chinamen into some kind of American citizens, no doubt. But what kind of citizens would they make? "Industrious, peaceable, patient, and meek," is answered by a hundred Eastern theorists. True! And thieves and liars also, just as certainly. Not occasionally one, but a race in whom truth and veracity is not. Prudence and policy you may count on, truthfulness and honor you cannot even teach them. Chastity, as we understand it, they do not know. All is prudence and nicely calculated policy. And, humanly speaking, they cannot be improved. Their virtues and their vices are bred in them by a civilization older than our ancient world, and there is nothing in human char-

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acter on the face of the whole earth so stable, so fixed and sure and changeless, as the character of a Chinaman. To think that our Pacific Coast type of civilization, green, luxuriant, and sappy as it is, can and will absorb these polished pebbles from Asia, or warm them into life so that they will sprout, take root, and grow in our soil, is a pleasing dream and nothing more. If they become citizens, we have simply annexed a Chinese state. If they make homes, they will be Chinese homes. If they build towns, they will be suburbs of Canton and Peking.

These statements will be doubted by those who have never been brought in contact with the unbearable nuisances that the Chinese create wherever they go; will be doubted by some who imagine that they know the Chinaman well. Let us therefore suppose that the Chinaman is capable of improvement, that virtue and honor can be put into him, that he can be made into a citizen and a Christian. It yet remains to inquire at what cost this can be done, and for what reason it should be done. To develop a true manhood, in any individual or race, is, of course, a worthy aim; and the extent of our efforts toward Christianizing the whole world of mankind, including every race, should be bounded only by the impossible. But bad as the world is, there is great choice on grounds of expediency as to the direction of those efforts. In our work of elevating, civilizing, and Christianizing the savage and half-savage races yet remaining on the globe, there is immense room for choice as to the material with which and upon which we shall work; and also a great choice in methods. And granting further that it would be a good way to Christianize the Chinese to bring them to our country and employ them as servants and laborers at low wages, there yet must be a limit to their coming, or the plan fails of its object. When we get four or five million of them on our soil, there will be areas of country, if they make homes and become citizens, where it will be as much like China as New England is like Old England. They bring their cooking utensils and forms of cheap and loathsome food, their language and laws, their books and their gods, and if we get

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too many of them together they will be, as individuals, surrounded by heathen rather than Christian influences. Meanwhile their presence will have changed the tone and tenor of our society, until it may not be a model Christian State that they see when they do contemplate our society and government. There is plainly a limit to the number with which we can work, when we are ready to open our doors to Chinese immigrants as a matter of pure Christian philanthropy. And then, in point of fact, what with the colored people of the South and the Indians of our Territories, we have already about as much missionary work of that kind on hand as we can get through with safely in a century. On purely economical principles, it would seem far better to fill up our vacant lands on this coast with people of as good blood as we can get, and work upon that better material for the production of the ideal Christian State, than to make this region a vast missionary workshop to turn out China-Christians, even if it could be done. To work with those of our own race in the direction of a higher development of manhood and Christianity, would indisputably leave more Christians and a nation of stronger and better men, at the end of the next century, than to work with the Chinese. Blood will tell. And why it should be supposed to be a Christian duty to attempt to forward the kingdom of God by means of taking a bad strain into our national life, when we might, if we needed it, have that vastly superior blood which would come from Germany and Sweden, is a great mystery.

But we are in deep water. It is said that the natural and orderly movement of the populations of the earth is best left to Providence, without national or legal interference. But this is impossible. No nation can exist without a foreign policy; it must invite or discourage immigration, allow or forbid. To say that it is wrong for the United States to forbid further immigration from China, is to say that the United States has no right to exist. We have a right to make any provision in regard to a foreign policy, that we think will promote most certainly our national welfare, whether that be to make a treaty or abrogate it.

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There are right ways of doing these things, and probably the people of the Pacific Coast, in their warmth of feeling, were seeking a good thing in a wrong way when they supported the Chinese restriction bill.

But the present is a golden moment for dealing with this important race-problem. The cry is up, "The Chinese must go"; the people who know most from actual experience are united, with few dissenting voices, in the sentiment that immigration from China should be limited or prohibited. In a few years, this will not be so. A still larger number of bright and enterprising men see each year a fortune in the Chinaman, and year by year he becomes more and more a necessary part of our social fabric, just as the slave was once a necessary factor of the society of the South. And, indeed, the difficulty of getting rid of the Chinese is no easy problem now. Their sudden departure to-day would cause great distress. But it could be done in three years, if we could begin now; and what a blessing it would be to this coast and to our nation! It is only a little cloud to-day, not bigger than a man's hand; but it has come to stay unless something is done, and will grow as a cancer grows till it poisons at last the whole system.

Is not the Chinaman a man and brother? Assuredly, and we are his keeper,—and what follows? Are we not also bound to hunt up the Australians with our love and bounty, and the Kaffirs also? We are better employed with duties that lie nearer, and work a better work by choosing a better material than this yellow race. We must work for them, too, in many ways; but surely we can do a better service to the whole world by building this Republic sure and grand and inwardly beautiful, than we should do by spoiling it through breeding a kind of society within our borders that would weaken it to a fall next century or the next.

Knowing full well the criticisms to which this article will be subjected, and the weak points left unguarded, the author yet submits it to the public, in the hope that it may do something toward arousing what he believes to be a much needed agitation of the subject. DAVID N. UTTER.

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THE TEACHER.

GIDEON LANE SOULE, LL.D., LATE PRINCIPAL OF PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

[This article has been called out by the death of Gideon Lane Soule, LL.D. The substance of it was delivered as a commemorative discourse in the church where he had worshipped, and in the presence of most of the students and teachers of the Phillips Exeter Academy. Dr. Soule was born in Freeport, Me., the 25th of July, 1796. He entered the Academy at Exeter in 1813, remained there three years, entered as junior at Bowdoin College in 1816, and graduated in 1818. He then came to the Academy as Assistant Teacher, remaining a little more than a year. He returned again in 1822, was Instructor till 1838, when he was elected Principal, which office he resigned in 1873, having been a teacher in the Academy fifty-two years, and at its head thirty-five years. He died May 28, 1879.]

God is our great Teacher. In calling out the faculties with which he has endowed us through the instincts and longings which he has implanted within us, in the adaptation of the outward universe to the soul of man, in the varied experiences and discipline of life, in the order of society and the influence of its members one upon another, by his revelations of divine truth and in the direct influences of his spirit, he is teaching us from the first opening of our eyes till they are closed in death. The world is one vast school, and he is our teacher,—directly and through the ten thousand agents employed by him to train and educate his children.

The first condition of success, therefore, in any school of ours must be found in its conformity to the divine method. The best teacher is the man whose teachings are most entirely in harmony with the teachings of God, adapting themselves most entirely to the laws of development in the human mind. Boys untrained, undisciplined, unconscious of their own powers, often with very confused and imperfect ideas of right and wrong, come into a great school, not merely to learn a little of this and a little of that, so as to lay it up for future use, but to be taught in such a way that their whole

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natures, moral, intellectual, and religious, may be quickened into activity. He who best helps them in this process of transformation is the ablest and best teacher. He awakens in them the love of knowledge, and teaches them how to study. He helps to throw around them an atmosphere of manliness and gentleness, of moral purity, of social refinement, and of spiritual aspiration, so as to call out what is best within them, and to bring them into sympathy with the laws and the spirit of God. He who does this work on a large scale faithfully and wisely may be numbered among the distinguished benefactors of his race.

I think that our English ancestors, and their successors in this country also, were slow to recognize what ought to be the leading purpose of education. In the Gospels, the word *didaskalos* (teacher) occurs forty-eight times, and yet in our English version we find it rendered by the word *teacher* only twice, and by the word *master* forty-six times. When Dr. Johnson was asked how he came to have so exact a knowledge of Latin, he said, "My master whipped me very well. Without that I should have done nothing." While this master was flogging his boys unmercifully, he used to say, "And this I do to save you from the gallows." The idea seems to have been that education — contrary to its literal meaning — did not consist in drawing out the boy's faculties, but in whipping knowledge into him and whipping the devil out of him, a twofold process more exciting than agreeable or salutary to the parties concerned. This idea and the practice resulting from it found their way into most of *our* classical schools, and vitiated in no small degree their methods and their teachings. It may well be a matter of devout thankfulness to all who have enjoyed its benefits, that the Phillips Exeter Academy has never had a *master*.

This is something more than a verbal peculiarity. It indicates the character of the school, and of those who have made it what it is. Nowhere in the United States, so far as I know, is there a great classical preparatory school in which so large a liberty is given to the students. But where there is so much freedom from external restraint, there must be a

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greater moral and personal influence; and, for more than ninety years, that higher influence has not been wanting.

What are the qualities which best fit a man to be at the head of such an institution?

Dr. Arnold, in seeking for a teacher, said, "What I want is a Christian and a gentleman, and one who has common-sense and understands boys." "Activity of mind," also he emphasizes.

Activity of mind, more than learning, is an essential quality. There is so much of routine in a school, and the lessons, taken by themselves, cover so small a space in the world of inquiry, that there is always danger lest the teacher should be too easily satisfied with himself, and become indolent, and thus degenerate into something hardly better than a machine. But in any profession, when a man ceases to strive after new attainments and to grow intellectually he ceases to be a living power. Virtue, no longer generated within him, ceases to go out from him. The sceptre falls from his hand. His work becomes tedious to himself and his pupils. He must be as wide-awake as a general in the midst of a campaign. Any one who has visited the Hampton Institute in Virginia, and witnessed the celerity and never-ceasing activity with which Mr. Armstrong throws himself into everything, as a motive power which makes itself felt in every mind there, will understand the supreme importance of activity and quickness of mind in the head of a great educational institution. Delicacy of mental and moral texture, as well as constant activity and alertness, is also a quality which I think I have always found in teachers of the highest order. Only through the finest qualities in themselves can they appreciate and encourage the finest natures which they are to train and educate. We sometimes forget what keenness of intellect, what ready sympathies, what sensitiveness of personal and moral feeling, must be kept in constant exercise by the teacher who would have the best influence over his pupils. He must read each boy's mind and character,— a more difficult and far more important task than to get at the meaning of a difficult passage in Æschylus or

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Thucydides; he must divine what is in him, and how to bring it out. And this, not with one alone, but with all, by a sort of omnipresence, through which his eye, his mind, and his personal influence are felt by every boy under his charge. In this way he gives a character to the school. His life enters into it. His spirit pervades it. The man who fills such a place must be a man of intelligence, a man of tact, a man of inflexible truthfulness, and with a nice sense of honor. No coarseness or meanness should enter into his composition. His refinement of taste should not only go with him in his studies, but characterize the man in his personal deportment and in his relations with others. "He should," as Dr. Arnold says, "study things lovely and of good report; that is, he should be public spirited, liberal, and entering heartily into the interest, honor, and general respectability and distinction of the society which he has joined."

Above all, he is to carry with him the spirit of a Christian gentleman. He ought to be a man of profound religious convictions. I do not speak of speculative theology or specific articles of faith. And that I think the founder of this school understood, when, waiving any formal examination, he placed at its head a man whose doctrinal opinions he well knew that he did not himself accept. What we want is a man whose life is informed and inspired by the thought and the feeling of God, and who lives in an atmosphere pervaded by Christian ideas and sentiments. Such a man lives in a presence greater than his own, and carries it with him. He may not talk much about it. But the sentiment of love and reverence for God and sacred things, which has so deep a place in his heart, gives its coloring to his speech and conduct, and invests him with a grace, a dignity, an authority, and a silent influence for good such as nothing else can give.

Here are the three great elements — intellectual, moral, and religious — which unite in the making up of the man. No one of them stands alone or obtrudes itself upon us, but each in its appropriate place is joined with all the rest,

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and all combine to create in him a personality which characterizes whatever he says or does, and enables him to speak and to act quietly and gently, but "as one having authority."

Personal influence is something that cannot be analyzed, and yet it is the one essential thing in a Christian minister or teacher. As with animal or vegetable life, when we seek to find out its secret it eludes us and escapes. But we feel its power. We see how it attaches itself to the slightest word or act. *We* repeat the impressive word that we have heard, but the subtle fire with which it glowed and which it kindled in us is gone. They who heard Daniel Webster at the Abbot Festival in Exeter, forty years ago, with suppressed utterance and tears which he could not suppress, speaking of his obligations to his teachers, especially to Joseph Stevens Buckminster, will remember how that greatest personality of this century gave to a few simple words a pathos and a power which no words of themselves could ever have.

The personal influence of a great teacher is greater than anything that he says or does. It gives that a meaning which it cannot have in itself. When Dr. Abbot entered the academy yard, or lifted his hat, as he did to every student he met, it was as if the benignant spirit of a Christian gentleman diffused itself visibly around him, and gently touched the boy's mind with a new sense of personal dignity and kindness.

Where these great qualities are, there smaller things associated with them partake of their influence. There culture tells. There refinement of manners tells. There elegance of speech tells for something more than mere grammatical correctness. I remember a young man of liberal education in Exeter more than fifty years ago whose language came from his lips with such sweetness and beauty that it seemed to me a symbol of his own spiritual purity and sweetness. So it seemed then, and so it seems to me now whenever I think of him, though he has long been "numbered among the saints in glory everlasting."

What a man *is*, that, to some degree at least, he imparts.

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Take a series of lessons in Latin or Greek, under the influence of such a teacher as I have endeavored to describe. The boy gets at the literal meaning of a passage and its grammatical relations, and perhaps understands some of its allusions. But that is all. Now there is not much nutriment here for his finer and nobler faculties; and there are some thorough teachers who add nothing to this meagre fare. Day by day he brings to them his little budget of newly acquired knowledge, and day by day he goes away none the better for what he gets from them. But, instead of such as they are, a true teacher meets him. The bare contact with such a man stimulates his faculties and helps to refine his taste and his manners. Gradually his mind opens with a keen delight to see nice distinctions of meaning and hidden graces of speech. Under that new sun, the barren sod is covered with grass and violets. New and touching associations spring up around the poet's words. We who are his boys hardly know how it is done; but by some mysterious processes these lessons touch a new chord within us, call out new powers of appreciation, and bring us into more vital and sympathetic relations with what is great and beautiful. And so the most perfect works of pagan genius may help to prepare us for the highest Christian ideas. Even Plato has given some notion of this ascent upwards. "The true order of going," he says, "is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which he mounts upwards" till he reaches the absolute beauty. And then "he has hold, not of an image, but of a reality; and bringing forth and educating true virtue" he learns how "to become the friend of God and be immortal, if mortal man may." If even an old Greek philosopher could thus find in earthly beauty steps by which to rise into a higher worship and an immortal life, how much more may a Christian teacher so use the most perfect productions of human genius as to call out the deeper faculties and emotions of our nature, and prepare us for the still higher and richer precepts of the Gospel!

When I was in the gallery of the Vatican at Rome, which contains the most beautiful and perfect statues in the world,

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a lady who was with us burst into tears, being entirely overcome with the emotions of love and reverence excited in her by the marvellous beauty around her. Another friend told me that under similar circumstances he felt as if he must throw himself upon his knees and worship. So, in the most perfect examples of artistic excellence in the great poets of Greece, or in Plato or Demosthenes, where the loftiest ideas and examples are brought before us, emotions may be awakened which carry us beyond all that those great men knew, and prepare us to appreciate and profit by the richer, diviner revelations of the gospel of Christ. What a Christian poet has said of the Odyssey is not confined to that:—

> "Great tale of wisdom, may thy choice be mine!
> The lesson in thee stored is half divine;
> Sweetly yet sternly, softly yet severe,
> Like solemn music in some ancient shrine,
> Insinuating high and holy fear,
> And teaching greater things than reach the eye or ear."

Something of this I used to feel in the studies which I pursued under the direction and inspiration of the honored teacher who so long presided over the academy in Exeter, and who has just gone to his reward. Little was said. The lessons were short. But by some means or other an interest was excited — an enthusiasm, a sense of something greater than the words before us — such as I never experienced afterwards in the more advanced walks of our university studies.

To teach a little Latin or a little Greek or mathematics is no great matter. But to teach them in such a way as to reach the inmost life of a boy, to awaken in him a generous and noble ambition for knowledge and virtue, to quicken his love of truth and his sense of duty, to infuse a Christian spirit into a great school, and open to the young visions of intellectual and moral advancement which find their end in no earthly attainments or success, but lead on beyond them all to the Cross as the truest emblem of the love and service which they owe to man and to God,— this is a great work, and it requires a man of very rare gifts and accomplishments,

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aided by the grace and the spirit of God, to do it. He who fills this office and does this work, not for a single class, but for a succession of classes, and continues his work through a period of more than half a century, should hold a place of honor in the minds of those who care for the highest well-being of man and society.

"But this ideal picture," it was said to me by an able and eminent instructor, "is very discouraging to us teachers." So is the Christian religion very discouraging. But in the loftiest and apparently most impracticable of its precepts, such as, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," there is an inspiration which stimulates and strengthens us, at the same time that it subdues and humiliates us with a sense of our insufficiency and our shortcomings. "The perfect," as I once heard Dr. Channing say, "is what we must always strive after, but never expect to reach." With such an ideal, there is hope and encouragement even in our failures. We fall to rise again. This was the feeling of St. Paul when he said, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect."

I have been drawing very slightly an outline of what a teacher—the head of a great school—should be. Two men have been constantly before me,—men very unlike in person and in natural temperament, yet so connected in my mind with the best instruction that I ever received, and associated together through so many years, that I cannot separate them in their methods or their influence. Dr. Abbot gave its peculiar character to the institution.* Dr. Soule entered into his labors, and carried on the work which his teacher had begun. But they worked together so long and so harmoniously, each making and adopting suggestions and throwing his own life into the work, that it is difficult to say

* In any account of the influences which have formed the Academy at Exeter, it would be unfair not to refer to the many eminent men who have filled there, for a longer or shorter period, the subordinate posts of instruction. Among them we find the names of Daniel Dana, Abiel Abbot, Peter O. Thacher, Nicholas Emery, Joseph S. Buckminster, Ashur Ware, Nathan Hale, Alexander H. Everett, Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., Nathan Lord, Henry H. Fuller, Henry Ware, James Walker, William B. O. and Oliver W. B. Peabody, Joseph Hale Abbot, Francis Bowen, Joseph Gibson Hoyt, and Paul Ansel Chadbourne, to say nothing of the important services rendered by those who are still engaged in its service.

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where one dynasty ended and the other began, or what are to-day the essential features which are due to one or the other of these distinguished teachers, as it is hard to say precisely what the great river below St. Louis owes to the Mississippi and what to the Missouri.

I would not say that either of the two filled out entirely our ideal of what a teacher might be. No man does that. The most faithful, the most gifted and successful life is more a prophecy than a fulfilment. Dr. Arnold fell painfully short of his own ideal. But most of what I have said applies to these two men. Dr. Soule was, like his predecessor, a Christian gentleman. He had an active mind. Twenty years after he began to teach here, he took up the Latin language, as if it were a new study to be carried out in the light contributed by the higher scholarship of the day. But especially was his mind active in reading the minds of those before him and adapting himself to them. He knew what was in them and how to make the most of it. There was a singular fineness of texture in his mental organization. He could not be coarse or harsh or vulgar without doing violence to himself. He was a man of erect and lofty bearing. But he put on no airs. There was no pride in all this loftiness, but rather a "high humility." He identified himself with his office. He felt its weighty and solemn responsibilities, and the dignity of deportment which it demanded of him. Would that more of our public men had a fitting sense of the conduct becoming their great office! He honored his high calling. The teacher's chair was his throne. He governed without effort. The school had become a law to itself. But constant vigilance was needed to keep it up to its own standard. Dangerous influences had to be anticipated and quietly removed before the mischief was done. In the unfledged and undeveloped specimens of humanity that came before him he was quick to see their capabilities, and he looked upon them with something like reverence. He "loved them while they were yet unlovely." For in them he saw, not only the possible law-makers, judges, rulers, the great merchants, physicians, divines, who were to

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mould the coming age, but, more and greater than all this, he saw before him children of God entrusted to him that they might grow up to be a joy and blessing to themselves and to all around them. In them, with his prophetic eye, he saw men of large hearts, of well-trained minds, of just views, of sterling integrity,—men who, in the breadth and loftiness of their attainments and the severity of their moral convictions, would one day sit in judgment on him and the work which he was doing.

Here, more than in any other single thing, was the secret of his success. He believed and he rejoiced in boys. No eye of suspicion was needlessly turned upon them. Because he believed in them, they believed in him, and strove not to disappoint him. A single incident will illustrate what I mean. Nearly twenty years ago, one night many of the gates in the academy village disappeared. It was not an act that required much originality or wit. But boys have a keen appetite for fun, and probably they got, or at least expected to get, some enjoyment out of it. But the town's people whose gates had been stolen did not see it exactly in that light. They regarded it as a public outrage, and were very indignant. Some of them angrily remonstrated with Dr. Soule, and insisted upon it that the police should be called in, and summary punishment inflicted on the culprits who had taken part in this high-handed proceeding. Dr. Soule calmly listened to them, and told them they had better wait.

That evening, after prayers, he made a little address to the students on the conduct which a nice sense of honor requires of gentlemen towards those whom they have injured. Precisely what redress should be made must depend on the relation of the parties to one another, and on other circumstances. He instanced the case of a friend of his who had spoken harshly to his man for bringing his horse to the door a quarter of an hour after the time, and who afterwards learned that it was not the man's fault, and therefore made him a small present of money as an acknowledgment. But from one gentleman to another this could not

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be done. There *are* cases; however, he said, where immediate and entire reparation can be made. His object was to impress them with the idea that a gentleman owes it to himself to repair as soon as possible any injury that he has done to another. He then dismissed the school, and was himself detained a short time in his place. When he went out, it was raining and just at nightfall. But he saw in the academy yard students moving in little groups, each with a gate on his shoulder; and thus every gate found its way to the place where it had belonged.

He believed in his boys, and here, as elsewhere, faith is wonderfully effective. In this, I should say, has been the one marked feature in the management of the Exeter Academy. The students are trusted. Character and scholarship are the two things which Dr. Soule, like his predecessor, valued and honored. To secure and advance them in every student, was the one prayer and purpose of his life. Wealth, family, political or social distinction, had no place in his heart to influence him in the treatment of his boys. The only distinction which he recognized was that of character and scholarship. And this sentiment became, more than I have ever found it anywhere else, a part of the common law of the school. Work there was always honorable, idleness always a disgrace. A boy who was known deliberately to tell a lie, whether to a student or a teacher, and had the stigma of falsehood branded upon him, could hardly remain among the students, whatever might be his social position at home. It needed no formal expulsion to separate him from the school. He had expelled himself. An old student tells me that the only time he ever saw Dr. Soule angry was when he discovered that a boy had been lying to him.

Both Dr. Abbot and Dr. Soule always looked with extreme jealousy on any influence that might find its way into the academy through lavish expenditures of money by the students. They wisely deprecated everything of that kind as evil in itself and of evil example. Hence it was, in no small measure, that the public spirit of the place was on the side of truth and of learning. They who did not love and

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cherish them had no title to the associations and privileges of the place. I speak of the school as I knew it more than fifty years ago, and as I have known it from time to time since then, with its enlarged resources and its improved methods of study.

Dr. Soule retired from its head in 1873. His heart was still in his work. Its interests were dearer to him than his own. When, a few years before, the venerable building in which he had studied as a boy, and in which he had been so long the presiding genius, was burned, he wept as he would not have done if it had been his own personal property. When he withdrew from its beloved labors and cares, he watched from his windows the students — "my boys," he used to call them still — as they went to their recitations, and turned always with a fatherly fondness and yearning towards them.

Hundreds there are who honor and bless his name. Some of them, men of the highest intelligence, powers for good on a large scale in all that pertains to the best interests of society, think of him as their greatest benefactor,— as the man who first revealed them to themselves and taught them how to make themselves what they are. Hundreds of his boys went before him to that world where he now is, and I can imagine them reverently approaching him, as Dante represents the spirits of the dead, and saying, "Honor to our lofty teacher!" Of all that multitude, I do not believe there are any who call to mind a single lesson taught by him which it grieves them now to remember, even in that holy presence.

He was a distinguished teacher. He entered into what was already a great office, and left it greater than he found it. No mercenary motive was ever mixed up with its sacred duties, to degrade or vitiate his work. He loved it with his whole heart. He taught with singular precision and discrimination, and in such a way as to stimulate the mind and call its faculties into play. He taught by his word and with his intellect, but, more effectively and to a higher purpose, by that pervasive, life-giving influence which, like the

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spirit of God, proceeds from a quickening, beneficent, commanding personality. In his access to the mind of God were the "hidings" of a power which made him what he was and what no man can be of himself alone,— training his boys, not only for places of usefulness and trust and honor on earth, but that their names might be written in the book of life. Thus he became a co-worker with God, taught as a lowly disciple of Jesus by Him, and dispensing to others what he learned. J. H. MORISON.

MILAN AND SAINT AMBROSE.

If one approach the city of Milan from the south, being driven from the great cities in that direction by the stress of time or from a regard to health, he cannot do better when midway in April than to plant himself in Milan.

Being somewhat too early for Switzerland, he finds himself in a gay, cheerful city, whose paintings and whose renowned cathedral may well claim his attention; whose position, also, within thirty or forty miles of the Italian lakes, permits him to select this city as his centre, while he makes longer or shorter excursions to the Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore. He has already encountered a second spring, as he drives through the avenues lined with blossoming horse-chestnuts in the environs of Milan. His spring is still further prolonged as he flies northwardly to the lakes and subsequently to Switzerland.

And what a rejoicing sensation it is to hold Nature back, week after week, just at the moment when the air is balmiest, and every tree is coming into leaf, and the birds can never be done singing!

In the latter part of April, on the shores of Lake Como, you find in sheltered gardens trees of japonica high above your head crowded with a wilderness of blossoms, and your ear is filled with the song of the nightingale, which also beguiled your wakefulness from hour to hour the night before. Let us push further up the lake. There, opposite Bellaggio, is the little white church of San Martino, seem-

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ingly placed on a ledge of precipice, as if it were meant that none but angels should get to it, challenging the traveller to resolve the mystery of its location, and find, at least, how men ever stood upon the spot to build it. So, when Sunday morning comes, you walk the toilsome ascent from Cadenabbia, while Italian children haunt your steps with their proffered wild flowers, until, at last, just after the little church seemed more remote and inaccessible than ever, a concealed bridge of rock springs to view which carries you easily across what seemed from below an impervious fissure. A day or two afterwards, as you are upon your return to Milan, what is it that strikes your ear, as, with the dawn, you awake in the little inn at the Isola Bella on Lago Maggiore, the island so famed for its whimsical palace and its tropical gardens? They are the voices of children that you hear, in measured cadence. They must be the very ones whom you heard the evening before in the church at sunset, repeating the Lord's prayer after the priest, and wafting their little hymn, as a benediction, on the evening breeze. When once more in Milan, after the ten days which you have spent upon the lakes, you encounter a brisk, busy stream of life, in great contrast with the more secluded scenes through which you have just passed; in contrast also with memorable Italian cities, where you so often see the tide-mark of a former prosperity confronting the ebb of the commerce of to-day. Montaigne and Tasso were both long ago struck with the French aspect of this city; so the traveller need not hesitate to say how much more he is reminded here of Paris than of almost any *Italian* city. Especially is this kinship to Paris forced upon one's attention just after a visit to Venice, one-third smaller in population than Milan, and, if report be true, with one-fourth its population blighted with pauperism. In spite of the fascination inspired by this Queen of the Adriatic, you cannot at times shake off the feeling of depression to which the mouldering palaces of Venice give rise. Everything speaks of days of long past grandeur, and you see what a hard struggle life imposes upon many of the inhabitants. You ask for moonlight to

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bathe all this decay in tenderer beauty, and to hide from view the sadder thoughts that come to your mind.

In contrast with the unique charms of Venice, Milan may be called a prosaic city. Yet it is a most pleasant place to live in, for there every one seems to have something to do. The very obliteration of ancient historic landmarks by the terrible devastations to which it has more than once been subjected dispels the melancholy which the constant sight of ruins, however picturesque, sometimes engenders. But if Milan may be termed prosaic in contrast to Venice, it cannot be so regarded in comparison with any prosperous American city. Nothing strikes one more in Italy than the taste which is lavished upon structures with which we Americans commonly take little pains. Compare, for instance, the railway station-house of Milan, a city of two hundred thousand souls, with that of the Boston and Albany, which by this time in truth is not devoid of a savor of antiquity. You would almost think, in Milan, as you go to the train, that you were wending towards some picturesque Italian villa. The attractive station-building itself is on a pretty slope, with horse-chestnut trees and flowering shrubs and winding paths around it, and plenty of land. Indeed, all over Italy these buildings are relieved of the homesick look which they are too apt to wear in America, although I recall none so pleasing as the one in Milan. Even in England, ivy and climbing roses and chrysanthemums give an inviting aspect to many a railway station in some unpretending spot. Again, if Milan be more prosaic than several other Italian cities, where in the world will you find a completer thing of its kind than its far-famed "Galeria Vittorio Immanuele," that "handsomest and loftiest arcade of shops in the world," as it has been designated; where, in an avenue roofed with glass extending about a thousand feet, some fifty feet broad and nearly an hundred high, lined with tasteful shops, a gay and merry tide of life passes in and out; where, too, bidding defiance to the storm, friends walk up and down at evening along its brilliantly lighted area, passing the statues of Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo,

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Macchiavelli, Raphael, and other memorable Italians with which it is lined. It was completed about eleven years ago at an expense of more than a million and a half dollars. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, with an octagon in the middle, over which rises a cupola one hundred and eighty feet high. This gallery is a connecting link between the square of the Scala, where stands the renowned theatre of Milan, and that of the Cathedral. The contrast is impressive, as, towards sunset, with the rainbow light streaming in through the stained-glass windows of the Cathedral, you come into this venerable building from the clatter and bustle of the Galeria. Never can the peace which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away be more affectingly brought to mind than as you plunge into this cloistered stillness, from the Vanity Fair which you seem to have left just behind you. Whatever the criticisms that may be made upon the edifice, as being true to no one school of architecture, the traveller from the south of Italy gladly welcomes the renewed fellowship which this wonderful structure awakes in him with the exquisite Cathedral of Amiens and the grand cathedrals of England, to which, while in some respects very dissimilar, it still seems more akin than to the purely Italian architecture. One must stand upon the roof, however, and ascend the tower, in order, as the thousands of statues bewilder your eye with their intricate glitter, to appreciate the remark attributed to Napoleon, that the Milan Cathedral was a piece of marble lace-work. And from what other church tower so grand can the great cathedral peaks of Nature be discerned, as Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and kindred summits raise their chorus of silent praise on the remote horizon?

Let us glance backward some three hundred years. Whence the strange silence and desertion that have gathered over the building? The customary services are suspended; only two or three priests chant their plaintive supplications as best they can. The stern doom is upon the city, of which so vivid a picture is drawn in the well-known

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romance of Manzoni. An Italian chronicler of that period makes this brief allusion to it: "Poor Milan was infected with pestilence. July was a month so cruel that truly it would not be possible to tell of the agony and the great mortality which prevailed; so that 'twas safer to stay in the house than to venture out-of-doors; you saw only people who had little bells in their hands. I, John Marco Burigozo, was shut up. I lost two boys; yet, by the grace of God, I was always well. I believe that there was never a like pestilence; 'twas said that more than an hundred thousand people died, and so I think." The old Lazaretto, with its extensive area, remains, a visible link between the reader of the fascinating tale of *The Betrothed* and the hero of those pages; calling to mind also the self-sacrificing Frederic Borromeo, there described as "one of those too rare characters who have devoted with unchanging energy great natural powers, all the resources of immense wealth, all the advantages of an exalted position, to the study and the practice of truth and goodness, . . . one who from a child began to think how he might make his own life useful and holy." It may be considered fortunate that his kindred felt unable to pay the great sum requisite for his canonization as a saint; for the large expenditure required for the honor thus paid to St. Charles Borromeo has only served to make pitiful the contrast between the self-abnegation of his earthly life and the gold and sparkling gems and gorgeous robes within which, in a mistaken method of reverence, the dignitaries of the Roman Church have seen fit to imprison his wasted body in the subterranean chapel of "San Carlo" in the Milan Cathedral.

But if we cannot be suited with this sort of posthumous recognition of the special grace of humility, we can be grateful to the Romish Church here and in so many other places in Europe for her care for art, in the midst of her zeal for ritualism. The famous museum called the "Brera" in Milan, containing an archæological collection and a picture gallery with thirteen rooms, is in a palace built by the Jesuits in the year 1618. Among other noted pictures, the

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memorable Sposalizio by Raphael (or "The Marriage of the Virgin") may be found there. With what stern abhorrence of the Jesuits, and of every form of prelacy, our Puritan ancestors, soon after the erection of this very building, set their faces toward these bleak and lonely shores! How far from their thoughts must have been any conception of the pleasure which these ritualistic formalists were preparing in Milan and other European cities for their descendants, who should in due time, as pilgrims to the realms of art, retrace the dreary ocean-path which their forefathers had opened as they fled from their bitter persecutors! How absent from their minds, too, must have been the reflection that the fading, dying lineaments of countenances traced upon the wall of a Carmelite convent in Milan a century and a quarter before their arrival at Plymouth, should continue for centuries after that event to bring many of their posterity into the presence of the Master, more than their own stern creeds could! For there stands upon the wall of the former refectory, adjoining the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, that immortal painting by Leonardo da Vinci of the Last Supper; immortal because rescued by engravers from the destruction to which it has so long been doomed, and destined to convey to children of coming generations, as it has to so many of the past, their earliest, sweetest impressions of Jesus and the twelve. It cannot be fancy alone which leads one, in spite of retouching from later artists, to discern in the dim and vanishing image of the Saviour, in this painting, something purer and holier than any engraving of the picture represents. Wonderful Leonardo! Well may thy marble statue stand beneath the open sky in Milan, revered as thou wert (in the words of thy countrymen) as "the greatest mathematician and most ingenious mechanic of thy time, architect, chemist, engineer, musician, poet, painter!" "The discoveries" (says the historian Hallam) "which made Galileo, Kepler, Castelli, and other names illustrious, the system of Copernicus, the very theories of recent geologists, are anticipated by Da Vinci within the compass of a few pages, not perhaps in the most precise

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language or on the most conclusive reasoning, but so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge."

Although known as long as twenty-three hundred years ago by the name of Mediolanum, the ravages of Attila and in 1162 the siege of the city by Frederic Barbarossa served to strip it of almost every vestige of what, in Italy, would be called antiquity. But among the few churches spared by Barbarossa is one founded in the fourth century, and now regarded as substantially the very edifice which was rebuilt in the ninth century. This is the unpretending Church of San Ambrogio, simple and unpretending, surely, when compared with the Cathedral, but fraught, as we shall subsequently see, with more interesting historical associations. The original church, founded in 387 on this site, is the church where St. Augustine was baptized by St. Ambrose, to whose sermons he, in part, ascribed his conversion, and in which building the Te Deum * is reported to have been first recited by Ambrose and Augustine, as they proceeded together to the altar. In Mouza, a half-hour's distance from Milan, you are shown the iron crown which, during six hundred years, rested at intervals on the heads of thirty-four successive Lombard kings, as, from A.D. 888 to 1431, they entered this Church of San Ambrogio in Milan for coronation. The church contains interesting Byzantine mosaics, and is believed to enshrine the mortal remains of the great Ambrose himself. The spirit of this great man cannot be confined to one spot alone, but is, notwithstanding, best associated with the city where the more memorable scenes of his life occurred. We shall do well to refresh our minds with some of its more striking incidents.

At Treves, in Gaul, a little child sleeps in his cradle under a cool portico. His father who watches him is seized with consternation as he sees a swarm of bees alight upon the child, and go in and out of his open mouth. He dares not move a limb lest the bees should be alarmed, and inflict some deadly hurt. The humming sound deepens, the whole

* Other authorities assign its origin to Nicet, Bishop of Treves, in A.D. 527.

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swarm at last lifts itself up and soars away, leaving the infant unharmed. Ah! little Ambrose, is this an emblem of the way in which the stings of thy future adversaries shall be sheathed by an Unseen Hand, when thy foes alight upon thee? But the father thinks not of sharp and stern trials for his boy in years to come. He remembers his own honorable position as prefect of a region embracing a large portion of Western Europe. He knows that among the child's ancestors may be counted consuls and renowned men. So he exclaims in joy, when the bees have taken flight, "Surely, my child, some great thing shall come from thee, if only thy life be spared." If he remembered that the same light footsteps were reported to have passed into and out of the mouth of the infant Plato, he might feel the more emboldened to predict for his own son lips of eloquence. Ambrose is believed to have been born about the year 340. During the ten years of his son's boyhood which his father was gladdened with, he doubtless found new omens from which to augur well of his future; but he died before he could see his prophecy fulfilled. But this dying father did not leave the lad defenceless. His own honorable career remained perhaps as a more powerful incentive, now that he himself was withdrawn; the example of ancestors who had adorned the consular ranks in their day appealed to his ambition, but we are told that the valiant adherence of his family for more than a half-century to the Christian faith filled him with an honest pride beyond that which the fame of his ancestry could inspire. One relative had shed her blood as a victim in the great persecution under Diocletian. There were times in his after life when he could not have forgotten this. After his father's death, his mother (with Ambrose and his brother Satyrus and his sister Marcellina) found her way to Rome, where the same studies were pursued by the youth which had been the preparation for his father's career. He was trained in the law, and became proficient in the practical knowledge of that day. Fitted for the sphere of a statesman by inherited and acquired gifts, he shortly became consular prefect of what might now be designated as

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upper Italy, a post which he filled with dignity and without severity. So admirably, in fact, did he bear himself in this high office that it became the means of his being forced into the position which he subsequently so signally honored, but for which he deemed himself at first utterly unfit.

We are to remember what an important centre Milan had become to the rising faith. It was from this city that, in the year 313, the edict of Constantine and Licinius went forth, definitely giving liberty to Christianity; although attempts in this direction had been previously made by the Emperors Gallienus and Gallerius. At the time with which we are now concerned, the Emperor Maximian had already made his home there, thus making it the capital of Northern Italy,—an imperial position which it retained for nearly a subsequent century, when, in 454, the court was transferred to Ravenna, that wonderful spot which alone seems to carry us back to churches and mosaics identified with the Christianity of the fifth century. When he was about thirty-four years old, the new burden was cast upon him to which we have referred,—that of the bishopric. Bishop Auxentius, an uncompromising Arian, had died. A bitter strife raged between the Catholics and the Arians for the succession. Ambrose is present on the day of election, that the peace may be kept. At last, in a lull during the strife of voices, a child's slender cry is heard, saying, "Ambrose for bishop!" The effect is reported to have been electric. Arians and Athanasians vied with one another in shouting, "Yes, let it be Ambrose; Ambrose shall be bishop." All this occurred in a church upon the site of the present Cathedral, and just after Ambrose, as magistrate (so the account goes) had exhorted the rival factions to remember that love is the basis of the Christian religion.

Ambrose acts like one thunder-struck by this unexpected result. He proclaims himself unfit to be bishop; says he is no priest, and has not even been baptized. He goes further: he causes persons accused before his tribunal to be tortured, and in other ways publicly subjects himself to criticism. He goes away for a season. But the people reply, "Thy sins be

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upon us"; and the pressure from every quarter becomes so great that he at last yields, doubtless finding (as one biographer records) an inner voice to supplement the outward voice of the people. He is soon baptized, and eight days afterwards is consecrated as bishop; bestows his property upon the Church and the poor, first making provision for his sister, and enters with his whole soul into the work before him. Although both parties in the Church united upon him, he cannot be charged with trying to please everybody. The Arians soon found out that they had joined in choosing a bitter enemy to their own opinions. As their mode of faith comes nearer to our own than that of their opponents, it is natural to wish that Ambrose might have sided with them. But we must give him credit for conscientiousness. He could do nothing by halves.

First, however, let us contemplate Ambrose girding himself for battle against the assembled hosts of the whole heathen mythology, as they utter their last rallying-cry through the renowned Roman Senator who appears as their advocate. Under the Emperor Gratian, a cherished idol had been removed from the Senate Chamber at Rome; it was no less than a golden statue of Victory, with extended wings, and a crown in her hands, prized as the very palladium of the Roman Empire. She recalled the days to her votaries when the very name of Rome made all its enemies tremble. Beneath this goddess sat the assembled Senate in its majesty; opposite was the altar upon which they had been wont to swear devotion to the Emperor. This endeared symbol of the ancient faith and the elder glory had been once before removed and then subsequently restored by the Emperor Julian. An embassy came to Milan, headed by the renowned orator and senator Symmachus, appealing to the Emperor Gratian that he, too, would once more place it in the Senate Chamber. This was in the year 382. Two years later, comes another attempt to revive the decaying worship so associated with Rome's pomp and power.

Symmachus sets forth his appeal in writing, refraining from a second visit to Milan. Ambrose answers. It is a pro-

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foundly interesting crisis. Let us listen to the two advocates of these contrasting systems for a moment. Says Symmachus: "We pray for the restoration of that under which Rome so long has prospered. Great is the attachment to usage. Decree then, O Emperor, I beseech you, that what came to us as boys we as gray-haired men may leave to our posterity. How, when the altar is removed, are we to swear allegiance to your laws? You do not herein imitate Constantine: he did not abolish the privileges of the Vestal Virgins; he did not annihilate the worship of the gods in Rome. Although he followed another religion, he did not deprive us of our own faith. The divine wisdom has appointed varying watchmen for every state, and has distributed to each its mode of worship. As to the new-born, souls are given, so to the nations are their protecting genii appointed. To me it seems as if Rome were standing before you and pleading her cause. 'Ye princes, ye fathers of the land,' says she, 'respect my altar which I reared with faith in the gods. I would live after the manner of the old fathers; for I am free-born. This worship has brought the world beneath my feet. These shrines drove Hannibal from my gates, the Gauls from the capitol. Am I spared for this,—to be in my age set aside like a mere child?'

"Moreover, they are the same stars to which we all look up, the same sky which bends over us, the same earth that sustains us. What matter, then, in what peculiar way each individual strives after the true? Not upon one path alone can we arrive at a secret so vast." Among other appeals, Symmachus goes on to urge: "To such apostasy I ascribe all the misfortunes which have befallen the Roman realm." He then describes the troubles which oppress Rome, especially the scourge of famine; it is no failure of the earth; it is the consequence of despising the gods, and because men have taken from them that which was their own. Was it not natural, was it not inevitable, that when religion should be set aside *all* should be lost?"

Ambrose is aware that these words of Symmachus are adapted to make some impression. So he writes to the

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Emperor, warning him against serving two masters, and then takes up, point by point, some of the arguments of Symmachus, cautioning him first against being led astray by the glitter of his adversary's words, without weighing the thought itself. Alluding to Hannibal, Ambrose continues: "He triumphed for a long while over the Roman shrines, and was victorious (even though the gods fought against him) even up to the very walls of Rome. And what shall I say of the Gauls, who would have penetrated to the very sanctuary of the capitol, had not the cry of the geese betrayed them. Where, then, was Jupiter? Or did he speak in the goose?"

And then, arguing for Rome, Ambrose goes on: "Why torment her perpetually with the innocent blood of sacrifices? Not in this, but in the manly courage of her warriors, may be found the real trophies of her conquest. Whom the gods forsook, valor delivered. Did the gods hinder the incursion of the barbarians and countless other sorrows which came upon the Empire under the heathen emperors, who all the while were supporting their worship with all their might? It pains Rome to be fallen so low, but she need not blush, even in her extreme age, to return to herself, in order that the whole world may come back to her. For no age is too late to learn. Shame upon the age that will not better itself!"

Seeking to parry the words of Symmachus about toleration, Ambrose says: "Not one path alone, you say, leads to the great secret; but that which was hidden from you has been revealed to us by the voice of God. The voice of our Emperor rings only for God; and shall *he* erect a heathen altar? Did ever a heathen emperor raise an altar to Christ?"

Ambrose then makes this point in reply to his opponent: "Never have you done us more good than when you scourged, or persecuted, or killed Christians. Now see the difference. Through injustice, through privation, through beheadings, have we waxed strong; yet you contend that your ceremonies cannot maintain themselves without outward aid."

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After other reflections, Ambrose passes to the matter of right: "How comes it that you are just beginning to clamor for justice? Is justice but now dawning in your mind? Where was it, then, when you took from Christians their goods, their lives, yea, when you even denied them common burial?" Ah! Ambrose; that aunt of thine who laid down her life for the faith must have come into thy mind as those words were inscribed on thy tablets!

He continues to urge that there is an inward conception of justice, as well as a mere outward one. The Church possesses faith only. *Her* possession is the support of the poor. Let those others reckon up the captives whom their temples have ransomed, the poor whom they have nourished, those plunged in wretchedness to whom they have been a reliance. At the close, he wonders why (inasmuch as so long a period has elapsed since the worship of the gods was infringed upon) it should at so late a day have just occurred to them to revenge the contempt which had been shown them.

The Emperor sided with Ambrose. We have listened in spirit to the expiring cry of the old heathen worship. Its cause was never again pleaded as it was then by Symmachus. And how, as we listen, in spite of our consciousness of the great blessings wrapped up in Christianity, can we refrain from a sad sympathy with the fallen divinities, as the nymphs seem to flee from their bowers, Neptune casts his trident into the fathomless depths, the hand of Apollo loses its cunning, Minerva turns her face from her beloved Athens, the winged Victory deserts the Roman Senate, and Mount Olympus waits long centuries for its Jupiter?

Much of sunniness and mirth and fancy goes with them, but we can summon it back in imagination, and the gain to the world has been how immense, in the substitution for lustful, capricious, cruel deities, of the God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!

In reviewing the arguments of the Roman Senator and the bishop, we can see that the plea of Symmachus for toleration is not out of harmony with the words of that Master who

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said, "Let both grow together until the harvest"; but we can pardon the men who at that day felt that the safest course was to pluck up by the roots that which in their seeming had spread far and wide so direful a miasma.

From whatever point we survey Ambrose of Milan, we see the same intrepid hero. We may think him at times obstinate and uncharitable; never cringing or pusillanimous.

It is Easter in the year 386. He defies the government, as he did for days twelve months before; he will not obey a decree ordering him to give up a church in Milan to the Arian Christians. Night comes; soldiers gather around the building; crowds of his adherents throng the church; Augustine is there and his mother, Monaca. Then, says Augustine, was introduced the custom of the Oriental churches, of alternate or responsive singing. So, night after night, these earnest devotees keep up their spirits by answering echoes of chanted hymns; the soldiers themselves sometimes being unable to resist the contagion, and even some of the Arians sharing the enthusiasm.

Did St. Ambrose realize that it was by the few Latin hymns that he composed, and by the introduction of Eastern music into the Western churches, that he was best to be remembered in all coming time? In this contest with imperial authority, and with a rival sect, he carried the day; but any one who ponders the spectacle of that tide of song flowing through that ancient church in Milan, night after night, will think the success of Ambrose in this contest with the Arians to form no exception to the well-known saying, "If I can make the ballads of a people, I care not who makes its laws."

We are sorry next to represent him in a light which shows him different from the same Ambrose who is a rigid foe to the use of violence towards heretics, and a stern vindicator, at other times, of innocent sufferers.

At Callinachum, in Mesopotamia, a troop of Christians had burned a synagogue. The bishop of that region is ordered by the Emperor to rebuild it. Word of this matter gets to Ambrose. He writes to Theodosius, telling him that

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if he could have his own way these rejecters of Christ should not have any place to worship in. When, adds he, did we ever hear of Jews rebuilding a church of the Christians? In concluding, he tells the Emperor that he addresses him thus in his palace, in order that he may be saved. But the Emperor does not relent. By and by, another day, the sermon comes. This over, the bishop steps down and confronts Theodosius. "You've been preaching against *me*," said the Emperor. (Did preaching politics begin thus early?) "Not against thee, but for thee," replies Ambrose. Theodosius admits that the decree in question was perhaps framed in terms too strong, but that it had been already softened. Hereupon, a courtier sitting near, a certain Timasius, says: "Those monks ought to be punished, any way." "Stop!" says Ambrose: "I'm not talking with you, but with the Emperor; he, I know, fears God. When I want to speak to you, I'll do it after another fashion." As the result of the appeal of Ambrose, the edict was abrogated.

We are now to see this uncompromising spirit of Ambrose in a more favorable light,—a light which enables us to say of a church that had such a bishop as Ambrose showed himself at this time, "For there were giants in those days."

In the city of Thessalonica, some officer of the government is killed in a tumult, and several other magistrates with him. The Emperor Theodosius is swift and fierce to avenge the deed. Soon after, a throng of people being gathered in the amphitheatre, an indiscriminate order for their destruction is given. In this "blood-bath," as it has well been called, seven thousand people perish. The terrible tale is told at Milan. Who'll dare tell the Emperor how we feel? cry the people. Is there *one* to do it? Yes; Ambrose. And Ambrose does. It is clearly in evidence that he writes to him a tender, serious, firm, and searching letter; such an one as makes a German biographer say, "It is Nathan speaking once more to David, and saying, 'Thou art the man!'" Theodosius must do penance for this crime of murder. "No angel," says Ambrose, "no archangel, can forgive thee. God only forgives, and forgives those only who repent."

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Another account, less well authenticated, but very prevalent, adds that St. Ambrose is told that Theodosius is on his way to attend the services at church, and that he meets him in the vestibule, when words more like the sting of the bees than their honey fall from the bishop's mouth; among which are indignant exclamations like these: "Look upon the dust of the mother earth whence we all came, and to which we must all return. Let not the splendor of the imperial purple blind thee to the weakness of the body which it conceals. Thou ragest, O Emperor, over men of the same nature with thyself, over thy fellow-servants. One is our Lord and King. With what eyes wilt thou behold the temple of our common Lord? With what feet tread that holy ground? How wilt thou raise those hands in prayer which still drip with the blood of those who were unrighteously murdered?" Theodosius urges the example of David, to which the bishop replies, "Imitate David, then, in his repentance, since thou hast copied him in his crime."

Thereupon, the account continues, the Emperor *did* penance and subjected himself to the discipline of the Church, remaining for eight months in the guise of one who does penance for his sins; whereupon, taking his place in the Church, he makes a public confession, and is restored to his former relations to it.

This much, at least, remains clearly on record in the funeral oration of St. Ambrose upon the Emperor Theodosius, who died five years afterwards, in the year 395, at Aquileia, in the arms of Ambrose, who was summoned to his death-bed. In that funeral address the bishop says, "The Emperor threw aside the splendor of his throne, lamented publicly in church his sin, to which others had led him, and asked for the divine forgiveness amid tears and sighs. What people in private life are ashamed to do,—he undertook the exercise of public penance. After this, no day of his life passed in which he did not repent of his sin." It is pleasant to know that Theodosius, on his part, is reported to have said after this matter of penance for the massacre at Thessalonica, "I have at last found a man who has dared to tell me

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the truth. I know but one man who deserves to be bishop; that is Ambrose." In his simple and pathetic Latin, the bishop says also, in this memorial address, "I have loved a man who in his last moments sought me with his latest breath. I have loved a man, who, when he was about to be loosed from the body, was more exercised regarding the state of the churches than about his own dangers. I loved him, and therefore I follow him even to the region of the living, nor will I leave him until with lamentations and prayers I lead the man whither his deserts call him,— to the holy mountain of the Lord, where is everlasting life, where is no corruption, no contagion, no groaning, no grief, no assemblage of the dead, the true country of the living, where this mortal puts on immortality, and this corruptible is clothed with incorruption."

We get a pleasing glimpse in another Latin funeral address of Ambrose, into his relations with his only brother Satyrus, who died early. "I ought," says he, "the rather to rejoice that I had such a brother than to lament that I have lost a brother; his life was a gift, his death a debt. Who shall think himself free from the doom of death who does not think himself free from the boon of life?" And then Ambrose speaks of an ox who laments the companion whose yoke he helped to bear; how much more shall I lament thee, my brother, with whom I always held up the ploughshares of this life. There must have been a close resemblance between them, for he says, "Who ever saw thee who did not think that he had seen me? When did I ever accost persons who had first saluted thee who did not think that they had been already addressed by me? How many spoke to thee, remembering that they had already spoken to me! How delightful an error, how pleasant a blunder, how religious a deception!"

Among the voluminous works of Ambrose are his ethical writings. By some authorities his is regarded as the first distinctive treatise on Christian ethics. Listen to the words that follow from this portion of his works, and decide whether wine was not the same *mocker* fifteen hundred years

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ago that it is now: "You see at the door of these haunts of debauch wretched creatures without garments, without any resource for the morrow, giving rules for States and pronouncing their sentence upon those that govern them. To listen to them, they seem to imagine that they are nothing less than monarchs and military generals; they distribute their treasures, they disburse their money in great waves, they build cities, and have not the wherewithal to pay the reckoning with their host. The tables of the great are no less the scenes of most disgusting and often sanguinary orgies. Is it poison that they have been drinking? There are, at all events, antidotes against poison. Against drunkenness, none."

You would hardly expect at that period to find counsels so much in harmony as these are which I next cite, with those words of Paul, "If any man provide not for his own, and especially for them of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." "Some will say, I would rather give to the Church than to my family. God does not accept gifts which allow one's own kindred to die of hunger. We do see people, who, in order to attract the vain applause of men, give to the Church what they refuse to their own kin. Hypocritical pride which God frowns on! True mercy begins with showing kindness towards those nearest to one. Give first to your poor relative, then to the needy stranger: afterwards you may well give to this ministry of the altars the superfluity you possess, that you may receive the spiritual good which is lacking in you; for in receiving, your religion repays you in another form."

Saint Ambrose lived but two years longer than his friend Theodosius, dying on Saturday the fourth of April, 397, at the age of fifty-six. "A blow for all Italy," writes one man of note. What must it not have been, then, for Milan! How the people prayed for his longer life! What was his own answer? "I have lived among you in such a manner that I am not ashamed to live longer; but neither am I ashamed to die, for we have a good Lord."

They took his body into the Cathedral, where, the next

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night, just before the Easter festival, many received solemn baptism.

There not a few of the newly baptized children saw him, and showed him to their elders (who could not see him), saying, "See him there upon his bishop's chair! Look at that shining star upon his brow, and see him raise his hand in benediction!"

Dear children, we reach our hands back to you in sympathy over this gulf of fifteen hundred years, although you were Roman Catholic and we are Protestant. We believe that you did see St. Ambrose, although to your fathers and mothers there was only the cold clay there. God sometimes hides "these things from the wise and prudent, and reveals them unto babes." Science has since come to help religion. We are now taught how the inner eye can project outwardly upon surrounding objects what the whole mind and heart are full of,—at least under certain conditions; and those conditions may well have existed in the case of the children in the early Cathedral at Milan, caught in spirit up to the third heaven on that solemn night, and pervaded through and through by the spirit of the mighty man who had just broken the fetters of the flesh.

All persons who have read the late Dr. Edward H. Clarke's book on *Visions* will understand how scientific inquiry makes possible an explanation of many ecstatic trances which were so real to those who were privileged with them.

Farewell, Ambrose! Great even in thy relentlessness and vehemence, how much more so in thy chastisement of wrong and in thy intercession for some condemned heathen, and thy stout words against resorting to the sword to punish heretics!

Sexton to bury the old gods, thou hast been styled; the Luther of thy time, too, to fire the hearts of the people with the strains of sacred song. Most of all, we thank thee for that combination of rebuke and affection which won for thee the obedience and the attachment of a mighty emperor. Well had it been for the Church, well for all the nations, if,

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in public and in private life, the ministers of religion could have been always as fearless in the rebuke of sin, and so pervaded as wert thou with love for the repenting sinner.

Prof. Peirce has lately shown the public a diagram of a nebula which is clean-cut and symmetrical, bearing the resemblance to a marble bust. As my mind reverts to fair Milan, gay and peaceful to-day, with its groves of blossoming chestnuts, the pinnacles glistening on its Cathedral roof, the vanishing forms of the Master and his disciples upon the old refectory wall, I think also of the Milan of other days, the city smitten with pestilence, the town wasting under the siege of Barbarossa; and then above and beyond all, that mighty nebula, the marble bust, seems from age to age to bend from the heavens like a visible image of the spirit of Ambrose still watching over its changing destinies, the spirit so long reverenced as its Guardian Angel!

W. O. White.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

LAW AND GRACE.

The June days through which we are passing ought never to be lived past without getting from them a fresh sense of the good, beyond all planning or desert of ours, that is poured into the heritage of life. "The *gift* of God is eternal life," the Scripture declares; and in these perfect days all life seems gift and grace, and all its good and gladness is seen to be not so much attainment or hardly-earned wages of duty, as the overflowing bounty and beauty of the universal Life. We sometimes get into the fashion of thinking that all that is worth having in life we fairly pay for in work of hand or brain; forgetting that life itself, the primal good, is not conditioned on any price we have paid or labor wrought for it: but when summer pours out its flood of life, and opens its teeming stores of beauty, and moves through the sunny days as through a praiseful ritual, we begin to recognize that the outpouring of all this bloom and verdure, and wealth of happy life, is something we have little to do with buying or deserving, and that one great duty, as one main privilege of our lives, is to accept thankfully and use wisely what the Benignant Order gives freely, without money and without price.

Sometimes our theology, too, when it tries to be very rational, gets the same mechanical strain; and we hear men urging that salvation is only a *quid pro quo* in character and condition for so much duty done, so much virtue attempted or attained. There is no danger of making the relation too close or vital between duty and happiness, character and salvation; but there is a way of stating this relation that overlooks the distinction between fulfilling a condition and paying a price, and which misses the soul of our relations with the moral universe and its Ordainer by a mechanical conception of so much joy paid for by so much virtue exercised, so large sacrifice made, or so arduous duties done. As if the summer glory, and the harvest's ripening through it, were only the result of so much ploughing, planting, and weeding,—and not also, and still more, of the natural order and the Divine bounty, which our work and tendance go a little way to meet and work with.

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Let us not lose the inspiration and glory of the preventing and inworking Grace, in our urgency to make clear the need of man's diligent coworking. The exigence of the ethical temper must not make us afraid to pause and look and listen, when the June tides of life and gladness come pouring in. Sunshine is the grand fructifier, though there is need of all wise planting and tendance. The Divine grace and goodness, accessible to our weak and weary lives, is the central message of religion,—the panacea, if one choose to term it so, for the miseries and sins of men; and there is no quackery in urging them to put their lives into contact and connection with the cleansing and revivifying tides of the Life that has a right to be supreme in theirs.

Nor is there any needful disparagement or contradiction implied in this statement to the life of obedience and the emphasis on wise and loyal duty-doing. Duty will be studied more earnestly, right activity be more intense, and obedience be freer, gladder, and completer, in the sense of an inworking Purpose and a benignant Grace above and before our work, and vaster in blessing and result. We live nearer to the quality of eternal life when we rejoice to recognize it as the gift of God.

And here follows our text for this summer homily, from Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal":—

> "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
> The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
> We pay the priest who comes and shrives us,
> We bargain for the graves we lie in.
> At the devil's booth are all things sold,
> Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
> For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
> Bubbles we earn with a whole soul's tasking,—
> 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
> 'Tis only God can be had for the asking;
> There is no price set to the joyous summer,
> And June may be had by the poorest comer."

CAMBRIDGE DIVINITY SCHOOL.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni of the Divinity School at Cambridge, Prof. Everett gave an interesting and satisfactory account of the condition, wants, and prospects of the school. President Eliot stated clearly and strongly the reasons for additional endowments to increase its working power and its influence in the university.

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We apprehend that the importance of this movement is hardly appreciated. The influence of half-a-dozen able and thoroughly educated men in the Divinity School is not to be measured by the instructions given to the few students under their charge; but it enters into the public spirit of the college, and reaches far out in many directions to affect the religious thought and moral sentiments of our people. We could hardly have men better fitted for their place than the professors now there. It is very seldom that such men can be procured. But the great subjects included in a theological education reach through so wide an extent, and require to be treated by faculties and methods so diverse, that five professors, at least, are needed to complete the staff of instructors. Only let each one, like those now at the head of the school, be a man of a reverent spirit, with mind capacious enough to take in all the knowledge and thought belonging to his department, with zeal and industry to keep up with the latest processes and results of investigation, and able to meet the questions which are constantly coming up, and which seriously affect not only our peculiar beliefs, but the foundations of all Christian faith.

No denomination can be strong which has not within itself scholars who, by their attainments and their habits of study, are competent to treat these subjects in such a way as to command the respect, if not the assent, of honest scholarly and thinking men. Five such men at Cambridge, with the time, the books, the habits of severe investigation, the intellectual ability to grapple with great subjects, the largeness of soul to ignore partisanship in all its forms, and the candor to seek for the truth and for that alone, would send from that seat of learning a light that might be a help to every minister and every intelligent and inquiring layman in our communion. And such a light would ignore denominational distinctions, and find its way into thousands of liberal, truth-seeking minds outside of our little circle.

There is probably no denomination of Christians which has generally among its members a higher intellectual or social culture than our own. We have our fair proportion of scholars, both ministers and laymen. We have among us men who are able to treat almost any theological or critical subject intelligently. But ministers have too much to do to master for themselves the whole field of inquiry which is sometimes opened by the subject of a sermon. Here, as in other pursuits, there must

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be a division of labor. They must use the results of other men's studies. If they wish to examine thoroughly some particular point, they need to go to a teacher whose business it has been to traverse the whole field, and who can point out to him the books and the methods which will lead him most directly to what he wants. This is the way practising lawyers, physicians, engineers, chemists do, when they wish for the latest and completest information on some difficult matter. And it is a great thing to have among us men whom we can look up to, not only as teachers of a few young men, but as *our* teachers,— and men whose office and privilege it is to help every minister among us by keeping him up to the mark of intelligent, honest thought, and the modest but reasonable scholarship without which no man ought to assume the office of a Christian teacher.

We attach very great importance to this thought. In our democracy, we underestimate the general, widespread influence of our colleges, and of a few leading minds whose reputation for learning, ability, and justice of thought causes them to be looked up to as authorities in their several spheres. But nowhere do such minds find more loyal pupils, or speak with a more genuine authority, than in this democratic country. He who has something to say and knows how to say it is sure to find hearers. And he who writes for the public on the highest themes will be kept up to a higher standard of thought and scholarship, if he knows that what he writes is likely to be read by men who are themselves the most competent judges in those matters. We have young men whom we look to with hopefulness and joy as likely to do much for the advancement of thought and learning. As ministers, they cannot, without neglecting most important duties, attain to the minute and comprehensive scholarship of professors. But they will be encouraged and helped by knowing that there are such men to whom they can go for guidance, and by whom their works will be appreciated. Their faculty for work and the influence of what they do will be increased by the power which comes to them from the great centres of investigation. Agassiz alone created an army of students and teachers in zoölogy, and thus provided a constituency to sustain, and be instructed by, them.

We forget what high and varied qualities are needed to discuss most profitably and wisely some of the questions that come before us. Take the subject that has lately been brought up in

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different ways; *viz.*, the Bible. The religious instincts and affections which bring one into sympathy with its deepest and holiest inspirations, the spiritual insight which enables one to pass through its outward form and shadows into its deepest and grandest truths, the power of transporting one's self into remote scenes and ages, and catching the life and modes of teaching and of feeling there, the learning that is able to gather up from all quarters the facts which have a bearing upon the subject, the imagination to take in the meaning of the imagery employed by the greatest prophets that ever spoke of the mutual relations of God and man or the duties which men owe to one another, the knowledge that looks into the deep things of God and sees what is possible with him,—who is so endowed with these and other corresponding qualities that he is able to treat of this great theme, and speak with the authority of a master? In a public meeting, with many able, learned, accomplished, truth-loving ministers around us, we ventured to speak, rather hyperbolically, of the difficulty of getting any one to write on this subject such articles as we should be glad to have. "If you would give ten dollars a page," it was said by more than one person, "you would get them easily enough." We beg pardon of friends whom we honor and almost reverence. But "ten dollars a page" is not going to create such students of divine truth as we dream of And if men of these transcendent gifts and attainments are now among us, they are not going to allow the cause of vital Christian truth to go by default because they cannot get for their work a few additional dollars.

We know that we are talking extravagantly. But a high ideal in regard to our calling — in regard to the gifts and graces which it requires more than the money which it seeks — will do us no harm. And if the discussion which is to draw money from the community for new professors in the Divinity School helps to raise the standard of scholarship and of moral and spiritual endowments required for those high positions, and consequently helps to raise the standard of scholarship and other qualifications for Christian ministers, and Christian laymen as well, the President of Harvard University has never set on foot a better work than when he undertook to raise a hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the Cambridge Divinity School.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BACON'S MEMOIRS, BY JAMES SPEDDING.

If this book is an abridgment, what must the original be? we are tempted to ask. It is by no means, however, uninteresting, and shows the unwearied patience of the compiler; a kind of patience which Mr. Lowell, with a sprightly pen, makes sport of in Masson's *Life of Milton*, where everybody or thing that ever came in contact with the poet is brought before the reader to account for the poet's motives and tendencies.

The writer's own earnestness, in spite of this prolixity, awakens our enthusiasm, and we get a great deal of valuable matter about Lord Bacon from this book.

The letter of Sir Francis Walsingham to the Secretary of France is well worth reading, at the beginning, and whether Bacon dictated it or not, it is an admirable statement of Elizabeth's policy, idealized, or dignified at least, as it passes through the mind of a great thinker.

Bacon's acquaintance with the Earl of Essex gives the author a chance to draw a vivid picture of this brilliant man, and to show how well suited he was, through his high position and his appreciative disposition, to lend himself to Bacon's large ideas for the welfare of men and the State. "Essex," he says, "seemed like a man made to realize the hopes of a new world, and Bacon seemed the guardian genius of such a man."

Bacon's mother was a stanch Puritan, and a woman of great force of character, who, after the death of her husband, kept vigilant watch over her son. We have one or two of her letters which show the metal of which she was made.

Bacon's first speeches in Parliament in regard to supplies offended the Queen, and it was long before she could look cordially upon him. These speeches appear to have been on the side of liberty for the commons, and, although he writes a very respectful letter to the Queen, he shows no disposition to retract what he said. He hung, however, about the Court in a way that must have been galling to a man of his sensitive spirit. Essex was trying to get the situation of Attorney-General for him, and, failing in that, the Solicitorship. Elizabeth kept him dangling,

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and when at length, disgusted with himself if not with her, he resolved to go out of the country for awhile, she put a stop to that intention.

Money, as we say, is often at the root of all evil. Bacon was in debt, and the manner in which he borrowed from one to pay off another is not creditable to him; especially his habit of taxing his own brother, who pledged all his property repeatedly, with the most unwearied generosity, to aid his brother Francis. This condition of affairs made Bacon naturally anxious for a position at Court to mend his fortunes. When the Earl of Essex, wearied with his suit in Bacon's behalf, gave it up, in the generosity of his heart he offered to compensate Bacon for disappointed expectations by a gift of land worth a thousand pounds or more. Bacon at first refused to take it, but at length accepted it, showing his scruples, however, by vague hints in a letter implying that he could not in any way sacrifice his independence, he being "a commoner" and Essex "a lord." We will do him the justice to say that, although he was tainted with the self-seeking of the Court, he had more real conception of the nobility of true manhood than most of the men of his time. He longed to get away into the retreats of philosophy, and work out his profound theories in regard to the human mind; but the voice of the Queen held him back, and yet gave him nothing.

His letter to Essex, who was growing now vain-glorious and arrogant, is full of the most profound worldly wisdom in regard to the proper way of conducting with the Queen and towards the people. Happy for Essex if he had taken Bacon's warnings.

The author of these memoirs gives us an account of a holiday frolic among some youths, December, 1594, at Gray's Inn, which affords us a lively picture of the manners of the times and the amusements for the beau-monde. A mock court was set up for twelve days, playing at kings and councillors. A prince was elected with a privy council, presence-chamber, council-chamber, officers of State, gentlemen-in-waiting, and guard. They sent to the Inner Temple requesting an ambassador from them, who was formally sent. On the 20th of December, the prince took his seat on the throne, the knight-at-arms proclaimed his style, the champion threw down the gage, the attorney made his speech, and the solicitor recited names and pedigrees, with many jocose hits, inviting them to do homage. A parliament was held, a subsidy granted, pardons were proclaimed, the prince made a short speech, and the evening ended with dances.

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Lady Bacon puts in a motherly word here in her puritanic fashion, trusting "they will not mum nor mask nor sinfully revel." It does not appear that her worshipful son Francis had much to do with the frolic; but there is a collection of letters given here addressed to the mock prince, as from various quarters, which our author thinks unquestionably came from Bacon's pen. They are full of admirable wisdom and originality, and quite in his style. No other man of the time seems capable of having produced them.

Essex now had made his magnificent expedition to Spain and taken Cadiz. He returned hot-headed and presumptuous, and we find Bacon again counselling him to moderation in the most friendly letters. Bacon knew what a dangerous woman Elizabeth was, and, while he admired her and wished to serve her, he wanted Essex, like himself, to keep at arm's-length from her.

Essex, however, waxed bolder in spite of his warnings, and plunged headlong into the war with Ireland as commander-in-chief, disregarding Bacon's wise counsel. Bacon's letter to Essex on this subject, as quoted by Bacon himself, is a model of good sense and wisdom, varied with here and there a Latin quotation or historical illustration to confirm his arguments. Yet strange to say, this man so wise for others was arrested shortly for a debt, by a goldsmith, as he was coming out of the Tower on the Queen's law business; and he complains of it to Cecil and others as an indignity to Her Majesty's service, with all the air of injured innocence and dignity.

We have a long space now devoted to the Earl of Essex' conduct in Ireland, his intrigues about the Scottish succession, his inaction and wasting of the Queen's forces, and his final act of treason in entering London with a body of gentlemen to seize the Queen's person, and force her to set up a new government. Such conduct on the part of a man at the height of power, flattered by Queen and people, seems inexplicable, if we did not know the vagaries and hunger of human ambition. Bacon, although so intimate with Essex, kept clear of any embroilment. In fact, he looked out to keep clear by entering upon the case against Essex with great fervor and loyalty towards the Queen. He has been accused of dishonest subterfuges in conducting the case, but nothing of this kind can be proved against him. We confess we should be better pleased with him ourselves if he had not been so eager to make out the case of treason against Essex, considering the kindness he had received at his hands. Those were perilous

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days, however, and perhaps silence on his part, or keeping aloof from the law courts, would have seemed like being an accomplice, and cost him his head.

The account of the "monopoly" question in Parliament is interesting as showing us the true relations between Elizabeth and her governing agents and subjects. She yields a point with admirable tact before they have forced it upon her, puts the Parliament in good humor, thanks them in a note for a generous subsidy they had granted, receives profuse thanks from them, and gives all the members a state reception, at which she never showed herself with more real majesty and yet cordiality during her whole reign. This was her last appearance. And we may well pause to survey with admiration this remarkable woman, inasmuch as our author calls his book *The Life and Times of Bacon.*

New debts now press upon Bacon, and we find him communicating with Cecil, and using the same grand language about an officer in the royal service being assaulted by a "lewd fellow" who claimed his money. He had been living on expectations, hoping to be made Solicitor-General. His place, Twickenham Park, was mortgaged, but at length redeemed. Elizabeth's death prolonged his hopes. Peace was already made with Scotland, and James was ushered in without any contention. Bacon immediately sets about ingratiating himself with the new sovereign. He writes a letter to the King, offering his services. This letter is obsequious and sickening in the extreme. We must make some allowance for the style of the times, but it is really not much excuse for a man of Bacon's stamp to pen such a letter, especially when he constantly declares that active life and courts were not his sphere, for the quiet pursuits of philosophy ever beckoned him on. He writes a letter of counsel to the King in regard to a wise and liberal policy. This letter appears never to have been used; but if the obstinate and pedantic King could have profited by it, he would have saved many disturbances in his reign.

Bacon was knighted at Whitehall on the 23d of July, but he does not appear to have been much impressed with the honor, as he had it along with three hundred others. Gaining little from the world, his mind runs back to his loved philosophy again. His ideas had shaped themselves into a treatise in two parts, the first part to be called "Experientia Literata," the other "Interpre-

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tatio Naturæ." He thought he had come upon thoughts which would wholly revolutionize men's minds. He was in no hurry to proclaim them. He knew, says our author, "that business, courts, clients, creditors, sheriffs, officers, and his own imperfections would baffle him"; but he had a confidence that men would in the future carry out what he had begun. There is something grand and inspiring in this man's conception of what he was to do (whatever we may think about the worldly streak in his constitution), when he touches these great subjects he commands our awe and admiration.

The author gives us a translation of the second part of his treatise on the "Interpretation of Nature," which is written, he says, in "stately Latin." He apologizes modestly for his translation, but we certainly feel no loss in the grand march of the thought. Bacon, among other things, says of himself: "Being a man gifted by Nature with desire to seek, patience to doubt, fondness to meditate, slowness to assert, readiness to reconsider, carefulness to dispose and set in order; and as being a man that neither affects what is new nor admires what is old, and that hates every kind of imposture, so I thought my nature had a kind of familiarity and relationship with Truth."

Such a grand, all-sided nature as this, which comprehended itself so well, would seem to have had small affinity with courts; but he was the product of his age, and could not help bearing the impress of his time, just as his style of writing, though full of condensed thought, is often elaborate and fatiguing, like the letters of Locke at a later day. The thought never wearies us, it is so fresh and profound; but it labors under a stiffness of expression which we do not find in the best Anglo-Saxon writers of other eras, or at the present time.

We pass through the priest's plot and the trial of Raleigh, etc. Bacon was soon called to work in connection with the prerogatives of the King and privileges of Parliament; the King was so well pleased with his services that he granted him the office of learned counsel, with a pension for life of sixty pounds. The commissioners for the union of England and Scotland were to meet soon; and here we have among Bacon's papers a preamble for these commissioners,— one of those long, wise papers, such as he had prepared before for the King and other persons. These papers, often never used, show the admirable patience and industry and activity of mind of a man who could study so care-

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fully events, ripen and elaborate his thought, take a thoroughly practical view of a question, and then lay his paper aside because men were too dull, or too hot-headed, to pay heed to him. This calm love of truth, without irritation at its immediate failure to be recognized, is truly sublime.

He now woos and wins for his wife an alderman's daughter, who is "handsome," he says, and whose comfortable fortune he evidently had an eye upon. We hear very little of this union, but it appears to have been a satisfactory one to both parties.

Bacon invites Dr. Playfere to translate his "Advancement of Learning" into Latin. The good doctor was flattered by the request; but he was so anxious to do the work elegantly that he polished away all its strength, and disappointed Bacon, who wanted good terse Latin. He died before finishing the work.

The question of Scottish naturalization now came up. It is interesting to see how much human beings are alike in all ages. The Englishmen were against the Scotchmen simply because they were selfish, as we are to-day, in regard to any alien race. They raised the cry that trades were already overstocked, London was too full of new buildings, and the universities had more men than preferments. "There was no room," as our author says, "for a Scotchman anywhere," to judge by the speeches in the House of Commons. Bacon, as we should expect took the liberal side of the question. He seems in fact always to have been large-minded, if we can get him away from his own personality in regard to money and office. A good deal of an if, it is true, we must say. We find in him an extraordinary combination of the little and the great, as we read here, without being biassed, we believe, by the verdict of the world. The author tries to justify Bacon's flatteries and polished words when he wanted favors, by plausible arguments in regard to the recognized insincerity of social etiquette; but he does not really blind himself, and he cannot blind us. We know the difference between the commonplace courtesies of life extended to avoid giving pain, and the profuse civilities and flatteries which are lavished in order to gain a person's good graces, and carry a point. One is conventionalism, the other is obsequiousness. Let the reader be the judge which Bacon was guilty of.

The author has a higher opinion of James I. than we had expected from any historian or annalist. We ask ourselves privately whether he is a Scotchman or not.

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Bacon at last gets his solicitor-generalship. His fortunes are therefore considerably increased, and he begins to adorn and beautify a home for himself, which resulted in the well-known Verulam House which he afterwards built in the same neighborhood.

The poverty of the exchequer begins to cause discontent, and endangers the seat of King James. Bacon with perfect ease abandons his abstract plans for the world, and sets himself to work to devise some way by which the Parliament and people could be turned away from this painful subject. He conceives of foreign enterprises to call out the generous enthusiasm of the country. He returns at intervals to his grand schemes for the interests of posterity, and they grow wider and wider the more he contemplates them. He cannot carry them out alone. Men and societies will be needed; the mere conception of these would be enough to exhaust the brain of an ordinary man; but his great mind blended a clear good-sense with all his boldest speculations, and was willing to labor and to wait. Some of Ruskin's great social schemes suggest the influence of Bacon in their magnitude; but the two men are wide apart in many respects.

Bacon is now longing for the Chancellorship, and his letters to high personages in this matter suggest the same reflections we have made in regard to his own self-respect. The King offers him a present of a hundred pounds. But he was too poor to pay it. Bacon writes one of his letters of injured innocence to the King's officers, demanding it. Not far from the date of this poor letter, the usual contrast in his character is exhibited; we have a grand manifesto or proclamation drawn up by him for the King's use, which was actually approved by government, and published October, 1607. It was an argument for Jurors, that they should not be taken among the ignorant and "baser sort," but that men of education and position should be willing to sacrifice their time and ease for the public good, and be constrained to so act when required. The "realm of England was to be restored to its ancient integrity and credit"; and bailiffs and sheriffs, etc., were prohibited at their peril from taking any bribes, or sparing any person, high or low, from the law. Our writer says: "The soil was too hard-trodden by custom for such seed to grow, and it is not likely it will ever bear fruit in old England," but must wait for some younger community, where "the function of the petty jury may come to be regarded as equal in dignity to any."

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Bacon occupied himself now with a memorial of Queen Elizabeth, a work which he seems to have entered into heartily, and with a true loyal desire to rescue her name from any injustice. He did not refute calumnies, knowing that the mention of them would put them in fresh circulation, but recounted all "the particulars in which her life and government were remarkable for felicity."

He published this year *De Sapientia Veterum*, which the writer considers one of the most elegant of his works. He has in it some rather fanciful ideas about the origin of early fables and poetic stories. He thought they might be traced to a former unknown and superior age, when men used allegory for the expression of profound truth.

The struggle between the King and Parliament for supplies is fairly begun. Salisbury was not wise or politic in pleading the poverty of the King rather than the good of the realm. Bacon must have felt keenly the blunders he was making, and when called in to help, he tries, with his usual address and practical judgment, to restore the King's dignity before the House of Commons, and devise some way of raising money which should arouse their enthusiasm and put an end to the quibblings. But the King would be always talking or writing to them, and in the midst of it he must get up his long-winded statements about his prerogative. It is sad, but an every-day spectacle, to see great, far-sighted men hampered by the weakness of their chiefs, or the obstinacy and narrowness of public opinion.

The negotiation between the King and Parliament, the great contract as it was called, was at length given up, leaving both parties quite as uneasy as before. The King's situation was pitiable; he was embarrassed with debt, and the Lower House took a mean delight in keeping him waiting, in order to have a chance to get their real or fancied grievances redressed. Much as we may respect the stolid pluck of the English people in defending their liberties, it is painful to contrast their bluntness with the graces and devotion of the ideal and visionary Stuarts, who might have been coaxed out of their divine right, but could never be driven from it. Bacon was the man who could have brought the King and Parliament into harmony. We have now a letter of his to the King, asking for the attorneyship. On the death of Salisbury, he writes again, hinting pretty plainly for the secretaryship. We may charge him with want of modesty, but

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it is hard for a man who knows how great is his own ability to see inferior men stepping into places of power, when, as was the case with Bacon, he felt sure that he could remedy the existing state of things.

He says of himself in a sad way, "My good old mistress (Elizabeth) was wont to call me her watch candle, because it pleased her to say I did continually burn (and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing); so I owe the like duty to your Majesty."

Another letter of his is interesting, as concerning a large private property left for charitable purposes. He has been charged with suggesting to the King an evasion of the law in turning aside these bequests. However that may be, there does not appear to be any self-seeking in the letter, and his ideas in regard to endowed charities are worth considering.

He dedicates his "Essays" to the young Prince Henry, who unfortunately did not live to profit by them. His next letter to the King discusses the policy of Salisbury and his other counsellors, and speaks plainly in regard to the undignified and unkingly position in which they had placed him, having "his wants and necessities in particulars, as it were, hanged up on two tablets before the eyes of his Lords and Commons, to be talked of for months together." He says a great many blunt but true words, asking the King to pardon the liberty he takes in so writing.

On the death of Sir Thomas Fleming, Chief-Justice, he boldly asks to have Coke put in Fleming's place, Sir Henry Hobart made Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, and himself put in the attorney's office. He carried his point, although Coke resisted the preferment as long as he could, and left the Bench with tears, while all the officers were weeping. On the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with the former Lady Essex, Bacon makes a magnificent present to the bride and bridegroom, in the offer of a "masque" got up by the young men of "Gray's Inn," but conceived by his own genius. The expense, nearly five thousand pounds, was furnished from his own pocket. It is supposed that the earl received a fee from the King for his services in getting Bacon made attorney-general, and that Bacon took this way of repaying an obligation which he did not relish, as he considered that he owed his office solely to the King.

The second volume opens with the King's troubles with his Parliament, and Bacon's efforts to induce the King to preserve

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his own dignity with both Houses, and, at the same time, to be liberal, neither of which things could James do.

Bacon is ready about this time for another descent upon the King for office. The lord chancellor is sick, and Bacon shows some haste to have him die, and proves himself again a most unblushing applicant for the place. The chancellor revives, however, and Bacon then presses for the privy councillorship. Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, was now rising in power, and had become the King's favorite, and Bacon therefore uses his friendship with Villiers to get the position. He writes in the meantime a carefully prepared and able letter of advice to the favorite, pressing many truths home to him in regard to his perilous position. That a man with his engrossments could find time to write these careful letters of unasked and often unheeded counsel, speaks well for the thoroughness and patience of his mind and his earnest spirit in regard to the welfare of the crown and the country. He seemed to know so admirably what everybody else ought to do, that it is marvellous how he could be forgetful in regard to his own obligations. The writer says in respect to this letter to Buckingham, that "he does not hold it to be any part of his business to applaud or to defend the opinions expressed, but only to represent them faithfully." We do not understand why he takes pains to say it of this letter any more than of others; for he certainly tries to excuse Bacon in many cases much more objectionable, to our minds, than anything in this letter.

Bacon, though a religious man ostensibly, had a conscience somewhat formal, as we see in his advice to Villiers about never meddling with the Thirty-nine Articles, or doubting the decrees of the English Church. He had a good deal of Chesterfield in his make. Expediency and worldly success were the great motives and ends with him in public life. When he got away from the world into his own great nature, he was wholly another man, under the inspiration of pure truth. But we are not sure that if he had lived to bring these sublime and abstract truths into practical application to men and society, he might not even there have lapsed morally in his eagerness for achievement.

Another of Bacon's valuable projects was his suggestion to the King to compile and amend the laws of England. He writes a letter full of wise thoughts, saying among other things that "this continual heaping up of laws, without digesting them, maketh

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but chaos and confusion, and turneth them to become snares for the people." . . . He had no great success, as might be expected; and yet, as our author says, these very suggestions are often quoted approvingly by sound legal thinkers of the past and present day.

The order of Baronets was instituted somewhat in compliance with Bacon's suggestions in regard to the settlement of a wild country like Ireland.

He is now made chancellor by the intercession of Buckingham (Villiers). He took his seat with great pomp and unusual magnificence; perhaps from prudential reasons, for he says, "This matter of pomp, which is heaven to some men, is hell to me, or purgatory at least." He begins to feel the effect of care on his health; misses a star-chamber day; sits down at the end of the table with the judges; is too tired to talk with them; says modestly that he is only their foreman. Some thought he was getting too feeble for the place. But he plucked up courage and made some short but very able speeches, and our author thinks these fears of his health were groundless as far as the chancery was concerned. He showed a capacity for disinterested friendship in the case of Matthew, the visionary and papist, whom he got recalled from banishment, and often served at the risk of the King's displeasure. He got involved in a domestic quarrel between Sir Edward Coke and his wife, Lady Hatton, having endeavored to bring the law against Coke. He was undoubtedly sincere in his legal opinion, but he probably enjoyed the prospect of humbling Coke. The King took offence at Bacon's intervention in this matter. The self-love of Buckingham was wounded at some well-meant words of his, and he ran great risk of losing the friendship of Buckingham. The King was excited against him, but Buckingham, although his own family had come under Bacon's censure, treated him with generosity, and at length reinstated him in favor at court.

Bacon, whose office was really that of lord keeper, was now made lord chancellor, and, soon after, Baron Verulam of Verulam and Lord of St. Albans.

The author descants at some length on the absurdity of calling him Lord Bacon, as the age has chosen to do, when he styled himself in writing, Francis, Lord Verulam,—"a name," says our writer, "handsome in sound and association," while his old name was "the ugliest and most vulgar and commonplace," especially

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when invested with a title to which it never had any pretence. The writer shows himself an Englishman of Englishmen here. We cannot see why his title was not properly enough affixed to his own name; and to our American ideas, any title of honor would be much more grateful when throwing lustre upon the family name from which we had sprung. We think we have heard lordly titles joined to worse-sounding names than that of Bacon; and how could we wish this man's name other than the one with which he began his eventful life of thought and action!

The next few pages are devoted to the case of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was released from the Tower by James, and allowed to start out in quest of adventure and gold. The breaking of his oath of friendliness to Spain and other Christian nations, his sacking of a Spanish town, etc., and brutalities, displeased the King; and when his ill-success sent him home, he was, as all the world knows, brought to trial and execution.

His story has not much to do with the subject of these memoirs, although Bacon was one of the counsellors in the case; but these side glimpses of history are all the more interesting when we are not looking for them, especially when they deal with so attractive and picturesque a man as Raleigh.

The King now had a severe attack of illness; very likely he was unstrung by this trial, which won the sympathies of the people, and was likely to make him unpopular. James may have been vain and weak with his favorites, but he certainly had a sense of honor not found among his best courtiers. That honor towards Spain condemned Raleigh; and now that the thirty years' war breaks out, the same sense of justice makes him at first oppose his own son-in-law's (Frederick's) pretensions to the crown of Bohemia.

Bacon himself seems to have been poorly in health for a time, and absented himself from the courts enough to excite attention. He was, however, alive enough to correspond with his friend Matthew about Galileo's writings (which he does not yet appear to know much about), and to work upon his *Kingdom of Man.* He found time and strength also to make up a "Set of Rules" for the "Star Chamber," which if observed would, perhaps, have prevented its downfall in the future. Coke says of this chamber when he was only serving in the House of Commons, and had nothing to do with the King's rights: "It is the most honorable court (our Parliament excepted) that is in the Christian world";

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and Bacon said in 1621: "It is one of the sagest and noblest institutions of this kingdom."

In March, 1620, complaints were made before the Committee of Grievances of abuses in the courts of justice. Offenders, when brought to examination, were ready to accuse others, and the higher the mark the better they were satisfied; and so Bacon's name came up on a charge of corruption: and here this great man's downfall begins, when he was at the very height of his power and influence with the King and the country.

Our space will not allow us to go through this intensely interesting case brought before the House of Lords. Bacon saw his fate at the very beginning, and would make no defence for himself. He confessed his guilt, though not any sin of black dye. He confessed that he had taken money from suitors in almost all the cases where it was charged upon him. But it was not in the nature of a bribe; had never influenced his legal opinion or act; and the money had not generally been offered while the case was pending. We agree with our author in thinking that Bacon's conscience could not have been accusing him all these years. Strange as it may seem, considering his strict notions in regard to the purity of the law, he does not appear to have realized that he was doing wrong until suddenly called to account.

This brings us back to the question of money, and the loose management of it which we have remarked in the early part of his career. It seems a small thing that a young man of his promise should be a few thousand pounds in debt. But this looseness is, in our opinion, the first crumbling stone that made ready the downfall. The habit of managing carelessly his affairs, of spending at caprice, his freaks of extravagant generosity, his undue conception of the splendor which his rank required,— all these conditions exhausted his resources and weakened his self-respect, so that he was ready to accept money from everybody, beginning with the Earl of Essex and descending to the lowest client.

We see everywhere in the world that extravagance and unthrifty living leads inevitably to dishonesty, or what is very much like it. Bacon did no more than half our railroad kings; and yet when he came to himself, nobody could be more severe than he was upon himself, although he denied that the act was bribery. Marvellous it is that the uses of money should be so exacting, its demands so imperious, as to paralyze the conscience of a great man.

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His famous prayer, found among his papers at this time, does not impress us as it did Addison, who calls it "the devotion of an angel rather than a man." He does not show any sense of guilt in regard to these particular transactions, although seeing their error; and he declares that he has walked always before God. He confesses to "thousands of transgressions" in the orthodox fashion, but to none in particular.

His attitude is, however, truly dignified and touching before the House of Lords. He would enter upon no defence. He knew that the circumstances and times of receiving presents, if understood, would greatly excuse his fault. But, looking at it in the best way he could, he saw and confessed plainly that it was corruption, not keeping back one fact, although it was pathetic to see how his wearied brain found it hard to recall from these thousands of cases the ones when he had been open to censure. His confession is clear and transparent. The Lords evidently felt that he was trying to hide nothing from them. They sent a committee of twelve to tell him that they believed it to be an ingenuous and full confession, and asked him if he would stand to it. He answered, "My Lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your Lordships, be merciful to a broken reed." The next step was to deprive Bacon of the Seal. The commissioners found him sick, and expressed their regrets, "wishing it had been better with him." "The worse, the better," he said. "By the King's great favor I received the great Seal, and by my own great fault I have lost it."

The House of Lords, as our author says, were not men of science in law. What they had to do they did quickly. They used common sense alone, and thus condemned Bacon for corruption. He himself made no complaint of their verdict; but if they had taken more time they would have discovered that many of these acts of Bacon were not illegal, because his legal judgment was not influenced by the gifts, which often came after the cases were settled. Many like cases had probably happened before, and chancellors had not been called to account. Bacon was unluckily the example for all, and he accepted his position as a warning to all men in high office. He remembered how Sir Thomas More once had offers of money in a similar way, and how playfully and yet firmly he rebuked the giver. "How few Sir Thomas Mores there were," says the author, "history will show. A great moral genius, illustrating by contrast the practice of his times."

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Poor Bacon was sentenced to be fined forty thousand pounds; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. He was to be incapable of any office in the State; he was not to sit in Parliament, nor come within verge of the court.

The King and Buckingham felt much for him. They shortly released him from the Tower. He was charged with carrying himself haughtily after his fall. But we see no proof of it. His whole bearing is in fact grave and touching. A letter written to him by his friend Matthew shows how his best friends felt about him, even in the midst of his disgrace. Nothing could equal the noble and sincere regard there shown, and it must have cheered him not a little. The King valued Bacon, though he was easily led by those around him. He even went so far as to ask this very man charged with corruption for advice in regard to reforming the courts of justice. If his cotemporaries had such conflicting feelings about him, how can we wonder that posterity never made up its mind? Bacon had the good sense and dignity to decline to do what might be thought officious in his present condition.

He asked the King for means to pay his debts and go on with his studies, which he took up as soon as he had recovered from the blow.

The world was not ready for his new philosophy. He must write something more practical. So he began his history of England from *The Union of the Roses until the Union of the Kingdom.* He finished it in an incredibly short time, considering all he had passed through. The publication was at first arrested by the Bishop of London, but was at length allowed. Our author thinks it an admirable work, although it never met with great favor. He also went on with his *Advancement of Learning.* He began also a sort of dialogue, called the *Holy War*, which took up European politics in a new light. His *Novum Organum* was only partly completed. He began publishing it in parts, hoping to draw others in to help him. But he was disappointed. He was poor and in debt. The King was vacillating, and, moreover, poor enough himself. Bacon thinks it hard, when the meanest farmers — debtors for rent — have favors granted them, that he should suddenly, without any warning, be put out of his possessions. The King at length issued a warrant in regard to Bacon's creditors, making himself responsible if they would come to easy terms with him. Bacon was very sensitive

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when he found that the Duke of Buckingham was aiming at York House (his property) for a private residence. So hard it is for those living in luxury to descend. Our author excuses him on the ground that seeming poverty was a great bar to any man's success when he had once been high up in the social scale. We must make allowance for the times, but it seems as if a man with his splendid gifts might now have lived modestly, and thus won anew the good opinion of the world, and recovered his own self-respect.

He was relieved in 1622 from the sentence which forbade him to come within verge of the court. He now earnestly begged, in a most touching appeal to various noblemen, to receive again his seat in Parliament, that he might not "die in dishonor." He says, "Justice is done; an example is made for reformation. The authority of the House for judicature is established. There can be no further use of my misery; perhaps some little use may be of my service, for I hope I shall be found a man humbled as a Christian, though not dejected as a worldling." He at length gave up all hope of it, and it is interesting to see the calm dignity with which he bore his bitter disappointment, in an anecdote related of him. He was dictating to Dr. Rawley some of his experiments in natural history when a final answer came from the Court. "Be it so," he said; and after the messenger had gone, he turned to Dr. Rawley and said, "Well, sir, yon business wont go on. Let us go on with this, for this is in our power." And then they gave themselves to their work again. His apothecary and secretary says of him: "He was always the same both in sorrow and joy, as a philosopher ought to be."

On King James' death, he renewed his allegiance to Charles, and hoped much from the new King, who had always expressed admiration for his works. But his end was not far off. In taking a drive towards Highgate one day, he stopped to collect some new-fallen snow to see if it would preserve flesh from putrefaction. He procured a hen at a cottage, and stuffed it with snow with his own hands. But he took cold from the exposure, and became suddenly so ill that he was obliged to stop at a house of Lord Arundel's on the way. The servant, in his desire to be hospitable, put him in the best bed. The sheets were damp in spite of the warming-pan, and he had an attack of bronchitis which ended in a few days with suffocation.

His property could not pay his debts. His books seem to have

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been scattered, but most of his manuscripts met fortunately with a better fate. They passed from one careful and appreciative friend to another, and so have come down to the world.

Our author makes a very interesting survey of this great man's life, and believes the judgment of the next age and the following was a harsh one. He was a famous man as a philosopher and writer. This reputation has endured so well, he remarks, that it has never been called in question by men of great ability in more than one department, and the questioners have never made any impression upon the popular judgment. But his judicial character has been severely handled, and men have asserted that he not only received the gifts of money which he confessed to, but that his judicial decrees in many cases were reversed by the House of Lords. The author thinks there is no proof whatever of this, but that his whole legal career was recognized by the best men as able and thoroughly impartial.

We believe with the author that Macaulay's estimate of Bacon is unjust, and that Pope's famous lines are the impulsive expression of a sparkling wit who loved to paint a picture in strong contrasts, and display virtue and vice in lively colors. Bacon, in his own memoranda says, "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years."

The truth is, he was a man so wonderfully endowed, of such transcendent abilities and noble moral sense, that any blot on his integrity surprised the world. It surprised him as much as any one, for we do not think it occurred to him, that in accepting these presents he was establishing a precedent for corruption. He did no more than men high in respect do every day in public life. When his eyes were opened to the danger of it, how handsomely, how nobly he acknowledged the wrong! How severely he was punished!

If we began this review with some severe censure of faults which were common to his age, we close it with profound sympathy and admiration, and leave him to the judgment of the future. (Houghton, Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston.)

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Hebrew Men and Times. From the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By Joseph Henry Allen, Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in Harvard University. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

The earlier editions of this book shared with Dean Stanley's lectures on the Jewish Church the honor of introducing to popular notice the critical results of Bunsen, Ewald, and the freer critics of the time. Mr. Allen disclaims the pretension of being an original investigator in this department; but he has subjected his authorities to careful scrutiny and comparison, and brought a fine critical sense, and a literary judgment almost too balanced and patient of suspense, to the construction of his pictures of the scenes and characters of Hebrew history. His readers have escaped in this way the flippant dogmatism, and the hasty and sweeping generalizations, which have deformed so many of the attempts to reconstruct biblical science in the last generation. Perhaps the very fineness of his distinctions, however, and the multitude of his qualifying phrases, have somewhat blurred for ordinary readers the singular distinctness of his thought, and left an impression of uncertainty in the outline of his pictures which has sometimes fatigued attention. But the thoughtful student will find a rare charm in the scrupulous justice, the mental exactitude, the reverence for truth, and the fineness both of intellectual and moral perception constantly observable in this book.

The special value of this new edition will be found in the additional matter in the Introduction, which adds to the careful estimates of the work of Bunsen, Ewald, and Colenso sketches of the later views of Kuenen and Matthew Arnold. Mr. Allen recognizes the great value of the scientific method in the study of the Hebrew records, and the broad drift of opinion towards the results of Kuenen; while he points out that the chronological scheme is somewhat arbitrary, and many of its conclusions as yet unaccepted by some men "well up to the mark of the best modern scholarship." If they shall be established, however, it will still be true that the task of the apologist is lightened, the religious feeling and moral sense relieved, and a point of view attained in which it will be easier to do full justice to the early

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heroes of the record, from the sense that we are dealing with a people in the early stages of its civilization and religious development. And in our recognition of this, we shall do ample justice to other faiths while still seeing how the Hebrew conception is, even increasingly, Mr. Allen suggests, the root of our own. "It seems fairly made out that for the poetry, the *lift*, the worship, the inspiration which springs from the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the Hebrew Scriptures may fairly claim the place of honor, in pitching (so to speak) the key for the larger thought of modern times." And even of this thought "it is not likely that any nobler expression will ever be found than in a few grand strains of the Old Testament,—those few (such as the one hundred and third Psalm and the fortieth chapter of Isaiah) which are the final and highest utterance of the Hebrew faith."

The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews. Translated and critically examined by Michael Heilprin. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vol. I. pp. 243.

To start fairly with this book, one should know something of the great strides made in the critical study of the Hebrew records in these last five and twenty years, and be reasonably familiar with the results of the Dutch school, which Mr. Heilprin takes as his point of departure. He has omitted to furnish his reader with any stepping-stones to cross that wide gulf, in the shape of preface or introduction. The very first lines of the book seem to be the middle of a chapter, and introduce us at once to that curious poetic fragment, the "sword-song" of Lamech (Genesis iv. 23, 24), which, we are told, "is evidently a fragment of a poem which celebrated the exploits or related the fate of the Cainites" (one is tempted to ask, Why not Canaanites, which would be in excellent keeping with the rest); and we are reminded, in the same breath, that *Jabal* or *Jubal* is Semitic for *Apollo*, while *Tubal-cain* (*Tvalkan*) is the same as *Vulcan*. The first glance thus shows us history completely turned to myth.

This blunt entering wedge has its inconvenience to the unlearned, but is a great relief to one prepared to follow the argument. And we find the argument very interesting. The fidelity of the translations—which look scholarlike and thorough—we take for granted. At least, they make no unworthy compromises with conventional opinion, grammar, or taste; the last, in fact, is needlessly affronted by Jael's hammer, which "struck Sisera, bat-

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tered his head, and crushed and *smashed* his temples." We think, too, that the form of prose would have been better in the translations than the fragmentary and unmetrical half-lines in which they appear on the page, unless these half-lines really correspond with some rhythmic symmetry in the Hebrew, of which we are not told. But in this, too, we admit the author's absolute right as final judge of the literary form that serves his purpose best.

The plan of the book does not include an outline of events (which would be convenient), to serve as framework for the poetical compositions. Nor does it strictly follow the chronological order of composition in their setting, real or supposed. Its value to the student turns mainly on two points, which are also those that will chiefly interest the common reader: its view of the tribal relations of the early Hebrews, and the illustration it finds of later political motive in the patriarchal legends. The genealogies, of which these are so largely made up,—even those of the twelve tribes,—are frankly set aside as worthless: "Such genealogical tables are as sound as would be the following: 'The ancestor of the German people was *Germanus;* Germanus had many sons,—*Saxo*, *Frisius*, *Francus*, *Suebus*, and others, including the twins, *Schleswig* and *Holstein;* Saxo had three sons,—*Ostphal*, *Westphal*, and *Enger*,'" and so on. The author does not claim originality for these views. The illustration given above is Seineke's, and the following is from Bernstein:—

The Hebrew nationality, he says, may be held to date from three localities,—Beersheba, the home of Isaac (seeming the eldest, and of fading memory); Hebron, the home of Abraham, "ancestral hero of Judah"; and Bethel, of Israel or Jacob, ancestor of Ephraim and the ten tribes that seceded under Jeroboam. Judah is represented as one of the sons of Jacob, "for it was to be reunited by force or craft with the ten tribes" (p. 23). At the same time, in the charming narrative which tells the fortunes of the mythic patriarch Joseph (father of Ephraim), the compiler cannot refrain from inserting, along with "other Jeroboamic inventions," a spiteful political lampoon upon David's ancestor, Judah (the story in Genesis xxxviii.), patched together from the scandals of David's court. "That this lampoon has been preserved to us shows the great *naïveté* of the harmonists, men of a later age, who accepted so venomous a libel for a piece of history."

These specimens are enough to show the exceedingly free hand

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with which the later school of critics treat the venerable Hebrew legends. This is no place to go into the argument for or against their views. The reader will be interested to follow out the political motive ascribed to such compositions as the Oracle of Jacob (Genesis xlix.), the Song of Deborah (Judges v.), the Blessing of Moses (Deuteronomy xxxiii.), and several of the Psalms, none of which, by the way, are allowed to be of the time, much less the composition, of David. A good deal of vigorous criticism in detail, with the side-light thrown from numerous brief or fragmentary poetic remains, adds further to the interest of the book.

It is needless to set forth in many words what a wide and valuable field is thrown open to the students of antiquities and the explorers of prehistoric monuments by including in the same domain the rich department of Hebrew archæology. The belief that the notices we have of it were contained in a group of books *sui generis*, exceptionally "sacred," and not amenable to historical criticism, has done something to quicken the motive that prompts to the gathering of a special and technical erudition; and so the preliminary task of exploration has been carried on with uncommon diligence and thoroughness in this field. But it may be feared that the same protecting barrier has kept at bay a class of scholars and critics who find a keen interest in the explorations of Cyprus, the Troad, or perhaps even the plain of Moab, to whom a book like this will be a revelation of fresh opportunities, certainly none the less attractive for their association with the most charming and familiar of patriarchal traditions. J. H. A.

Tenth Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. 1879.

The value of State Boards of Health, and the usefulness of the recommendations the inquiries they prosecute enable them to make, has been generally recognized by the people, who see that the policy of prevention, in the words of this report, is safer, better, and cheaper than the cure of disease, and are at last understanding that many of the most dangerous diseases are palpable, easily recognized and easily avoided. There are now nineteen State Boards of Health in the country, which have formed successively after that of this State. Within the last year, the yellow fever having shown its necessity, a National Board of Health has been established.

The Board, as hitherto constituted, has been merged, by the

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action of the last Legislature, in one of wider powers, and consequently this is its last report. It is fitting, therefore, to testify to the valuable results which have come from the special investigations it has encouraged. Its annual reports have always been looked for with interest, and no documents issued from the State House have been more eagerly sought or more carefully read. Each year they have contained one or more papers of permanent value, treating exhaustively matters important to the public health, or calling attention to noxious influences which might easily be overlooked, but if neglected were liable to do great harm,— and so bringing about necessary improvements; and the whole series, now concluded, forms a library of authority, highly esteemed both by physicians at home and medical investigators abroad, who have borne no doubtful testimony to its value.

The general report of the Board this year refers briefly to the treatment in previous reports of the questions of the "Disposal of Sewage" and the "Pollution of Streams"; advocates sentences of longer duration for drunkenness, that the means that have been proved by experience efficacious in effecting cures may be more fully tried; and expresses the belief that it is desirable to hasten, by legislation if necessary, the use of light German beer to the exclusion of stronger liquors; discusses prostitution, saying that in its opinion the results of this evil are not to be diminished by restrictive laws, but there is an urgent need for hospitals in which to treat the diseases thus arising and prevent them from spreading. The yellow-fever epidemic is discussed at some length, with the conclusion that examination shows that pollution was a potent factor, if not the chief element, in causing it, and that, while the fever is usually imported to this country, it does seem to develop spontaneously in some parts of the United States, though it rarely spreads except in the presence of filth.

The Board comments on the favorable results from substituting medical examiners for coroners, and recommends a board of examiners for regulating the practice of medicine, a more methodic inspection of insane asylums, a more accurate registration of vital statistics, and laws prohibiting the manufacture or sale of articles improperly containing arsenic.

The special papers are on "Hospital Homes for the Insane," by Dr. T. S. Clouston; "The Growth of Children," by Dr. H. P. Bowditch; "The Department of Physical Education and Hygiene in Amherst College," by Dr. Edward Hitchcock; "Coal Gas from Heating Apparatus," by Dr. Frederic Winsor; "Common De-

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fects in House Drains," by E. C. Clarke, C.E.; and a "Contribution to the Study of Ventilation," by Dr. Edward Cowles. The testimony given before the Board on the probable pollution of the water supply of Cambridge by the erection of a slaughter-house in Belmont is presented at length.

Dr. Bowditch's paper, supplementary to one on the same subject in a previous report, showing that in the public schools of Boston children of American parentage are taller and heavier than children of the same age of Irish parentage, carries the investigation on to see whether differences of race or differences in the mode of life affect the rate of growth the more profoundly; and he concludes that while generally the children of the professional and mercantile classes are larger than those of the laboring, there is no very exact gradation of size corresponding to social grades. The children of parents engaged in unskilled labor are not infrequently larger and stronger than those of skilled laborers. In England the occupation of parents has been found to have a very decided effect upon growing children; but in America the difficulty of grouping occupations so as to mark social classes as distinctly as it can be done there prevents the effect of the mode of life on the growth of children, even though equally powerful, from being easily shown in tables; but from such research as it is possible to make, it is probable that it is a factor as important, perhaps even more so, as race in determining the size of growing children.

Dr. Winsor's paper suggests the precautions, disregard of which has caused fatal results in some recent instances, to be taken to prevent the escape of the gases arising from the combustion of anthracite coal in close stoves into dwelling-houses and sleeping-rooms, and is of much practical interest.

Mr. Clarke's paper says that the full benefit of the improvements in sewerage, which the attention the subject has received of late has introduced, to carry away and dispose of the contents of the sewers without injury to public health, can only be attained when the house drains are equally efficient with the common sewers; since although one is perfect, it may be entirely inefficient if gross defects are allowed to exist in the other. He points to many instances of defects in house drainage, and advises that in every case the subject shall be studied by a trained sanitary engineer, that the house drains shall be under control of the authorities, always laid strictly according to regulations, and in a position to admit of frequent and thorough inspection. H. F. J.

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MYTHICAL AND SYMBOLICAL ZOOLOGY.

We have Biblical authority for the belief that the serpent could once speak with singular subtlety and persuasiveness, and that Balaam's ass opened its mouth and lifted up its sonorous voice to rebuke the irascibility and short-sightedness of its master. In *Les Chroniques de Saint-Denis* certain events are said to have occurred, "*en ce tans que les bestes parloient*"; and apologues like the fables of Æsop, and beast epics like Reynard the Fox, in which animals act as if endowed with reason and governed by the laws, customs, and conditions of human life, are survivals of the same interesting period, the primitive world of hunters and herdsmen, when four-footed creatures and fowls of the air were more the companions and peers of men than now, and were even supposed to possess the gift of human speech. Apollonius of Tyana, and at least one man of modern times, Dupont de Nemours, claimed to understand this language; and in the Eddaic Saga, which Wagner has embodied in his grand musical drama of "Siegfried," a drop of the dragon's hot blood, fallen on the hero's tongue, restores to him the long-lost faculty that enables him to understand the conversation

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of the birds and to learn from them what feats of fearless valor he must perform in order to win the magic ring and wake to love the sleeping Brunhilde.*

During the Middle Ages Latin was used to designate any foreign and unintelligible form of speech, just as the ancient Greeks used the word barbaric to denote something strange and therefore bad; much in the same way as John Bull is accustomed to condemn whatever does not suit his fancy or his prejudices by calling it un-English. Thus in Ferebras, quoted by Grimm, it is said of a Saracen who began to vaunt himself, that, "*Olivier autz sa votz et enten sos latis,*" *i.e.*, heard his voice and understood his Latin. The jargon of rogues and beggars is still spoken of as their Latin. Mediæval poets apply this term almost universally to the song of birds. Thus Chaucer says of the "faire kinge's daughter Candace," that she wore a "queinte ring,"

> "Thurgh which she understood wel every thing
> That any foule may in his leden sain,
> And coude answere him in his leden again."

Gottfried von Strassburg describes Tristan and Isolde walking hand in hand at early morn through the flowery meads and green woods, while the wild forest birds bade them sweetly welcome in their Latin: —

> "diu wilden waldvogelîn
> hiezen si willekomen sîn
> vil suoze in ir latîne."

According to a popular superstition, all beasts recover their original faculty of speech on the anniversary of the nativity of Christ. In an old Latin hymn we are told that the ox and the ass, in whose manger the child lay, recognized his divine character: —

> "Cognovit bos et asinus
> Quod puer erat Dominus."

* Giambattista Casti in the prologue to his epic poem, "Gli Animali Parlanti" (a diffuse and tedious production), enumerates the instances in which beasts have been endowed with human speech, beginning with "Il tentator serpente," the seducer of Eve, and intimating that in this case: —

> "Diavolo, douna e serpe a far parola
> Furon tre specie e una persona sola."

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This notion arose from the ambiguity of the Latin translation of the words of Isaiah, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib," *praesepe Domini sui*, which may mean either the crib of his master or the cradle of his Lord. In the childhood of the race as of the individual, the imagination easily spans the gulf that separates the animate from the inanimate, and attributes consciousness and personality even to lifeless and formless objects. A striking illustration of this tendency is the manner in which Lemminkäinen, in the Finnic epos Kalewala, accosts the roadways which seem to come to meet her as she goes in search of her lost son: —

> "Roadways, ye whom God hath shapen,
> Have ye not my son beholden,
> Nowhere seen the golden apple,
> Him my darling staff of silver?
> Prudently they gave her answer,
> Thus to her replied the roadways:
> For thy son we cannot plague us,
> We have sorrows, too, a many,
> Since our own lot is a hard one
> And our fortune is but evil,
> By dogs' feet to be run over,
> By the wheel-tire to be wounded,
> And by heavy heels down-trampled."

The same naïve and vigorous fancy that could thus transform an ensemble of dust and clods into a living, thinking, and speaking entity would be still less cognizant of the spiritual disparity between man and beast, and would scarcely feel the absence of the "missing link" which modern anthropologists are making such strenuous efforts to discover. The grazing of flocks and herds or the exciting perils of the chase would lead to a close observation of the habits and peculiarities of different animals and give rise to strange conjectures and theories as regards their relationship to the human race, which in general qualities they so strongly resemble. and in special senses, such as sharpness of sight, keenness of scent, quickness of hearing, and swiftness of foot, they so far excel. The perception of these manifold capacities would suggest and enforce the recognition of an

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analogue of the soul underlying and controlling this complex of thoughts, feelings, impulses, and passions. Psychology had not yet erected its nice and impassable barrier of definitions between reason and instinct; the boundaries of the two spiritual realms were not so fixed nor the distinctions so radical but that transitions from one state to the other were accepted as possible and even ordinary occurrences. Hence the popular belief in werewolves and other metamorphoses of men into beasts and of beasts into men, which prevails in the early history, and survives among the lower classes of all nations, and plays so prominent a part in fairy stories and folklore, and forms the basis of the wonderful doctrine of metempsychosis. According to the theory of the transmigration of souls, all creatures from the animalculæ to the gods are indissoluble links in an endless chain of being. It was due to this notion of the intimate concatenation of all forms of existence that the fable reached in India an earlier, bolder, and more luxuriant development than in other countries, and that there also grew up a feeling of reverence for the sacredness of all life which led to an extremely kind and considerate treatment of the lower animals. A like wholesome influence is also exerted by the general diffusion and acceptance of the Darwinian doctrine of evolution. The establishment of an original affinity between man and beast, however remote the kinship may be, necessarily creates a current of sympathy extending even to the most insignificant members of the great and widely diversified family, and rendering it impossible to neglect or maltreat the "poor relations" to whom we are united by the warm and living ties of blood. It is said that,—

> "Aspiring to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form."

A clear perception of this truth would cause even the most heedless wayfarer to take heed to his feet and step aside rather than tread upon the humble embodiment of such lofty aspirations.

Intimately associated with the belief in metempsychosis is the symbolical use of real and mythical animals in heraldry,

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where they are blazoned in whimsical devices on coats-of-arms and ensigns as emblems of qualities supposed to be peculiar to individuals or hereditary in families. The man adorns his escutcheon with the bird or the beast which he is proud of resembling or wishes to rival, whose rapidity of flight he covets or whose ferocity he fears. By this naïve symbolism he also thinks to strike terror to his foes or to strengthen the courage and confidence of friends and confederates. Out of the same circumstances arose also an uncanny feeling of awe as regards the lower animals, and a superstitious dread of provoking their enmity. Grimm, in his exhaustive discussion of this topic, has called attention to that early stage of society when the ravenous wolf and shaggy bear, prowling through the dark glens and sunny glades of the interminable forest, were looked upon, not merely as rapacious foes whose physical strength and voracity were to be feared, but rather as incarnations of mysterious and malignant forces capable of inflicting injuries by occult and magical influences, and therefore not to be enraged or irritated by calling them by their real names, but to be propitiated by flattering epithets, such as black-foot, blue-foot, gold-foot, sweet-foot, grey-beard, broad-brow, flash-eye, forest-brother, and a variety of similar appellations. The demon-soul revealed itself in the fierce glare of the eye and the long, weird howl which broke like the voice of an imprisoned fiend on the midnight air, as the beasts were supposed to be holding conference concerning the affairs and destinies of men, into which the immense age many of them were thought to attain would in itself give them more than Rosicrucian insight. This sacred and supernatural character invested all their movements with extraordinary interest and portentous significance. They directed emigrations and determined the places in which colonies were to be planted, watched over the infancy of heroes and suckled the founders of nations, indicated the sites of future cities, showed where temples were to be erected or saints buried, and were selected with the most scrupulous care and circumspection for purposes of sacrifice and vaticination. The presence or

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sudden approach of certain quadrupeds was an omen of good or evil, and auguries were drawn from the flight or cries of birds. Finally the animals were transferred to the sky and identified with the constellations, in which form they continued to look down upon the earth with auspicious or malign aspect and forecast the fate of mankind.

A natural consequence of this enigmatical relation of the world of men to the world of beasts was that the latter became at a very early period objects of worship and mythopoetic speculation. Animal worship has existed among all nations, but this tendency reached its highest development among the Egyptians, who adored a vast Pantheon of deified bulls, rams, cats, mice, ibises, sparrows, hawks, crocodiles, and a multitude of imaginary monsters. Even insects, flies, bees, beetles, were exalted to divinities. Monstrosities were held in peculiar veneration. The union of human bodies with the heads of beasts or birds is especially characteristic of the Egyptian religion; similar phenomena are met with among the most ancient deities of Greece and were doubtless of Asiatic origin. Thus the Arcadian Demeter was represented with a horse's head, and the Cretan Minotaur with the head of a bull, not to mention the host of gorgons, harpies, centaurs, tritons, nereids, sirens, and satyrs formed by uniting a human head with the body of a beast or bird or fish. The Greek alone, with his superior æsthetic sense and artistic feeling, knew how to give organic unity to these heterogeneous combinations, and to render the boldest violations of the laws of nature beautiful and harmonious as works of art. The sphinxes which guarded the portals of the temples of Thebes and the colossal winged-lions of Nineveh and Persepolis were, as Kolloff observes, the result of the priestly proclivity to symbolize and to express mystical ideas in material forms as well as the desire to inspire the superstitious multitude with awe. In the jungles of India one often sees the image of a tiger roughly carved in wood and adorned with gaudy stripes. It is usually set up against a tree on a pile of stones, which are also daubed with paint and probably serve as an altar. This uncouth outline of a beast

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marks the spot where a tiger has killed a man and is worshipped by the native wood-cutters, who seek to propitiate it with offerings of ghee in order to ward off similar dangers from themselves. It is the naïve and rude expression of the same feeling that inspired William Blake to write the remarkable poem, beginning:—

> "Tiger, tiger, burning bright
> In the forests of the night,
> What immortal hand or eye
> Framed thy fearful symmetry?"

The myth-making proclivity assumed especially the form of tales and traditions, with which hunters by the camp-fire and shepherds by the fold were wont to beguile the night. Out of such primitive rudiments, distinct cycles of legends, with the fox, the wolf, the bear, or other conspicuous animal as the central figure or hero, gradually shaped themselves, and, in the lapse of centuries, were amplified and embellished by generations of story-tellers, until the detached episodes and fragmentary fables grew into coherent narratives, folk-books, romances, and more or less artistic epic poems, according to the national taste or individual genius of those by whom the crude materials were finally fashioned. Thus arose the beast-epos, which differs from the fable both in form and scope. In the fable the exploits of the animals are designed to "point a moral"; in the beast-epos they serve merely to "adorn a tale." In the former, the story is strictly subordinate to a didactic end, and must be as brief and compact as is consistent with the attainment of this specific end; the current of the narration is conducted in a strait and narrow channel, like the waters of a mill-race which fulfil their whole function in grinding a grist. In the latter, the story is told for its own sake, and no incidents are superfluous provided they are characteristic and amusing; the stream gathers from a hundred sources, flows on in countless windings furrowing its own bed and heaping up its own banks, plays in circling eddies or falls in glittering cascades, everywhere wandering according to its natural impulses, obeying no laws but those of epic gravitation, and

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constantly varying its hues with every change of earth and sky. Lessing was right in regarding the fable as a sort of prose epigram, short, sharp, and satirical, having nothing to do with the description of character or the delineation of passion, except so far as these help to quicken and strengthen the perception of moral truth. Grimm, on the other hand, asserts that brevity is not the soul, but the death, of the fable; and from his point of view he is perfectly correct, since he refers to the epic fable, whereas Lessing is speaking of the didactic fable. To the latter class belong also such elaborate and extended productions as the Indian Hitopadesa and Panchatantra, which consist of a series of fables woven together in a golden tissue of moral and philosophical reflections. In these compositions there is no vital connection between the several parts; the whole is a concatenation of episodes loosely united by such slender and accidental links as the listener's *katham etat* (how was that) or *kathyatâm* (let it be told), whereby the fabulist is encouraged to proceed with some new illustration of the ethical and prolitical principles, prudential maxims, and general rules for the conduct of life which he is aiming to inculcate. The tales, like pearls, each complete in itself, are strung together on the continuous thread of a didactic discourse. They are joined mechanically, instead of growing out of each other organically. Thus the Oriental fable, although equalling or even surpassing the beast-epos in bulk, is essentially different from it in kind. So, too, are the fables of Lokman, which resemble those of Æsop, and show unmistakable traces of Hellenic influence. Indeed, in all the literature of the East or of classical antiquity, there is nothing comparable to the European beast-epos. As Willems has justly observed, no Indian, Persian, Arabian, Greek, or Roman writer ever ventured to compose a consecutive narrative poem free from all moralizing aims or burlesque features, with beasts for its heroes portrayed with as much individuality as Achilles or Agamemnon, and with the perfect unity of the whole unimpaired by the rich episodic variety of incident engrafted on the main plot. In classical literature, the only apologue that

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shows any approach to epic invention is the Batrachomyomachia usually attributed to Homer. But here the author, if he aimed at anything more than a pleasant parody of the Iliad, is unfortunate in the selection of his *dramatis personæ;* for, however well the statesmanship and strategy of mice and frogs may subserve the purposes of political satire and caricature, the adventures of such animals are not of sufficient prominence and importance to form the plot of an epopee. The Egyptians, also, as we see on a papyrus preserved in the Turin Museum, represented animals imitating human actions, performing sacrifices, giving concerts, waging wars, etc. In one scene a lion is playing the lute accompanied by an ass on the harp; in another, cats strongly intrenched behind fortifications are besieged by rats and mice armed with bows and arrows. In a Pompeian fresco a locust is driving a coach drawn by parrots, and bees and butterflies are pulling a plow. It is true that in a work intended to be a mere travesty of human life, the force of the irony would be in direct proportion to the insignificance of the actors; also, from a purely didactic point of view, the chirping cricket may inculcate cheerfulness, useful lessons may be derived from the provident ant and the busy bee, and man may

> "Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave."

Even the bramble is invested with royal dignity in the Hebrew parable. In the beast-epos, however, there is no place for inanimate objects; and the characteristics of small mammals, fishes, and most reptiles and insects are not sufficiently positive and well-defined, or too little known, to permit them to play any but the most subordinate parts. And when in Kaulbach's admirable illustrations to Goethe's *Reinecke Fuchs*, the reeds and shrubs and guide-posts by the wayside assume expressions of horror or hilarity at what is going on around them, and the log holds up its barky hand and grins with delight at its success in catching the too greedy and credulous bruin in its cleft, the genial artist enlivens the scene, but at the same time oversteps the limits of the poem, and so far violates its spirit. By their power

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of flight, as well as by a certain volatility of temperament and inherent unrest, birds are farther removed from the sphere of human observation and sympathy than quadrupeds, and are less suited to the calm and equable flow of the epos than to the grotesque extravagance of Aristophanic comedy. Domestic animals, especially such as have been degraded to beasts of burden, are, for the most part, too commonplace and prosaic to be admitted to any but inferior *rôles;* not so, however, the cock, the gallant and combative knight of the barn-yard, nor the cat, which is the companion without being the slave of man, and, notwithstanding its domesticity and love of the fireside, still inherits from its wild and roving ancestors a remarkable independence and peculiar waywardness of disposition, living and moving, to a great extent, in a mysterious world of predatory adventure outside of the house. The fishermen of the Baltic invent cycles of piscine fables or sea-sagas, in which representatives of the finny tribes are actors and reveal their respective idiosyncrasies. Likewise in Hans Andersen's fairly tales, swans, ducks, storks, nightingales, slugs, fishes, daisies, green peas, leathern balls, and peg-tops, all speak and act in character, and possess and preserve each a sharply defined individuality. Many hints for these tales are borrowed from old legends and popular traditions, and all of them show a sympathetic study of ancient folk-lore. Goldsmith had much of the same skill in writing similar stories; he, too, knew the charming secret of making little fishes talk like little fishes and not like great whales.

Alexander the Great, in addition to his other achievements, also gave a new impulse and direction to the development of the natural sciences in Greece by supplying his tutor, Aristotle, with specimens of animals native to the lands he conquered. By means of this material, Aristotle was enabled to extend his researches beyond the confines of his own country, and thus became the founder of zoölogy. Before his time, animals had been treated from moral, religious, poetic, artistic, didactic, humoristic, satirical, and sentimental points of view; but he was the first to study them

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from a strictly scientific point of view. But the solid foundation of scientific fact, which Aristotle laid, was only a small evergreen spot standing oasis-like in the midst of an endless waste of barren conjectures and fruitless speculations on this subject. The Romans collected beasts from the remotest provinces of the empire, not from any rational interest in them, but solely for the barbarous sports of the amphitheatre. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in the work of Pliny, the naturalist, a mere compilation of marvellous stories and superstitious notions, instead of sober record of scientific observations.

Under the Ptolemies, as well as under the Roman Prefects, Alexandria was not only the great commercial centre of the world, but also a cosmopolitan seat of learning and the principal avenue of intellectual communication between the East and the West. Egyptian monarchs from the time of the Pharaohs, sixteen centuries before the Christian era, seem to have had a peculiar passion for forming museums and menageries of strange beasts and birds and other rare productions of Nature; and one of the Ptolemies wrote a book full of curious information about such creatures. The great aim, however, was not to ascertain and record simple facts, but to recount wonders; and Ptolemy is well characterized by Pitra in his *Spicilegium Solesmense* as "*rerum mirabilium curiosissimus investigator.*" It was the *mirabilia* or marvels of Nature that excited his curiosity and stimulated his investigations. Indeed, although Alexandrian learning embraced a wide range of topics, among which medicine, anatomy, mathematics, astronomy, and geography held a prominent place, the study of the natural sciences, zoölogy, botany, and mineralogy, was carried on in a most desultory and fantastic manner, chiefly for the purpose of discovering in animals, plants, and stones the occult magical properties and "strange and vigorous faculties" with which they were supposed to be endowed; of the careful and strict observations and truly scientific spirit characteristic of the Aristotelian method of research, there seems to have been little or no conception.

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From the Christian point of view, the Bible was the only true source of knowledge. The sacred volume was thought to contain unerring information on all subjects whatsoever, provided one could ascertain its real meaning, which was often wrapped up and hidden in allegory and obscure similitudes and symbols, like precious treasures concealed in dark places. Hence arose the importance of exegesis as the science of sciences, the master-key capable of unlocking all the secrets of the universe and revealing all the mysteries of Nature. According to the Biblical story, the fall of man involved the alteration and corruption of the whole creation, including all forms of animal and vegetable life, and even the soil, which thenceforth showed itself perversely prolific in thorns and brambles and noxious weeds. These creatures were also embraced in the scheme of redemption and are represented as looking forward with painful longing for its completion. Indeed, one of the most conspicuous signs of its successful issue is to be the disappearance of all antipathies between savage beasts and their natural prey: the lion will then lie down with the lamb and eat straw like the bullock in token of his regeneration, and universal harmony will be restored. Thus the present condition and ultimate fate of mankind were supposed to be reflected fragmentarily in the lower animals as in a shattered mirror; and it was from this source that early Christian theologians and exegetists were especially fond of drawing illustrations of spiritual truths and elucidations of scriptural texts. The words of Job, "Ask the beast and it will teach thee, and the birds of heaven and they will tell thee," were assumed to be a sufficient warrant for regarding the whole animal kingdom as a mere collection of types and symbols of religious dogmas. Christian art from the fourth century abounds in this kind of symbolism, as may be seen especially in the oldest churches of Rome and Ravenna and in the Museum of the Lateran. But the writings by which these pictorial and plastic representations were inspired and from which they derived the conceptions embodied in them are at least two centuries older; such, for example, as the *Clavis* of the

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Bishop Melito, of Sardes, who lived under Marcus Aurelius and wrote his work in Greek, although it is now extant only in a Latin translation. The most famous of all this class of works is the so-called *Physiologus*, or Naturalist, of which a young German Orientalist, Dr. Fritz Hommel, has recently published the Æthiopic version with German translation,* ample annotations, and admirable introduction. The text is carefully edited, grammatically and philologically, and would be an excellent reading-book for beginners in Æthiopic. The original *Physiologus* was simply a work on natural history written by an Alexandrian Greek, who compiled it from a great variety of sources chiefly Egyptian. There seems to have been an extraordinary fondness for books of this kind, and doubtless many of them were composed. The Jews claimed to have a natural history by Adam who, as the man who gave the animals their names, was supposed to be the first authority on this subject. In the hands of Christian theologians, the *Physiologus* changed its entire character, the description of the habits of the animals being made subordinate to an exegetical purpose. Indeed, St. Basilius declares it to be a matter of less concern to ascertain whether such animals as griffins and unicorns really exist than to discover what religious doctrines they illustrate and confirm. The beasts were considered solely as incarnations or emblems of certain virtues or vices, and the fable was transformed into a homily. This tendency to allegorical exegesis was undoubtedly an heirloom of old Egyptian symbolical zoölogy as contained in the sacred beast-books, in which the origin of the *Physiologus* is unquestionably to be sought. The Æthiopic version of the *Physiologus* begins with the lion and adduces three characteristics of the king of beasts. "First, he erases his foot-prints with his tail so that the hunters cannot trace him to his lair; so our Saviour, the lion of the tribe of Judah, concealed all traces of his godhead when he descended to the earth and entered into the womb of the Virgin Mary. Secondly, when the lion is

* *Die Æthiopische Uebersetzung des Physiologus* nach je einer Londoner, Pariser, und Wiener Handschrift herausgegeben, verdeutscht und mit einer historischen Einleitung versehen von Fritz Hommel. Leipzig. 1877.

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asleep in his den, his eyes are open even when he is not awake; so our Lord sleeps with his body on the cross, but with his divine nature wakes at the right hand of the Father. Thirdly, the lioness brings forth her whelps dead and watches them until the lion comes on the third day and breathes upon them and vivifies them; so the Almighty Father recalled to life his first-born son, and Christ, who was thus raised from the dead and will likewise raise us all up." This last supposed characteristic of the lion appears to have been a favorite type of the resurrection of Christ as well as of the general resurrection. Representations of it are frequently found in church edifices; as, for example, on the portal of St. Laurence in Nuremberg, in the choir of the Augsburg Cathedral, and in a large relief which now adorns the front of a house *Im Thal* near the *Marienplatz* in Munich, and the proper interpretation of which has excited no little discussion among Bavarian antiquarians and archæologists. "The unicorn symbolizes the divine incarnation. It is a small animal, but exceeding strong and fleet, so that the hunters can capture it only by adorning a chaste virgin and seating her in the forest which the unicorn frequents. As soon as it perceives the virgin it runs to her, and, laying its head in her lap, falls asleep. Then the hunters come and take it and carry it captive to the king's palace, and they receive much treasure for it. Herein the unicorn resembles the Saviour who 'hath raised up an horn of salvation for us.' The powers of this world could not approach him nor touch him until he had dwelt among us." Superstitious notions about the peculiar virtue inherent in the unicorn's horn were quite current in the middle ages. Thus John of Herse, who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1389, records his own observations on this point: "Near the field Helyon in the Holy Land," he says, "is the river Mara whose bitter water Moses struck with his staff and made sweet so that the children of Israel could drink thereof. Even now evil and unclean beasts poison it after the going down of the sun; but in the morning the unicorn comes from the sea and dips its horn into the stream and thereby expels the

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poison so that the other animals can drink of it during the day. The fact which I describe I have seen with my own eyes." On account of this antitoxical power, the unicorn's horn was used for making spoons (so-called test-spoons), salt-cellars, drinking-cups, etc., and was held to be a sure protection against poison. A closer examination of these objects, which are now preserved as curiosities in museums, proves them to have been fabricated chiefly from the tusks of the narwal.

One of the characteristics of the elephant, according to the *Physiologus*, is that, "when it falls down, it cannot get up again, since it is unable to bend its knees. For this reason it always sleeps standing and leans for support against a tree. The hunters, however, saw the tree almost asunder, so that the elephant, in leaning against it, falls to the ground and lies there roaring helplessly. Then the other elephants hasten to its assistance, but all their efforts are in vain, until a small young elephant comes, and, thrusting its trunk under the huge beast, lifts it to its feet again. The first elephant is Adam, who fell as he stretched out his hand towards the forbidden tree. And all the great prophets and lesser prophets tried to raise him up, but could not; only 'the new elephant, our Saviour,' was able to accomplish it."

Such are a few specimens of the *Physiologus*, a work which enjoyed a high reputation among the early Christians, and which has been translated into at least a dozen Oriental and Occidental languages. In the year 494 a Roman synod, at the instigation of Pope Gelasius I., condemned the book as heretical, and forbade the faithful to read it. About a century later, however, it found a powerful patron in Gregory the Great, who made free use of it in his expositions of Job. From the seventh to the twelfth century it was universally esteemed as a Christian compendium of natural history and popular epitome of ethics and theology. During this period most of the Latin translations of it were made, of which so many exist in old libraries. The invention of printing gave it a still wider diffusion. It was cited by preachers and

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writers on divinity, and used by artists for the illustration of sacred themes, as may be seen in illuminated manuscripts of the Bible and in mediæval missals. Thus in a Latin manuscript of the seventh century, the initial and capital letters are composed of doves, fishes, eagles, serpents, and other symbolical creatures; and an Evangeliarium of the beginning of the ninth century, once the property of Charlemagne and now belonging to the Paris Library, contains a miniature representing the gospel fountain in the form of a Byzantine Baptistery, to which all beasts and birds are flocking for refreshment. In Bibles of the tenth century, the evangelists are pictured as men with the heads of beasts; and the Four Gospels are summed up symbolically in the form of the so-called "Tetramorph," a four-bodied and four-headed monster made up of man, ox, eagle, and lion, a combination of incongruities surpassing in whimsicalness even the gods of India and Egypt. With the middle of the eleventh century, symbolical animals began to play an important part in the ornamentation of church furniture and in ecclesiastical architecture. Lamps, censers, pyxes, reliquaries, and sacramental vessels were wrought in the forms of griffins, ostriches, pelicans, cranes, dolphins, doves, dragons, and lions; animals were also embroidered on the robes of priests and carved on the capitals of columns, especially in the chapels and around the altars of the church. Later (in the twelfth century) we find them also on the exterior of the edifice. About the year 1125 St. Bernard of Clairvaux wrote a letter on the subject to William Abbot of St. Thierry. "What business," he exclaims, "have those ridiculous monstrosities, those creatures of wonderfully deformed beauty and beautiful deformity, before the eyes of studious friars in the courts of the cloister? What mean those filthy apes, those fierce lions, those monstrous centaurs, those half-men, those spotted tigers, those fighting soldiers and horn-blowing hunters? Thou seest many bodies under one head, and many heads on one body. Here is a serpent's tail attached to a quadruped, there a quadruped's head on a fish. There a beast presents the fore parts of a horse, and drags

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after it the rear of a goat; here a horned animal has the hind parts of a horse. In short, there appears everywhere such a marvellous diversity of forms that one reads with more pleasure what is carved in stones than what is written in books, and would rather gaze all day upon these singular creations than to meditate on the divine word. O God! if one is not ashamed of these puerilities, why does one not at least spare the expense?" A century later, Gautier de Coinsi, Prior in Vie sur Aisne, censured the clergy for permitting "wild cats and lions" to rank with saints in the house of God, and preferring to adorn their rooms with the exploits of Isegrim and his wife rather than to decorate the minsters with the miracles of the Virgin:—

> "En leur moustiers ne font pas faire
> Sitost l'image Nostre Dame,
> Com font Isangrin et sa fame
> En leur chambres où ils reponnent."

And again towards the end of the fifteenth century the pious Bavarian Abbot Rumpler renewed St. Bernard's query as to what lions, dragons, and the like have to do in the churches. The Council of Bordeaux, in 1585, forbade preachers to introduce fables into their sermons and thus move their hearers to laughter, instead of exciting them to tears, as they ought to do: *concionatoris enim est, non risum movere, sed lacrymas auditoribus excutere.* The symbolical meaning which Clemens, Alexandrinus, Origen, Chrysostom, Epiphanius, Jerome, Bonaventura, Ambrosius, Isodorus, and other great interpreters of Holy Writ had discovered in these creatures was now forgotten or discarded. The gross and beastly types had been superseded by the finer mysticism of the Abbot of Clairvaux, whose æsthetic sense was offended by these crude and fantastic representations of spiritual truths.

Meanwhile the *Physiologus* had become gradually mixed up with profane fables and mediæval bestiaries, which under its shelter and sanction were also enabled to creep into holy places. Scenes from the beast-epos, especially the adventures of the fox and the wolf, were carved in wood, cut in

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stone, and painted in fresco, and occupied conspicuous places in the stalls, on the pulpits, or over the portals of cathedrals. At first they were designed to enforce moral precepts, but, in seeking this end, they soon began to satirize the vices of the clergy, and were directed particularly against the greed and gluttony and general dissoluteness of the monks. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as the influence of the laity became predominant in church ornamentation, and the spirit which resulted in the reformation grew bolder and more aggressive, this tendency increased and did not confine itself to the exposure of religious hypocrisy and pseudo-sanctity, but ridiculed and caricatured all sacramental rites and sacred observances. The service of the mass was especially an object of derision. Apes in choristers' robes, swine in monks' hoods, asses in cowls chanting and playing the organ, sirens in the costume of nuns with their faces carefully veiled and their persons exposed, wolves in the confessional giving absolution to lambs,—such were the representatives of the Church in its principal ceremonies and institutions. On one of the painted windows of St. Martin's Church in Leicester was the picture of a fox in surplice preaching to a congregation of geese, and uttering these words: "*Testis est mihi Deus quam cupiam vos omnes visceribus meis*" (God is my witness how I long for you all in my bowels). The obscenity of many of these representations resulted naturally and inevitably from the fact that they satirized obscene things. Thus the Abbot Grandidier, in describing the grotesque figures sculptured on the pulpit staircase in the Strasburg Cathedral, says, "*on y remarquait entr' autres celle d'un moine couché au dessous et auxpieds d'une béguine, dont il soulevait les juppes.*" This pulpit was made in 1486 under the supervision of the famous preacher, Johannes Geiler von Kaisersberg, in whose sermons the licentiousness of the monks and particularly the unchastity of the vagabond *béguines* were severely scourged. Indeed, *béguinage* came to be synonymous with affected and spurious piety. But however coarsely such scenes may have been depicted, they originated in a high moral purpose, and

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had a pure aim, which shone forth, as the old poet Laurenberg declares, like a glowing coal in the ashes or a gold coin in a dirty pocket: —

> "Glyck als dat Führ schulet in der Asche,
> Un güldne Pennige in einer schmierigen Tasche."

With the progress of the Reformation, these representations were put to polemical uses. Thus Fischart published woodcuts of the sculptures near the choir of the Strasburg Minster with explanatory doggerels in which he interpreted them as an allegorical scoffing of the Romish clergy; and this view seems to have been accepted by the Catholics themselves, although a zealous Protestant, Oseas Schad, in his *Description of the Strasburg Minster*, which appeared in 1617, vents his indignation against a certain Friedrich Johann Nass, who, he says, "had the effrontery to thrust his nose into this matter, beslavering with his venom the expositions of Fischart, and absurdly affirming these beasts to be types of pious and faithful evangelical preachers and servants of the Word." In short, the whole beast-epos was finally diverted into the turbulent channel of religious controversy, as, for example, by John Bale, who, under the *nom de plume* of John Harryson, published at Zurich in 1542 a book entitled *Yet a course at the Romysche foxe, a dysclosynge or openynge of the manne of synne.* The Catholics, too, were not slow in filling their quivers with arrows drawn from the same exhaustless source; thus, in the chancel of St. Sernin in Toulouse, a fat hog in gown and bands discoursing from the sacred desk is styled *Calvin le porc preschant.*

These cynical and satirical representations, with the descriptions of which it would be easy to fill a portly volume, were derived almost exclusively from the cycle of Reynard's adventures, and had little or nothing in common with the *Physiologus.* It is not probable, however, that they would have ever found admission to church edifices, or been employed in ecclesiastical architecture, if the *Physiologus* had not served as a precedent and given them some warrant for intrusion. In the footsteps of the fabulous fauna and allegorical larvæ of the *Physiologus* as they were led along by

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exegetical threads into the innermost sanctuary, followed the whole lively and noisy pack of Reynard and his companions, who soon took possession of choir, chapels, and pulpit, and finally overran the whole building, nestling in capitals, squatting on balustrades, peeping out of illuminated windows, peering over portals, and grimacing as gargoyles from the roof. The beasts which were regarded as symbols of divine mysteries were succeeded and superseded by other beasts which served only as a parody of these mysteries and a satire on those who celebrated them.

For the reader of to-day, the *Physiologus*, apart from its accidental value for linguistics or philology, has a twofold interest. In the first place, it throws a startling and by no means flattering light on the peculiar intellectual condition of the age which produced it, and of the theologians who were credulous enough to accept its statements as facts, and illogical enough to be wholly unconscious of the absurdity of the inferences which they deduced from the assumed facts. Take the following as a specimen, which we quote solely on account of its brevity, and not because it is more ridiculous than the others: "The otter is a small animal resembling a dog, and an enemy of the crocodile. Now when the latter sleeps, it keeps its mouth wide open; but the otter wallows in the mud until it becomes thickly coated therewith. And when the mud gets dry, the otter runs into the jaws of the sleeping crocodile and kills it by devouring its bowels. The crocodile is like the devil, but the otter is the type of our Saviour, who, after he had put on earthly flesh, descended into hell, and carried away captive the souls that were therein, as it is written, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' And as the otter issues unharmed from the belly of the crocodile, so our Lord rose from the grave on the third day, alive and without injury." It must be remembered that the men who wrote stuff like this were not obscure and ignorant persons, but the most learned divines and eminent representatives of the early Church, the great exegetists and eloquent apologists, who were deemed worthy of canonization as saints.

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But what preacher of the present day, if we except, perhaps, some illiterate Capuchin talking to rude peasants in Southern Italy, would risk his reputation for sanity by discoursing from the pulpit or writing a Biblical commentary in this style? A work like the *Physiologus* is a good index of the average culture and mental discipline of communities in which it was esteemed the quintessence of wisdom. It shows how vastly superior in clearness and fineness of spiritual perception and in general intellectual equipment are the most gifted minds of our own times to the most gifted minds in the apostolic or the patristic age. Those charismatic communications, for example, which were held by the Corinthian church to be utterances of supreme and supernatural wisdom no longer mark the point at which the highest and best thought of the age takes expression, but find their level in the ravings of religious revivals, and in the incoherent and unintelligible mutterings which are revered as oracles in the Catholic Apostolic Church of Gordon Square. It is not a want of spirituality, but a purer conception of spiritual things, that causes all such charismatic phenomena to be treated, not as signs of prophetic power, but as symptoms of bodily disorder and possession by the unclean demon of disease, which, instead of being fostered as a source of edification and enlightenment, should be exorcised by hyssop and hellebore.

The second point of interest in the *Physiologus* is its value as a key to the mystic meaning of the strange animals which so often adorn early Christian and mediæval Gothic churches. Indeed, during the Middle Ages, this work was expanded into numerous and bulky volumes, such as the *Liber de naturis rebus* of Thomas de Cartimpré, a pupil of Albertus Magnus, the *Speculum naturale* of Vincence de Beauvais, the *Liber de proprietatibus rerum* of Bartholomæus de Glanvil, and many others of the same class which treated of the occult properties and typical qualities of beasts, birds, plants, and stones, and constituted the popular encyclopædias of that period. There was also a *Book of Beasts and Other Things*, commonly, though falsely, ascribed to Hugo

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de Saint-Victor, in which these symbolisms were wonderfully elaborated, and every feature, member, hue, and habit of beast or bird was made to yield a secret and subtle signification. The raven and the dove are not mere reminiscences of the deluge, but emblems of the carnal-minded Jews who live on the old carrion of the law and of the new principle of Christianity that brings with it the olive-branch of peace and reconciliation. There is also a distinction between the dove of Noah, the dove of David, and the dove of Christ; the first signifies rest, the second peace, and the third salvation. The dove separates with its beak the choicest kernels of wheat from the chaff, so it is the office of preaching to separate the kernels of Christian doctrine from the husks of Judaism; its two wings are love of man and love of God, compassion and contemplation, the active and the meditative life; the ring around its neck is the encircling sweetness of the divine word; the gold and silver of its plumage are the precious treasures of purity and innocence; its whiteness intermingled with changeable tints is the spirit of chastity in conflict with fickle and rebellious passions; its red feet are the feet of the Church stained with the blood of the martyrs; its two eyes survey the past and discern the future, looking in upon the soul and up to God; their yellowish lustre indicates maturity of thought and reflection, for yellow is the color of ripe fruit. Without the aid of the *Physiologus* and its luxuriant mediæval outgrowths, it would be impossible to determine the full and exact mystic sense which the artist intended to convey by his representations of lions, eagles, phœnixes, pelicans, ravens, doves, partridges, harts, foxes, hedgehogs, ferrets, ichneumons, lizards, serpents, tortoises, elephants, ibises, crocodiles, unicorns, salamanders, and other real or mythical creatures, or to conjecture what conceivable relation they could sustain to Christian theology and Christian worship.

E. P. Evans.

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EGYPT AND THE POWERS.

History seems to be retracing its steps. The course of Empire which for centuries moved westward left behind it vast regions of barrenness and barbarism where once the successive centres of civilization stood. Babylon, Memphis, Palmyra, Alexandria, Ephesus,—each took its turn as the Paris or London or Berlin of its age, and then dwindled so utterly that fragments of masonry or single columns or a prostrate Colossus alone mark the spot and recall its glory. Of the seven wonders of that ancient world but one remains, and even the pyramids, stripped of their polished faces, their superb approaches, and their throng of surrounding temples and tombs, are more eloquent of splendor gone than of strength remaining. So complete has been this transfer of population and political interest farther and farther westward that, apart from the "lost arts" and unequalled magnificence which students detect in that Oriental antiquity, it may be doubted whether the human race has gained even in its total number through these ages, or whether the rapidly increasing populations of our new continents more than replace the teeming multitudes which once reared glittering cities and stupendous temples where solitude or semi-barbarism now reigns. But a new era for the East seems to have begun. The tide of political interest, having reached its westward limits, is sweeping back over regions long left bare. It may be safely said that many an intelligent person, in his effort to watch the course of European diplomacy, has been forced of late to make diligent use of his atlas, so new and unfamiliar was the ground he trod; and it must have been often with a kind of surprise that he has come on regions all freshly involved in modern complications which were to his mind identified with far away lessons of ancient history or of Sunday-school instruction. To explore the whereabouts of Erzeroum and its back-country, for instance, is to find oneself stranded with the ark on Ararat, or fingering the track of the ten

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thousand across Asia Minor; to trace the possible encroachments of Russia and England upon Central Asia is to recall the vague regions of Aryan ancestors, the uncertain home of the tribes of Abraham, or the days of Cyrus and Cambyses; to fix the position of England's latest burden is to find oneself recalling the journeys of St. Paul and the story of the book of Acts, though times are much changed since it was the influence of the Holy Ghost which sent travellers to Cyprus.

This strange coincidence of old associations and modern interests strikes one, however, far more in Egypt than anywhere else. To study the ancient history of the country is to put away all common notions of what such words as "history" or "antiquity" mean; it is to transfer oneself to ages back of the orthodox date of the creation of the world; to deal with periods in which centuries are as minutes, and where events separated by intervals as great as those which divide the Golden Age of Greece, the Norman conquest of England, and the landing of the Pilgrims would be classed together as of the same general date.* It is either in this primeval prosperity, which was as ancient to Abraham as the Parthenon is to us, and to which the Hebrews turned as the source both of their wisdom and of their corn, or else in the later development of Alexandria, with its thronged Museum and its Platonists turned Christians, that our natural associations with Egypt lie. From that time to this, or, more accurately, from the founding of Constantinople to the beginning of this century, the land has had no living history. From being the centre of the world's luxury and learning, it has been swept beyond the very horizon of western progress. For a few hundred years Christianity had its opportunity

*The various conjectural dates, for instance, assigned for the Pyramids of Gizeh differ by eighteen hundred years:—

Mariette,	4325 B.C.
Wilkinson,	2450 B.C.
	1875

And those for the building of Memphis by twenty-three hundred years:—

Mariette,	5004 B.C.
Wilkinson,	2700 B.C.
	2304

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and wasted it in doctrinal controversies and unproductive asceticism; for a few more centuries the Arabs laid down their arms in the miraculous and self-fertilizing garden they had conquered, and wrought the ruins of Memphis into the mosques of Cairo; then followed Turkish misrule with its invariable results of a decreasing population and an increased taxation; and thus at the beginning of the present century Egypt was but the ghost of her former self, weakened by Eastern tyranny and forgotten by the Western world. It was then that the occupation of India by the English brought upon them the first of many conflicts which have made Egypt again conspicuous. Napoleon landed at Alexandria on the 1st of July, 1798, and for two years the English trade of the Mediterranean and the all-important route to the East were in constant peril. Forced at length to evacuate the country, but never failing in jealousy of English influence, the French government urged the appointment of a young Roumelian colonel, of whose sympathies they felt sure, as Pasha of the province; and thus in 1803 the present dynasty was founded.

Mohammed Ali must certainly be considered a great man. Bold and unscrupulous in his methods, he was yet the sincere friend of his adopted country, and the land which had been drained of its resources and energy began to flourish once more. He revived agriculture; he welcomed French skill for new canals and industries; and he despatched Egyptian students to Paris. England and the Porte, already hand in hand against any power which could regenerate a country that was more conveniently their common servant, together opposed this new development of Egypt. Mohammed Ali and his son Ibrahim repulsed the English and fought for independence of the Turk; but in the end the unholy alliance was too strong; New Egypt was burdened with an annual tribute of £300,000 to the Porte, and its regenerator died, an imbecile, in 1849.

One concession, however, had been gained from Turkey at this cost,—the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt. At first it seemed but a slight gain to the unhappy land, for Abbas

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Pasha, the grandson and successor of Mohammed Ali, was as vicious and brutal an Oriental as Turkey itself could provide, and soon perished at the hands of his own slaves. Said Pasha, however, the third son of the founder of the new *régime*, soon restored civilized methods. Railroads and canals began to intersect the Delta, and scientific exploration was lavishly encouraged in the interior. But the chief bequest which the late ruler, the second son of Ibrahim Pasha, inherited from this nine years of renewed civilization was an added burden of national debt and the contract for the great canal. It was a twofold inheritance which would have alarmed a cautious prince; but it was only a stimulus to the Grand Seigneur who in 1863 came to the throne.

Ismail I. may be condemned as unscrupulous and vicious, but he cannot be called an uninteresting character. Every now and then in the midst of his self-indulgence have occurred acts of generosity and vigor which startle one with their boldness, and which have won him close friends and loyal followers. But his main success must be admitted to be the borrowing and the spending of money. If so moderate a ruler as Said Pasha could leave so threatening a deficit, what could not an ambitious prince manage to accomplish in the same direction. No achievement, good or bad, was too reckless or extravagant for this combination of European culture with Oriental irresponsibility. On the one hand, railways, telegraphs, sugar factories, schools, and courts of justice were set at work as if by magic, and the world stood astonished at the benevolence which could repudiate the original canal contract and insisted on paying, instead of forcing, the native labor; while, on the other hand, all the excesses of an Oriental court were mingled with all the ambition of a Western monarch, and palaces in every town, harems of French mistresses with English carriages and troops of attendant eunuchs, a growing army and a miniature navy, combined with better things to multiply the indebtedness. A season of "unlimited tick" set in, the details of which are almost incredible. Education and exploration were planned on a

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magnificent scale. A railroad was surveyed and even begun from the second cataract across the deserts to the lower end of the Red Sea,—an undertaking as profitless as the Pyramids, and not much less difficult. English and American officers were glad to take service under so superbly liberal a master, extended his frontier nearly to the equator with the assigned purpose of destroying the slave-trade, and published their reports, without regard to expense, in three languages and adorned with many maps and illustrations. Finally, the title of Khedive and a few limited sovereign rights were bought of Turkey and the annual tribute raised thereby to the enormous sum of £600,000. And meantime, strangest of all, creditors could be found ever ready for the bait of enormous interest with which the astute Ismail hid his reckless extravagance.

Of course this state of things could not last long. After forty per cent. had been offered and accepted, the resources of the Khedive began to fail. The Suez Canal, however much of glory it could give to a philanthropic potentate, was soon found to be no source of profit to a bankrupt spendthrift, but rather an absolute loss to the country of its large transfer trade. The splendor with which Ismail I. welcomed the dignitaries of Europe to the opening of the canal hid for a time the wretchedness of the population which was bearing the ever-increasing burden; and, even now, unwary travellers may winter in Parisian Cairo, or drift luxuriously by busy sugar works and villages as picturesque without as they are squalid within, and may talk and even write books about the regeneration and prosperity of the valley of the Nile. But only the blindest tourist or the most prejudiced partisan of the Khedive could mistake the facts. A country of about five million inhabitants, with a productiveness, even according to government estimates, of only £9,000,000, was last year sending more than £7,000,000 of this total income straightway out of the country to its foreign creditors; so that what without a heavy indebtedness would be a condition of prosperity to a thrifty and frugal people was in reality a state of things

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where the necessary expenses of administration could not be paid; a population taxed thus to the utmost on each bit of land or grove of palm-trees was still liable at any moment to be drafted for the army or farming or sugar-making of the Khedive, even when the ruin of their own crops might be the penalty of a few weeks' absence; and meantime a ruler who was at once the law-maker and the only great merchant of the land hardly paused in his Quixotic schemes or his luxurious habits, but only resorted to the last prerogative of a king and left his coupons unpaid.

Thus from the side of Egypt itself there was forced upon the country a crisis which the European powers in their turn were glad to meet and magnify. What we call the "Eastern Question" is, of course, a many-sided problem, and from different points of view different regions appear to be all-important to it. But though for Russia's sake Constantinople is this strategic point, and though general interest has been of late fixed there, it is no less certain that, from England's point of view, Egypt is the key of the whole. Petty wars in all quarters of the globe may or may not be approved, but to one thing the Imperial Government of England is absolutely committed,—the control of the shortest way to India. This is what makes Gibraltar and Malta worth the constant drain they are on the home treasury; this is the principle under which the fevers of Cyprus are thought to be remunerative; and this same necessity determines the incomparable importance of Egypt. If it is so desirable for England to interpose a harmless buffer between its interests and Russian progress that an unworthy alliance with the Porte should come to be imperative and acceptable to the nation, it is still more essential that the government of Egypt should be precisely and delicately adjusted. It must not be too weak, or it might be at the mercy of some other power than England; it must not be too strong, or it might hope for independence. The Porte must be the master, and yet not strong enough to intrude without the consent of England; the Khedive must be the servant, and yet, in case of any break between England and Turkey,

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enough of a sovereign to hold his own land safe for England's sake. The least disturbance of this unstable equilibrium might be disastrous in the extreme. A few shovelsful of earth in the Suez Canal, a word from the centres of Mohammedanism to its devotees in India, and a war of religions might easily be begun, more horrible than any experience yet felt even in the East, and utterly beyond the power of England to resist until the weary journey round the Cape could be accomplished.

But it is not England alone that finds Egypt thus precious. The interest of France is of just the character most likely to be defended. It is partly sentimental, dating from the occupation at the beginning of the century, but maintained ever since. French skill has done the work and French influence has controlled the counsels of the whole dynasty of Mohammed Ali, and national pride demands continued recognition. When, therefore, to this is added the still greater stake which France holds in the canal property and the Egyptian bonds, it is easy to see how impossible it is for England to proceed without constant regard for the jealousy and the financial welfare of her nearest neighbor.

The other powers that cluster about Egypt have, indeed, no such absorbing interest in its destiny; but none the less, for them and for all the world, the unique opportunity of the country cannot but excite first wonder and then pity. The same marvellous condition of things marks the land now which made it for thousands of years at once the university, the sanctuary, and the granary of the world. Placed at the focus of three continents, the life and contrasts of the most various civilizations meet in its cities and its trade. Watered by the mysterious stream whose yearly inundation seemed to the ancients the highest type of Divine action, it still gives its crops as spontaneously and generously as when the children of Israel turned to its plenty from their own bare land. By a strange and natural conservatism which checks all foreign influence and kills off the children of mixed marriages, the same types of faces, habits, employments, and implements are to be seen to-day

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which the monuments of the Pharaohs exhibit. The people, like the soil, are a constant absorbent, assimilating all that is deposited, but preserving a distinct character throughout all history. The same "fellah," as slimly built and slightly clothed and with the very features of the monuments, plies the same "shadoof" by the Nile-side; the same type of boat drifts by; the same pottery, baskets, whips, are offered to the traveller which he sees preserved in the Boulak Museum; and over the whole people rules the same spirit of the Pharaohs, an absolute despotism, perhaps not much more beneficent, but certainly not more oppressive, than that which forced the labor of whole nations to quarry the rocks of Silsilis or rear the pylons of Karnak. Here is the same opportunity, the same industrious and peaceful population, the same miraculous fertility, the same unique position; but it is not alone the learning, art, and temple-building faith which have deserted the modern land. Even its productiveness fails. Where, in the ancient times, there was prosperity for a multitude of great cities, there is now, with the same natural resources, almost starvation for a handful of villages. No words can exaggerate the misery which any inquisitive traveller might have seen during this past winter along the river-banks of the upper country. Men, women, and even children lay in the village lanes or by the tow-path, their faces hid by some scanty rag from the burning sun, but their limbs shrunk to the bone and their helplessness past even the state of beggary. The crowd that thronged down to any passing boat was a heart-rending spectacle; food or money thrown to them was the signal for a frantic and bestial fight; and in at least one instance money given to a creature too starved to go and buy his bread was found next day in the beggar's hand as he lay dead upon the bank. It is of course said of all this that it is caused by the failure of last year's crop and will be remedied by the promising harvest and "high Nile" of this year, and that even in Joseph's time there were years of "lean kine" as well as years of plenty. But the still more evident fact is, that the poor peasants under the present *régime* cannot make any saving

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in the years of plenty for the occasional seasons of scarcity, but, taxed to the utmost in their prosperity, have nothing to do in their years of drought but to lie down and die. Well for them is it that the fatalism of their faith is so thoroughly inbred into their lives that they can say, "It is the will of God," and sink without a struggle by the way-side or into the rushing stream!

Philanthropy, then, political necessity, national pride, and the opportunity for profitable trade have all combined to excite general interest in the desperate condition to which Egypt has been reduced. And what has this European intervention accomplished? It was at first merely a matter of friendly financial advice, invited and perhaps sincerely desired by the Khedive, and conducted by Mr. Goschen on the part of the English government, and M. Joubert for the French creditors. But although an elaborate plan was prepared, friendly advice could do little in such a predicament without larger authority. The next step, therefore,—again at the nominal invitation of the Khedive, but, as it soon proved, very much against his will,—was the appointment of an official council of three, in whose hands the whole problem of indebtedness should be left. The English government nominated the well-known financier, Mr. Rivers Wilson; the French representative was M. de Blignières, and the presidency, reserved by agreement for an Egyptian, was given to Nubar Pasha, a man supposed to be both honest and intelligent, but distrusted by the people because a Christian and an enemy of the court party. Thus the autumn of 1878 seemed the beginning of better times. The Khedive, who had hitherto superintended every detail of government, withdrew from all control, insisted only that his private purse should be as well supplied as possible, and gave public notice that he was an irresponsible and private citizen. The agents of Mr. Wilson scoured the land looking for new sources of income and uprooting old abuses. The royal family appeared to express a noble sympathy and a new resolution for economy by the surrender of vast estates for the general good. At last it seemed as if civilized prin-

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ciples and sound finance had got some footing, and both creditors and debtors began to hope and trust.

Whose fault was it that this hopefulness lasted only a single winter? The Khedive, no doubt, grew restless in his inactivity, chafed under the reduction of his own allowance, and longed to have some authority where hitherto his wishes or his whims had been law. There is little question that his influence roused the insurrection of the dismissed army officers which in February last made the beginning of the present disturbance; and his jealousy of Nubar Pasha is as open as it is natural. But, with all allowance for the fickle and Oriental diplomacy of the Khedive, what shall we say of a ministry which, starting with the confidence of the country and with every opportunity of increasing that confidence, has so soon and so utterly lost it? What shall we think of this first act of indiscretion and injustice,—the abrupt dismissal of a multitude of army officers without payment of their arrears, while at the same time money was being sent out of the country to foreign creditors? It may well be true that a country in the condition of Egypt cannot afford an army, and should be freed from the burden of one as soon as possible; it may even, at first, seem a wise diplomatic move, in view of possible attempts at opposition, to disband the Khedive's forces and leave him without the power to assert himself; but, none the less, it is far from European justice to postpone the payment of salaried servants for any other payment whatever, and it is equally far from wise diplomacy to send out to their homes a large number of unpaid and therefore dissatisfied soldiers, eager to make an end of the power that displaced them. The fact is that a nation cannot be treated as a business firm is when it fails. Private individuals may be ground down for the sake of creditors and dealt with by legal processes. But to get the most out of a nation, a ministry must work, first of all, for the nation's sake. If the country feels itself oppressed it will simply cease to be productive, and no legal force can increase its crops; if it begins to feel itself well governed and in a fair way for peace it will settle down to

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its work and the creditors in their turn will come in for their share of the profits. The Wilson ministry began with the business-like but wholly impracticable plan of governing the nation in the direct interest of the creditors and of paying each coupon as it came due; but they soon found out their mistake. The Khedive at once publicly announced that he could not be responsible for the general safety while Nubar Pasha was in the council, and no doubt privately spread the well-founded report that the ministry had no interest in the welfare of the country, but represented only its creditors and its religious enemies. The ministry thought it best to make one concession, and Nubar Pasha was supplemented by the Khedive's eldest son. But at this, the Khedive at once took more heart. Recognizing how little the English government would care to add any further complication to their present foreign troubles, he took a step which again compels admiration for his boldness: dismissed the foreign ministers whose help he had invited, and started afresh on his own account. This was the crisis of April last,—foreign help refused, foreign creditors abandoned, the old *régime* restored, the country despairing of assistance from European sympathy or skill, the Porte uncertain whether to depose or only rebuke his subordinate, and the two great Western Powers slapped in the face.

Such a revolution on the part of the Khedive seemed to all observers suicidal, so sure and prompt must be its penalty. The English press flamed out in demands for Ismail's deposition and for the restoration of the Wilson ministry. But it soon appeared that what had seemed like insane folly was in reality little less than a stroke of genius. The crafty Khedive had well calculated that England was quite enough involved in costly wars without undertaking another against him. He knew, still further, that any appeal to the Porte for his removal could be met by the ever-ready weapon of his dynasty,—an increased tribute. He had used the capital error of the Wilson ministry so sagaciously that the disaffected soldiers were dispersed through the whole country preaching Ismail as the one hope of the nation, and demand-

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ing a government of Egypt by the Egyptians. More than all, he was aware to a degree which the Western World only slowly recognized that the interests of the two Powers most concerned with Egypt differed so widely that united action was almost impossible. For England the one thing needful is a path through the country; for France it is the development of the country. The interest of the one is political; that of the other is commercial. France, therefore, could have little purpose to serve by sending an armed force to Egypt, even if such a thing were not prevented by her evident resolution to reserve all her strength for home development and for long-delayed revenge on Germany; while for England the only sure and quick remedy was to add one more to the many expeditions which are now distressing and impoverishing her.

Thus for months the astute Khedive has been able to hold his own against the combined influence of the strongest nations of the world. He has watched the clashing interests of England and France; he has seen the official press of England change its tone from its first vigorous denunciation to apology and reconciliation; he has found his little province a centre of diplomatic interest in which even Germany and Italy demand a share; and he has won the kindly people of the land to him and his family by every kind of delusive promise. And even now that he has at last yielded to the Powers so far as to resign the government to his son, he is in reality hardly a loser. With the country reunited, the fear of the succession being transferred to his uncle removed, the control in hands trained by himself, and £50,000 a year for his own use, it must be with considerable complacency that he and his seraglio now embark on his yacht to revisit the courts of Europe.

Meantime, not one element of the real Egyptian problem is changed. The same oppression weighs on the productiveness of the country; the same extravagance absorbs its resources. Even added to the circumstances which were threatening enough before is now the distrust of European—and especially of English—administration. It was in this

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introduction of English skill and honor that the best hope of the country lay; and, for the present at least, the country will not bear this any more. Thus is reaped the legitimate fruit of English conduct in the Mediterranean during the last fifty years. Never was a better opportunity given to a great and generous nation than England found in the possible regeneration of Egypt. A population to whom the English name was the pledge of uprightness as well as of wealth, and a land ready to respond to the slightest discipline of agriculture, waited for the beneficent influence of the West to renew the plenty and prosperity of ancient times; but from first to last the weight of England has been thrown with the oppressors of the country, and English skill and fidelity have been at the service of rapacious speculators. If it is thus that history is to retrace its steps and the gifts of the ancient East to the New World are now to be returned, then it is safe to say that, though quiet be for the moment restored in Egypt, future crises are not far away. The wealth which the mighty river provides as richly now as ever and the position which guards the interests of continents and seas must long be objects of jealousy and conflict. Happy is the nation which can see in that future of Egypt only a subject of distant observation and of impartial judgment!

FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

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JOHNS HOPKINS.

"Have you an autograph of Johns Hopkins?" asked a lady not long ago of an old Baltimore merchant.

"I have had enough of them," answered the octogenarian, with twinkling eyes; "but he always got 'em all back. *He* always *paid* his notes!"

The question and the reply indicate all that is generally known of the founder of two of the most magnificent charities of this generation; of a man whose life, if we judge it by its results, must have been full of incidents at once instructive and entertaining.

There is, however, a very prevalent idea that this man was uneducated, without wide sympathies, and chiefly given to the accumulation of money. That his life was in all respects a model, no one would undertake to claim; but that it was no exception to that formula of human experience which indicates both wisdom and goodness in the man who is willing to resign all the flattering amenities which surround an almsgiver in his lifetime for the sake of maturing a scheme which shall benefit unborn generations, everything goes to prove.

Johns Hopkins was born near Annapolis, in Ann Arundel County, Maryland, on the 19th of May, 1795. His father and mother were Samuel Hopkins and Hannah Janney, prominent members of the Society of Friends, and distinguished for cordial hospitality. His mother was a woman of great intelligence and unusual force of character. She guided most matters, not merely in her own county, but, as is said, in the Yearly Meeting.

Johns was named for his grandfather, who had inherited from the earliest settlers of his name a farm upon which he employed about a hundred negroes.

Some time before the Revolutionary War, however, Friend Hopkins became uneasy as to the propriety of employing slaves. He emancipated every one, and when his son Samuel bought out the other heirs and became sole possessor

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of the farm on which the great merchant was born, he succeeded to an estate which had been poorly kept up, and which must be maintained by free labor.

Johns Junior was the oldest of eleven children. In summer he helped his father on the farm. In winter the little schooling he had been able to get he turned to good account as tutor to his brothers and sisters. Before he went to Baltimore in 1812, he had read every book to be found in the county, or that he could reach with the help of his horse. This love of reading possessed him as long as he lived. He read thoroughly, and on the subjects which most interested him. About two thousand volumes were found on his shelves after his death. They consisted chiefly of histories and biographies. He might have been supposed indifferent to all works of the imagination. On the contrary, he was fond of poetry, familiar with all the standard British poets, but especially devoted to Shakespeare. The kind of reading to which he inclined throws a good deal of light on his character and purposes.

Before he was eighteen, he went to Baltimore, into the counting-room of an uncle engaged in a wholesale grocery business. Here he at once displayed an aptitude which astonished everybody, and in 1819 set up for himself. After seven years of hard labor, and at the age of twenty-four, he had only four hundred dollars in the world! His uncle consented to endorse his notes. He opened a small shop. Unwilling to waste his little capital, he filled the shelves and gangways with empty boxes and canisters, or barrels heaped with sand. For a long while he made his sales by samples only; and if a customer wanted a second bag of coffee or box of tea, he was obliged to hurry off to the importer and secure it on the instant.

His property grew as fast as his opportunities. When he died he owned one hundred and fifty warehouses, and never was one burned. He is said to have insured himself. Everything he undertook prospered. He was so quiet and unostentatious that few persons suspected how rapidly his means accumulated. But the shrewd eyes that saw every-

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thing in the prospects and condition of his tenants as he went in and out of his warehouses were not blind to the strange successes of his own career. He was thoroughly temperate and honest. His "word was as heavy as lead," said a negro once. If he promised a struggling lad a lift on a certain day, the boy was as sure of it as if he held the check already in his hand. He never forgot, he never procrastinated, and he never evaded the plain sense of his words.

He was of course asked for money for charitable objects from time to time. He almost always refused; and in the latter years of his life, if he were pressed, would answer: "My money is not intended for you. It is not mine. I did not make it. It has merely rolled up in my hands, and I know what for. I must keep to my own work." The words, "*I* did not make it," indicate a very wise consciousness. Perhaps no man ever spoke them before in the same circumstances, most merchants being fully persuaded that they are the builders of their own fortunes. "The Builder and Maker is God," said and felt Johns Hopkins long before he began to think seriously of spiritual things. Perhaps the first thing that led his thoughts upward was this wonderful and rapid accumulation of riches which did not seem to him to be accounted for either by what he was, or by what he did.

At the same time, he was said to make a good deal of money by "shaving paper," and he would frequently pay for his goods with a check which he asked people not to use for a few days or a week, but to endorse and pass on in their own payments, that he might save a few days' interest on an unbroken deposit.

While Johns Hopkins was wont to decline all subscription papers sustaining other people's plans, it must not be supposed that he lived a wholly selfish life, pursuing his own thoughts and regardless of other people's needs. On the contrary, he gave away a good deal, and gave it not because he was asked, but because he thought he saw an opportunity where a little money would do a great deal of

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good, and gave it of his own motion. In these cases, like the late Joshua Sears of Boston, he did not give in proportion to his own wealth, but in *proportion to the need* as he saw it, or in proportion to what seemed to him the legitimate responsibility of a single person.

He had a curious willingness to share his opportunities for money-making with others. He was perhaps a little interested to see whether the pennies that turned to pounds in his hands would do as much for his beneficiaries. And this often happened, because he had chosen them shrewdly. After he had helped a man to his feet once successfully, he seems to have always been ready to keep him there. After his death, an engraved likeness of him was published. His trustees frequently found it hanging in counting-houses where it surprised them. It seemed always to be hung for a reason. He had forgiven a debt, he had advanced capital, or he had indicated an investment.

"What was Johns Hopkins to you?" said Mr. King one day to one member of a wealthy Baltimore firm. "We began with very little," replied the merchant. "We were his tenants; the rent was heavy; he exacted it to the moment, and we lost many an opportunity because we dared not risk a dollar after it became his due. One day he came in to look after it. 'Why don't you do a larger business?' said he. 'You are prompt; you ought to get on.' We told him candidly, and he wrote us a check for ten thousand dollars on the spot, and told us not to hurry about paying it. When we were able to repay him he returned the interest, and from that day we prospered."

When he was one of five persons who advanced a hundred dollars each to stock a small shop for a poor widow, the money was returned with interest in two years. Four of these persons pocketed it without remark. Johns Hopkins refused it. When he was pressed, he said, "I don't want it. Keep it and lend it again in the same way." It was his special pleasure to help those who could and would help themselves.

When the new Friends' meeting-house was built, he gave

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three thousand dollars towards it. A small sum, men said. Enough, Johns Hopkins thought, for a man who was already slowly developing a scheme that would employ millions. It is not sufficiently understood how entirely the plan of the Johns Hopkins work was developed from his own consciousness. In the popular mind, the two boards of trustees are responsible for it all.

"Make your will. Why don't you make your will?" said the elder King to him over and over again, as he saw him busied on his estimates and schemes, and felt afraid that he might die and leave his vast estate to be scattered among a score of heirs. "I am not ready," he replied. "I cannot make my will until I have settled certain things in my own mind. Never you fear; I have got something to do, and I shall live till I have done it." These words show a confidence in his own destiny which had long been habitual,—a confidence which seemed to be justified, even when he declined to take out a policy of insurance.

Almost everybody in the Middle States knows something of the history of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Undertaken in a generous burst of prophetic confidence, it came near being the ruin of the State. It was a project sure to approve itself to the far-seeing eyes of Johns Hopkins. He became a director of the road in 1847, and when, some time after, it was unable to meet its obligations incurred to extend and finish the road, without which the whole undertaking was worthless, he pledged his whole private credit in its behalf, and inspired such confidence in other men of wealth that from that moment the fortune of the road turned. At his death he had two millions invested in the stock, and with this he laid the foundation of his university.

He had firm faith in the future prosperity of Baltimore. He frequently bought up unimproved and neglected parcels of land, and by putting fine buildings upon them brought them immediately into use. He had something more than mere financial ability. He took clear and comprehensive views of all practical question, and was remarkable for decision and courage in a crisis.

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The farm on which he had been brought up had been, as I have suggested, in the possession of his family from the very settlement of the country. The cordial hospitality and devout Christian living which distinguished his father and mother presented a great contrast to his own lonely and at one time ill-directed life. He did not marry, and seemed to live only in the tumult of the exchange; but his memories, his early training, and perhaps the blood of that sturdy grandfather who had emancipated one hundred slaves, were destined to bear their proper fruit.

On the 24th of August, 1867, only six years and four months before his death, his plans had taken such distinct shape that he was able to incorporate both the university and hospital that were to bear his name. Distinct as these two charities were as to endowment and direct intent, they are still only the proper complements of each other. The medical students of the university need the clinics and the experience which could only be furnished by the hospital and its training school for nurses. The nurses and resident students of the hospital, on the other hand, require precisely the opportunities offered in the lecture-rooms of the university. That Hopkins himself foresaw this, his letter of instructions to his trustees, and various indirect allusions in his will, fully show.

In March, 1873, about nine months before his death, he wrote the letter to the trustees of the hospital here alluded to. To the trustees of the university he gave no precise directions. He had sixteen nephews and nieces, to whom he gave fifty thousand dollars each. That seemed an ample provision to the man who had started in life with a capital of four hundred dollars. "Whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil," he said grimly, and turned to wider interests.

Johns Hopkins died Dec. 24, 1873. In his letter of the previous March, he had appropriated one hundred thousand dollars a year during his life to the beginning of the hospital work; but, owing to natural causes, the university got the start in the public eye.

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The task of finding a president for a college is a simple one enough. The country abounds in men of learning and function; but a certain genius and grasp of possibilities was needed in the man who should be chosen to preside over an institution of a new outlook. In 1874 the university published its charter, extracts from the will, and a set of by-laws. Perhaps no institution of so vast powers was ever subordinated to as simple rules. When Prof. Gilman, of New Haven, was selected for the office of president, the public started. Were not experience and years quite as necessary as learning or talent? "I had thought of an older man," said Johns Hopkins' sister when the new president was introduced to her. "It is a fault that will mend daily," answered the president with a smile. "I assure you, madam, I will be as old as ever I can!"

The work was so wholly new that an untried person, if one of proper ability, was precisely what was needed. The choice seems to have been fortunate in every regard. The university began to work before its simple buildings could be erected. Johns Hopkins had provided by his will for free scholarships for young men from Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. This was almost the only direction given or restriction imposed. The president might do anything that he could induce the board of trustees to approve.

When he bequeathed his country farm of Clifton, containing three hundred and thirty acres, to the university, perhaps Johns Hopkins expected its buildings to be erected there. This was certainly undesirable in the beginning, for the first thing necessary was to interest the citizens of Baltimore in the new institution, and there never would be a time when the university would not need buildings within the city limits. Harvard College still needs such buildings in the city of Boston for the purposes of examinations and lectures.

Johns Hopkins has set a good example to the whole country. Its well-ventilated rooms, as simple in plan and decoration as possible, began with the consolidation of two handsome old dwelling-houses on Howard Street, and the

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erection of suitable lecture-halls, laboratories, and library rooms in the rear.

Daniel C. Gilman was appointed to the presidency Dec. 30, 1874. In 1876 the work of the university was formally inaugurated, and the 22d of February chosen as its commemoration day. During the writing of these pages it has celebrated its third anniversary in the beautiful Music Hall of the Peabody Institute. It has nineteen professors, thirty-nine fellows from seventeen different States, fourteen non-resident lecturers; and thirty-two courses of its lectures have during this time been open to the public. Hopkins Hall, in which the lectures are given, holds more than three hundred persons, and is generally crowded. Instruction in history, zoölogy, the use of the microscope, in languages and literature, has been given in this way. Dr. Billings has lectured on "Medical History," Francis J. Child on "Early English Literature," James Russell Lowell on "Romance," Prof. Newcomb on "Astronomy," and Wm. D. Whitney on "Comparative Philology."

Although the university depends on the near neighborhood of the Peabody Institute for such a library as is always a necessity for advanced students, yet it has seven thousand volumes of its own admirably subdivided and arranged in rooms connected with each other, which give unusual facilities for private study. A course of lectures on "The German Empire," delivered in Baltimore by Prof. Van Holst of the University of Freiburg, has commanded great public interest this winter. Van Holst, born in Russia, was exiled on account of a political pamphlet. That brought him to America in 1867. He entered ardently into American politics, with no sympathy for the doctrine of State rights. Called to his present professorship in 1872, he printed the first volume of a *Philosophical History of the United States* in 1873. Gneist, Pauli, and Frederick Kapp have reviewed this admirable work. A translation of its first volume, published in Chicago, has been reviewed by Henry B. Adams in the *North American.* His lectures on the German Empire admitted of frequent contrasts, and

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he spoke with a boldness, vigor, and condensation of statement and power that I never heard equalled. It would not have been prudent for any American to have spoken the same words. From a foreigner in Hopkins Hall, they must open many minds to universal principles.

By its fellowships the university is already doing a great work. These secure to a certain number of students daily support while literary or scientific investigations of importance are carried on. It is impossible to work with one's full ability with any anxiety for one's daily bread. An ideal fellowship would not only furnish this, but put the recipient into easy circumstances without which it will be difficult to create in this country any class corresponding to that represented in Europe by Lord Derby, Lord Houghton, and the Duke of Devonshire.

The hospital provided by Johns Hopkins' will is less known to the public in this country than the university, but its plans may be seen in the halls of Oxford and Cambridge, and excite general interest on the Continent.

The will provides not only for the magnificent group of buildings known as the Johns Hopkins Hospital, which is to furnish the best of care for the wealthiest as well as for the poorest, whether white or colored, but for the maintenance of an asylum for destitute or orphan colored children, to be apprenticed and provided for as they reach a self-supporting age, and for a "training-school for nurses," the prospective existence of which has already given a great stimulus to all other training-schools throughout the country. The women at Bellevue are already wondering whether they may not become teachers in Baltimore, and work with inspired ardor to turn question into certainty.

The plan of the hospital seems to have lain nearer to Johns Hopkins' heart than the plan of the university; for on the 10th of March, 1873, he wrote a letter of instructions to the trustees. He had given them thirteen acres of land, bordered by Wolfe, Monument, Broadway, and Jefferson Streets, upon which they were to erect a hospital. Whether by accident or design this lot fronts an avenue which will

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lead directly from the central Memorial building to the square occupied by the university. He desires them to occupy the present year in grading, draining, and providing plans, so that they may begin to build in the spring of 1874. He desires that they will obtain the advice and assistance of all experienced persons, whether at home or abroad. They are to furnish accommodation on other grounds for four hundred colored orphans. In the hospital itself, the "indigent sick" are to be provided with medical and surgical care without regard to sex, age, or color. It is clear, however, that different wards are to be built for the white and colored patients. The trustees are also to provide for a limited number of wealthy persons, that they may give the advantages of skilful treatment to strangers and to those of their own people unprovided with near friends to care for them. This last clause grew out of the experience of Hopkins' own bachelor life. He ordains the establishment of a training-school, partly that the hospital itself may be well provided with nurses; a garden about, and enclosed by, the buildings, that it may at once ornament the city and refresh the patients.

As soon as possible, they are to erect in the country a convalescent ward. This will not only hasten the recovery of the inmates, but relieve the pressure on the "sick wards."

He desires the influences of religion to be impressed upon the whole management, but that it should be kept free from sectarian control. In all their arrangements they are to remember that the institution shall ultimately form a part of the medical school of the university. In all details he leaves the board to the free exercise of its own discretion. If this letter be in reality the unassisted expression of its author's mind, it is one of the most remarkable utterances on record. Its suggestions nowhere impinge on freedom, and they are the fruit of prolonged meditation on the part of one who cannot be supposed to have had any experience in even a limited way, so completely had his manner of life separated him from the management of the charities in his neighborhood. Early in March the

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trustees themselves addressed a circular letter to five eminent physicians, and before the year closed the plans offered in return were published in a large octavo volume. One of these was prepared by Lieut.-Col. John S. Billings, who was retained as medical and sanitary adviser of the building committee, John R. Niernsee, architect. Neither of the five plans was adopted, but the best features of each were preserved. It was decided that the main building should front on Broadway, commanding the avenue leading to the university, that it should have a large, open, central garden, and be built of brick. The south ends of all wards were to be clear of obstruction and fully exposed to air and light. The central building, called the Administration Building, was to be made elegant as a memorial building, and the sixteen ward and service buildings, each erected separately, for facility of access were to be united by a corridor which should include the central also. The pay wards, like all the others, are to consist of two stories, *i.e.*, a basement and main story. The corridor is to rise to the level of the floor of the wards, and its floor is to be entirely *above* the surface of the ground. It will furnish two fine promenades, one with and one without a protecting roof.

The first report of the medical adviser shows that he is not only anxious to secure the best medical officers,—a work of difficulty in itself,—but to provide for them such facilities of work and study as will keep them at their posts, reputation being even dearer than life to the men he needs. In this report he shows also that the patients are to be protected from exposures that are painful. He wishes the hospital to devote itself, with the medical school, to the training of specialists,—men qualified to act as sanitary authorities in our large cities. The thorough diagnosis of insanity must be provided for by establishing connections with asylums. The orphan asylum will offer the best facilities for treating the diseases of children. The whole graduating class of the medical school must be employed in the university; a number not to exceed twenty-five. In preparing the ground for the buildings, the committee graded up to its highest level, with a good sense that others should emulate.

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I copy out of a private letter from the superintendent the following details in regard to each of the paying wards. This building exclusive of its bays is one hundred and sixty-six feet long by forty-five wide. It consists of a basement wholly above-ground and a main story. The former contains the heating apparatus for the latter. The central corridor extends the entire length of the building and terminates at each extreme in a bay provided with glass louvres, furnishing an unobstructed current of air and light. Each room is entered through a double doorway; one opens outward, the other inward, and each has its own distinct chimney and ventilating shaft. In each room a water-closet is provided in the space between the chimney and the wall. Each closet has one door into the room, and another small one into the corridor for removal of soiled clothes, etc. The hospital will not use a soiled clothes shaft. The linen is to be removed in tight-covered iron boxes on trundles, and the service shafts are to be so made that they can be cleansed by fire and alcohol. The ascent of dampness through the walls is to be prevented by a course of heavy slate, and an open air space in the centre of each wall defends the building from the beating of storms. Partitions and fire-proof roofing are constructed by hollow blocks of lime of Tiel. These are non-conductors of heat and sound, and weigh sixty per cent. less than brick. They can be made of any shape and size, are fire-proof and water-proof, and can be plastered as soon as they are set up. All the walls are plastered with Keen's English cement. Four systems of heating are to be used: —

1. Hot water indirect.
2. Steam.
3. Wynan's method of heating through perforated floors.
4. Open fire places around central chimneys.

On each side of the Administration Building on Broadway are the two paying wards, and these are to be ornamented with stone and colored brick in such a way as to do honor to the name of the founder.

Beside twelve common ward and service buildings, there are

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to be erected on this ground a nurses' dwelling and out-door dispensary, two isolating wards for contagious diseases, an amphitheatre for operating, an autopsy building, and a great central ventilating shaft ten feet in the clear, two hundred feet high, with walls three feet thick.

The central or Administration Building has a third floor. Its main floor will contain the offices, the second floor the living rooms of the medical staff, and the third floor will provide twenty rooms for medical students. The whole hospital is to accommodate four hundred patients. The wards will be cleansed in alternation, and one kept always empty to allow of the requisite purification. There will be twenty-five buildings in all. There are *no* underground cellars. The ventilating shaft in the octagon ward allows of converging apartments with open fireplaces at the centre. All the terra-cotta is to be made of Baltimore clay; and I observed as I went over the building that corner bricks had been made for the edge walls of passages to prevent the crumbling of mortar in the crevices. A medical library of seven thousand volumes is to be put in the central building, and there also a room is to be fitted to receive the library of Johns Hopkins himself.

I have read the reports of Dr. Billings with the greatest interest. They indicate what is far rarer than the learning for which he is distinguished,— namely, great common-sense, averse to puerile demonstrations of wealth or ornament in the execution of a great trust.

In his third report, Dr. Billings comments at some length upon cleanliness as a factor in sanitary results, and he draws attention to the fact that in hospitals like Guy's and St. Bartholemew's great defects of construction may be obviated by excellence of management. "First, cleanliness; second, cleanliness; third, cleanliness," is what every one should cry out to those who have the care of the sick. This will remedy defective ventilation, injudicious crowding, and low ceilings to a certain extent. One need not cross the water to see this.

Far back in the dreamland of youth, I remember a time

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when I used to go weekly to see an old nurse confined to a room in the Massachusetts General Hospital. I used to wish that I too might be sick that I might go to a place where the glass was always clear, the floors shining, the linen white. It was like a glimpse of heaven to throw open the door of the sunny, wind-scented ward. No one knows better than I do how the effect of cleanliness may be produced by skilful adjustment of furniture and contrasts of color, or light and shade. But it was not that which made the charm of the Massachusetts General; and whatever it was, no one will find it there now.

In his fourth report Dr. Billings draws attention to a fact connected with ventilation; namely, that *bad air* — that is, carbonic acid gas — is not necessarily confined to the neighborhood of the floor. It may be equally diffused; and I know many professional experts who may possibly have learned this at school, under the head of "Distribution of Gases," who do not in the least understand it practically.

Johns Hopkins desired that a religious influence might pervade the management of these institutions. His wish has accomplished itself so far. Even the subordinates seem to be interested in a humanitarian way, and the superintendent of the construction has taken it up and pursues it as a means of benefiting the race. His position sets him beside the millionaire to that end.

That clause in the will which ordained the magnitude of the hospital undertaking by setting apart a certain income for its support, and that other which forbids the use of capital for building, limits the rate of work very wisely. In order not to exceed the annual income, it is necessary to work slowly, thoughtfully. If one must be thoughtful whether or no, it is best to be thoughtful to some purpose. The results in this case will be of the highest value.

The trustees are not yet ready to raise the walls of their orphan asylum, but meanwhile they have asked Miss Woolsey to make a *résumé* of all the literature which concerns destitute children. This of itself is a great and useful work. And so, the "fibres set" in this magnificent bequest, if they

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only float on wind and wave like the filaments of the old willow in an ancient fable, may come to span a gulf no human purpose has ever bridged, gathering into its "snare" all the deposits which wealth, wisdom, and sympathy shall hereafter yearn to apply to human suffering and human want.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

N.B.— The principles of the Society of Friends are finding a noble vindication in the bequests intended for the benefit of the whole world. Since the above article was written I have become aware of a legacy left by another member of the Society, in aid of the higher education of women, said far to exceed in amount any hitherto devoted to that purpose. Johns Hopkins has not directly refused to receive female students. In fact, it has received Christine Ladd to full honors, as her recent contributions to mathematics show, and the Faculty prophesy a remarkable career for her. But the classical course cannot be pursued, as men pursue it, by a woman. A recent experiment in that direction, tried by a daughter of one of the trustees in Baltimore itself, has proved this. The excuse given is the "improprieties" of a classical course. I pointed these out as an obstacle to co-education twenty years ago, and I do not believe what women must avoid is either fit or profitable for immature men. The new institution for women is to be near Haverford, in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

C. H. D.

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THE NEW RELIGION.

Had any one asked a generation ago, What is the best attainable book for the culture of personal religion? the well-nigh unanimous reply of intelligent Unitarians would have been, Ware's *Formation of Christian Character.* No devotional work ever obtained like credence among us. It was *our* book of Christian culture; first to occur to the mind when something was needed to supplement the public word of preaching or the private word of counsel. Ministers recommended it to the young men and women of their parishes. Parents gave it to their children, teachers to their pupils. Nor was it a mere gift-book to be put in good binding, and to occupy, along with the old-fashioned Annual, a prominent place on the centre-table. It was rather the religious "*vade mecum*" of our fathers, their book of daily bread, devoutly read by thousands of persons, and applied by them with religious simplicity to the conduct of life. It was a book, too, full of good fruits. Many a noble man and saintly woman, now looking towards the sunset of life, could trace the origin of their nobility or their sainthood to the influence of this little work. It furnished, and has handed down to us, the pattern by which was shaped that plain, calm, reasonable, practical, and perhaps somewhat formal piety, more full of rectitude and all good works than of fervor, which characterized the first confessors of the liberal faith in New England, and which made them, if not efficient builders of a sect, very mighty for the pulling down of the strongholds of sin, and very accurate translators of the piety of the heart into the homely language of good behavior and steady beneficence. I have thus spoken of Ware's *Formation of the Christian Character* because it is a typical book. At its appearance, it was based upon the ideas of personal religion which were *then* at the heart of the Unitarian movement. It shows what our fathers forty years ago thought personal religion to be, and by what proc-

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esses they supposed that personal religion could best be won and kept.

Twelve months ago the question of the expediency of reprinting in an attractive form Ware's *Formation of Christian Character* was submitted to a dozen persons, men and women. They were intelligent, thoughtful, devout people; representing, too, fairly enough all shades of opinion among us, conservative or otherwise. Their prejudices, so far as they had any, were probably *for* rather than *against* the book. The reply was, "Better not. The book has had its day. It does not run in the current of the thought and feeling of our times. Few would buy it. Fewer yet read it." The grounds of this decision may not have been thoroughly tested, or even definitely marked out. Probably not. Possibly not one could have stated what in the book was outgrown. Whether style, or methods, or ideas. Still the change of sentiment cannot be overlooked. The instincts of a dozen candid people decided that what once furnished spiritual nourishment and trustworthy moral direction no longer answers these ends. For our purpose it hardly matters whether in this special case the instincts were sound or not. The law all the same is true. What is spiritual wheat for one generation is often but chaff for the next; or else bread so hard and sour that it sets the children's teeth on edge. Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* is a classic, but it is a classic not many read, or will. Baxter's *Saints' Rest* was once nourishing milk for babes. But not all the publication societies in the world can make it sweet and palatable to the taste of the nineteenth century. Cotton Mather felt that he must always roll a sweet morsel of John Calvin under his tongue before he sought his couch. But it is questionable whether such a flavor in the mouth would bring to-day deeper sleep or pleasanter dreams to the least heretical soul. So there are books on our library shelves, unread and uncared for, which once shaped the faith and hope of generations of living men.

Is it simply the old literature of religious culture which men are putting aside? Is it merely that our religious

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taste has altered, and that the language of these old books of devotion, and their ways of stating truth and duty, look archaic? The change is deeper. In all communions, not only the old books, but the old methods of religious culture, are becoming obsolete. In the by-gone time, saints who truly served God and adorned human nature found their sainthood in the solitude of monastic seclusion, and the best way out of their lower up to their higher selves through bodily maceration. But to-day, even in the most Catholic countries, such flinty paths to the celestial city are not crowded. We boast that our fathers were godly men. They were. But how many lineal descendants of the fathers stand ready to accept their religious methods in all their fulness? Good men and women have certainly found the true and higher way amid the fierce excitements of the revival. Yet the revival system is doomed in the house of its friends. It makes its way with difficulty against an ever-swifter current of adverse thought and feeling. It is manifest that the same tendency to change in methods of religious culture is observable in our own communion. It may not be altogether pleasant to make this admission. To many of us the old religious home in which we were born, with all its homely, formal ways, looks more beautiful than any new and statelier mansion can. Recalling the men and women who have attained to the noblest patterns of life through what has sometimes been scornfully called "mechanical piety," and who seem, as we remember them, to have been the best men and women, the most wholesome, the most liberal, the most full of integrity, of any by whom a State was ever blessed, we see clearly that in the past at any rate the ways of methodical self-culture, so well described in Ware's *Formation*, have been the steps of a ladder, by which precious souls have climbed to heaven. But we live in an atmosphere of changed sentiment. The sacraments, as our church friends call them, are held in less regard. Attendance upon church services is ceasing to be classed among duties. Family worship is disappearing. In the hurry of our times and ways the set hour of meditation

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at morn or even has disappeared from most men's plan of life. Even the book of devotion is being replaced by the journal of science or the treatise of philosophy. Much of this change may be, and no doubt is, transient in character. Rites, worship, meditation, serious reading must to the end, in some shape, take their place in all healthy personal religion. But not *all* this change is transient. And so far as the old is to pass away, let us have faith to believe that a better new will come, as in God's providence it always has come.

New books of devout culture! New methods of seeking religion! Do these words state the whole case? Is the change, patent to the most careless observer, simply a thing of literature or of ritual? We think not; but an equal alteration in the shape in which religion appears to the soul, and especially an alteration in the conception of what *is* a living bond to unite the human and the divine: that is, religion — always the same in essence, in direction, in aspiration, and in work — is seeking a new representation in the human heart and life,— no doubt in the end a higher, a more adequate, a more inclusive, and so a more saving representation. The soul's way to God is never precisely the same in any two generations. From age to age men's conceptions of religion do undergo change. Luther thought only to strike at the corruptions of the Romish Church. He did bring in the reign of a new idea of religion. To the Catholic, practical religion was penance, fasts, vigils, observances, to keep the body under. To the Protestant, it was faith, to lift the soul up. Our first Unitarian confessors believed, no doubt, that they divided upon a few dogmas. They really divided upon religion. Practical religion to the Calvinist of half a century ago was acceptance of a creed, and a passage through a special and often painful spiritual experience. To the Unitarian it was spiritual condition and character. The process of change has not ceased. But if liberal Christianity be true to itself, if it be Christian as well as liberal and devout as truly as reasonable, when the discussions of our day are over it will find itself possessed not of less religion but more; and wider, more simple,

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more rational, more compatible with the conditions and needs of our daily life. At any rate, if it be right to say "the New Theology" and "the New Ethics," we shall be *obliged* to say "the New Religion,"—the new religion which the new theology creates,—the new religion which the new ethics exhibits and adorns.

We say the new religion! Of course we admit, we assert, that religion, in the heart of it, in its direction and aspiration, is old; in all forms and representations essentially the same; old as man, old at any rate as anything about him except the craving for food and the instinct of self-preservation. For what is religion? Not your creed or mine; though the creed may anchor us to our highest conception of religion. Not your mode of worship or mine; though the devout service may help us to develop religion. These things are all external to religion; at best, what describes or what nourishes religion. And there has been true religion under all dogmas and all rituals; and, we may add, without any dogmas and without any rituals.

Religion is that fundamental sentiment or principle in the soul which seems to make it impossible that any human being should feel that there is no above; which assures us that at the core of things there is a stronger, wiser, better than we; which comforts us with a sense of its presence and support; which binds us in bands of moral obligation to it. Religion, in fine, is the lifting power in the universe. While true materialism carries us *out* of ourselves *down*, true religion carries us *out* of ourselves *up*. Now in this sense religion is always old. All races, high or low, savage or civilized, pagan or Christian, have striven for some outlook into a life higher than this material life, and to know a power mightier than themselves, and to come into some real relations with that power. And in this sense it seems impossible that religion should be anything other than old. If religion had to wait for her coming till a wise philosophy had explained all things human and divine, she might wait long. If she could exist only through a logical demonstra-

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tion of divine mysteries, she would be still-born. But the foundation of religion is in spiritual necessity. We have none of us minds capacious enough to take in all the wondrous problems of that great life of which we are parts. We have none of us hearts stout enough to bear the burdens which must come, and yet believe that there is no great good-will and no all-embracing wisdom behind. We are all forced to have faith in what, for lack of a more adequate word, we call God; to believe that, outside us, above us, above all we ordinarily understand by material forces, there is a power, just, good, and able, equal to the government of this universe, and glad to govern it in equity and love; that the course of events is not an unmeaning muddle; that we are not drifting by chance — nowhere: but that this great procession of life which comes upon the earth and goes from it, and enjoys and suffers unspeakable things, and has high hopes and plans, is all the while accomplishing a great, wise, and beneficent purpose. You may call this wise and good force with the essayist "the power which makes for righteousness," or with the philosopher "the unknowable," or with Jesus "God and Father": alike you mean the same thing,— the highest and best to which your mind and heart have climbed or soared; as much of the perfection of the Almighty as your soul by searching has been able to find out. And this — this vision, this instinct, this spiritual faculty, or this thirst, this craving, this deep necessity (call it what you will), which brings you into union with the highest and best, which assures you that *it* or *he* is above all, and in all, and through all, "path, motive, guide, original, and end" — is the old religion, the faculty which lifts you out of yourself. So we have to assert the venerableness of religion. For it is its antiquity, its universality; that, so far as we can discern, it is a contemporary of human nature itself; that everywhere and at all times man is compelled by an irresistible instinct to strive to rise above the seen and sensible to the unseen and supersensible, above himself to something greater than himself,— which assures us of the sanctity and verity of religion. This

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world must be strangely awry, if this almost constant instinct and craving of souls does not answer to a real good.

Religion is always old in its essence, in its direction, in its power to carry man beyond and above his present and material interests. Equally it is always new and always in flux. As men's vision of that beyond and above grows clearer, as their conception of God changes, lifts, enlarges, gets deliverance from material limitations and freedom from human alloy, religion becomes a better gift, with nobler vision, nobler influence. We trace this growth and enlargement of religion,—equally we trace the growth and enlargement of the conception of the Christian religion in human history,—as we trace germ from acorn, and sapling from germ, and broad-armed giant of the forest from sapling. Nay; revelation does not come to destroy the law and the prophets, nor does it come to crush any pale flower of piety which ever blossomed in the arid soil of paganism. It comes to fulfil. It comes to enrich. It comes to add truth to whatever was true from aforetime. The old pagan was seeking after the highest as much as we. But he saw God mainly as superhuman force, passion, appetite, and cunning. Naturally his religion partook of the quality of his vision and enlisted most his lower nature. Still I am optimist enough to believe that it was a blessing. At any rate it lifted him out of selfhood, and put into his heart the idea of duty. To the Jews, God was superhuman sovereign,—they subjects. Acts of obedience, gifts, the just revenue of monarchs human or divine, tithes of orchards, flocks, and days, characterized their piety. To the old Calvinist, God was the inexorable judge. Did not a religion of fear rather than of hope, a religion of penitence, often gloomy and despairing and not of aspiration,—a religion which painfully sought the way of expiation and the terms of pardon and salvation rather than led its possessor with glad confidence into the Father's presence,—fitly answer to such a conception of the divine nature? To the early Unitarian, God was infinite Fatherhood. His religion was cast in the mould of this conviction. It was a child's trust, love, and

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obedience kept clear and bright by devout meditation, by daily self-searching and sacred service of praise and prayer. Who can doubt that into its vision of God this age also has received new elements? What in the old was true it keeps. With Abraham, it sees God as one; with Moses, as the I am, the unchangeable amid all changes; with David, as the pitiful one, knowing our frailties; with Calvin, as the all-pure, hating iniquity; with Channing, as the Infinite Father, whose children we are, and of whose moral dignity we are heirs. The old truth it keeps, but adds the new. Order, method, law, are elements of the divine nature and ways of the divine action. Not only is God the central force, the eternal existence, the loving heart of the universe: he is the law-abiding one. Deeply viewed, this is really but the enlargement and perfection of the idea of Infinite Father. The crude conception of father is of a being of mere affection, one who overlooks, one who would make life here and life beyond pleasant. And no doubt in their reaction from the sternness of Calvinism, early Unitarianism and Universalism fell no little into this crudeness. But the true father is he who from his very love holds his children up to the highest, he who puts method and certainty into the order of his household, he who lets wrong bring its proper penalty. Under this ideal, God is not less a father, but more, and more wise and more helpful. And life is not less truly a good gift, but more wholesome and invigorating. We see now that it is not of accident that the old books of piety and culture cease quite to satisfy, and the old methods and views quite to meet the incoming want. For not only is our interpretation of Scripture changing, but our view of God and his relations to his creatures. As has happened in the long history of man, a hundred, perhaps a thousand times, the vision of religion is altering, enlarging, taking fresh elements of influence, and piercing deeper to the secrets of things.

The special duty of the hour for the Liberal Church is to get possession of the new religion; its special privilege and

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glory to find out what fairer vision of God the vast sweep of modern knowledge, the wondrous explorations of science, and the ceaseless investigations of the critics have brought us, and what sweet and natural piety they have made possible to replace a devoutness oftentimes, perhaps, too harsh and artificial. To dissent from false opinions, to send the light of truth through the darkness of old superstitions, to cut up pernicious errors by the roots, to assert intellectual and spiritual freedom, are constantly recurring duties; duties, perhaps, which the liberal body for the last half-century has performed with reasonable fidelity. These are great duties; but never *final obligations.* They are duties which always look beyond themselves. They pull down that they may build up. They dispel darkness that the light may shine. In other words, the object of all destruction of old theology and all construction of new theology is better religion; that men's faith in God may be simpler and truer; that men's relations to God may be wholesome and renovating; and that the power of the higher life may come down to men's appointed lot and create good character and conduct. It may be well to pull down the picturesque ruin, moss-grown, ivy-wreathed, if you build commodious homes where life and joy may be. But if you propose to leave only unsightly heaps of mortar and stone, better let the ruin be. It may touch the imagination. It may feed the sense of beauty. The time comes when you wisely hew down the old forest, and clear up the thickets, and banish all the pleasant wild flowers; that is, if you plant in their place the thick-springing grass and the nourishing grains. If not, better the wild than the waste! It is justifiable to attack the theology, it is our duty to attack the theology, which has grand truths in it as well as errors, which has nourished in its bosom true saints,—if so be the errors stand in the way of yet higher truth. But surely it is our duty also to show a better road to a better sainthood. Nor will I deny, nor do I doubt, that into our own body, and into other religious bodies possibly quite as much, we have brought a sweeter, more reasonable, more healthy, and therefore more thor-

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oughly redeeming type of religion. If so, we have done a good work. We have no more sufficient excuse for being.

One consideration should not be overlooked. In all things of human interest there are two steady requirements. To go on, to improve, to win the most and the best we can; and then to consolidate what we have won. Not to run over the new country, but to hold and improve it. This antithesis of duty is stamped upon our very language. Enterprise and thrift, conquest and government, conception and statement, sight and possession,— these couplets express the divergent quality of true success on all fields. I took down a little while ago the first volume of the old colonial records of Massachusetts. I read there an enactment forbidding any person to leave the towns of Concord, Sudbury, or Dedham without permission of the selectmen. These towns were the frontier settlements of that day. Now there were richer fields, better pastures, broader prairies westward. Yet was it wise, better for the present, better for the future, that our fathers, having advanced three thousand miles across the Atlantic, should stop awhile and lay deep the foundations of prosperous and civilized life, and build up institutions of learning and religion. No doubt the country has grown with a healthier growth, and strengthened with a more abiding strength, that its western frontier thus rested on the banks of the humble Charles and Concord; then paused by the deep flow of the Connecticut; and that population and wealth moved by successive stages to the Genesee Valley, to the Mississippi, to the Rocky Mountains, until to-day civilization builds her cities by the shores of the broad Pacific. It was but following the natural law. For fifty years it is no figure to say that we have been advancing; leaving the old and seeking the new; attacking error, winning truth, proclaiming spiritual freedom,— a work which needed to be done,— a work for which all the future shall bless us. But have we been as wise to administer the truth as courageous to win it? Having removed all toll-gates from the spiritual road, and filled up the pitfalls, and driven away the theological gorgons,

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have we been as earnest and successful in leading souls to walk the purified way?

It does look as though the great duty of the liberal Christian to-day was more thoroughly to possess the land; to plant the seed and garner a harvest of new hope and faith, where lately the thorns of creed and dogma grew. And all this, for a religious body, means more than building new churches or having a more centralized organization; even the getting out of its intellectual convictions a sweeter faith in God, a higher sense of higher duties, and a full-orbed fidelity of life. And that means permitting the best theology to have its proper blossoming and fruitage in the best religion. This is progress as much as the other; only it is up and not out; concentrated and not discursive. It is progress in which we take all the wheat, which we have separated from the tares, on with us. It is the progress, not of an army forced to desolate that it may conquer, but the sure advance of the colonist, bringing all household charities with him, and filling the land with a blessedness and life before unknown. And it is progress which stands not at all in the way of farther intellectual advancement. Only, while we wait for new truth which God shall send, it adds to mental vision spiritual discernment. We but voice our times. I recall the parting words of Mr. Frothingham. Here is one, who, if any, is radical of radicals; who, if any, is free from all chains of old traditions; who all these years has been fighting manfully the battle with what he held to be false opinions and pernicious customs, and seeming to find sufficient joy in standing in the forefront of the army. And what do his words express? If we interpret them rightly, a deep unsatisfied longing for greater moral and spiritual results. The utterance is significant. In all quarters is there not a little weariness with the discussion, and a great craving for the moral and spiritual results of it? A desire more to conform our feelings to our thoughts, our religion to our theology, our formation of Christian character to our Christian convictions? Having bought with great

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divisions new bottles, we look and pray for more of the new wine of the spirit to put into them.

The question naturally arises, What shall be the nature of that religion for which the intellectual changes through which we have passed have prepared us? Well enough the answer might be, "We do not know." No man and no body of men ever with malice aforethought shaped the religion of their times. Scarcely can they prophesy it. To each generation the ever-new way of religion is revealed when, the intellectual difficulties of the hour settled, the old craving for a more real relation with God comes back again. When our religious body shall feel less the pressure of mental doubts, and more the pressure of spiritual needs, the higher way to God will open. So we shall have to watch and pray and wait, as did the early disciples, for the descent of the Holy Ghost.

Still some of the broad features of the incoming religious faith and feeling seem clearly enough visible: there will be a surer faith in God as the one trustworthy being in the universe, all of whose great counsel steadily purposes the highest good and progress of everything which he has made. Some people fear that the wonderful revelations of order, method, sure-working law, in the material world will lead men to dispense with the idea of a God. There may be and probably is a tendency in that direction. But it will have a brief life. The direct and proper tendency of the revelation of order, method, and law is, not to banish from the universe the central wisdom from which order, method, and law do come, but to take out of our conception of that central wisdom all ideas of partiality or fluctuation; to make real to the human soul that singularly clear statement of James, "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." And the practical result will be, that men will come to see that God is the one being to be depended upon, and with cheerful hearts and elastic step will tread the path of duty, and for the rest

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trust. I read the diaries of good men of the past,—men who feared God and wrought righteousness,—and I see how their souls for weary days and months wrestled with doubts and fears as to their acceptance with God; how they seemed, with all their honest purpose and all their steadfast fidelity, to feel themselves to be enveloped by the thick clouds of the divine wrath. What an idea of God must have been at the base of their religion! As having something with which he was better pleased than with an honest intent to obey his law! Sometimes it appears as though some shreds and fragments of the old conception had clung all along to our Unitarianism; as if its early traditions were too much for its present faith; as if it felt God to be kinder far, yet partial, placated by something besides noble purpose and persistent fidelity. One distinct result of the revelation of order and law will be to sweep away all such ideas. The new religion, looking Godward, will declare that God is the trustworthy one; that his rule is just and steady; that we shall be trusted citizens in his kingdom just to the degree that we are loyal and law abiding. Everywhere it will bring back Christianity to its old ideals, and teach the world to see again that Jesus was here, not to relieve us from the necessity of obeying the law, but to put into our hearts a divine patriotism by which it will be our joy to do it.

This same revelation of order and law, looking manward, will demand that *human piety* too shall be *trustworthy*, taking up all life and all its interests into its guidance. Much of the piety of the past has been even in conception hardly more than a spiritual spasm, a phenomenal experience. The extreme result of this conception of piety is strikingly depicted in that fanatic Puritan soldier in Scott's *Woodstock*, who, having become a saint, was delivered from ordinances, prohibitions, commands, restraints, and could enjoy pleasures which to the unprivileged were sinful. The extreme! But only the extreme. Many a man has seemed religious whose religion has been vain; not because he was a hypocrite, but because his conception of

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religion was something narrower than an all-pervasive piety. Most of the thought in the past, no little of the thought, as it seems to me, in our own ranks, has found essential religion in the solemn experience with which good life may begin, or in the other-world moods which come occasionally into the busiest heart, rather than in the steady glow of devotion by which ALL that life is lighted on its upward way. Mark the change that has come or is coming; coming not only into our little section of the Christian Church, but coming everywhere. In the near future, religion is to be the full spiritual history of a life, and not an episode in it. It will be the sweet perfume which exhales from every part of it, the bright heavenly hue which makes all of it beautiful, the divine order which shall shape all of it to the noblest ends. Any conception of devout life less inclusive will not meet the requirement of that religion which is to be,—which even now is knocking at the door of every sect.

And the new religion will value works, not less but more. As we shall see God more and more through his wise, beneficent, orderly working in the universe, we shall see more clearly too that the strong nexus binding us to God must be, that man works as God works, according to the divine patterns, to achieve divine ends; that in its little space the human life is a purifying and invigorating influence as in this great universe God's life is. It used often to be said of Unitarians, as though it involved a terrible stigma, "that they exalted mere morality." And often they appeared to feel called upon to apologize, and to make desperate efforts to remand poor, earnest, faithful works to the back seats in our synagogue. The time has passed when that can happen. The best, perhaps, that we know about God, the best certainly which is written on the leaves of the great book of nature, is that he works with a silent fidelity, with an unspeaking beneficence, with a mute loyalty to the wise and helpful law which he has framed. And in the book of life no names shall be inscribed in brighter characters than of those who on earth work with silent

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fidelity, with unspeaking beneficence, with mute loyalty, to make themselves truer and the world happier.

It does not seem, therefore, that the new theology or the new science is to change much the conception of religion which was prophetically in early Unitarianism. Many of the externals of religion may alter. There may be new interpretations both of the Old and New Testaments. Some doctrinal strongholds may be abandoned. Some of the titles of Jesus may pass away. But the way to God will be the same of which the seers of our faith caught glimpses amid the smoke of the theological battle. More emphatically in the future, and not less so, will God's wise and unchanging love be affirmed, and that it extends to all and not to a few of his children. More widely will it be believed that true holiness of heart and life, and true obedience to the laws of being, are salvation. What is happening is, that we are getting more consistent possession of our own religious ideals; that we are clearing away from our mountain of holiness the old errors and superstitions which still cling to it, as last year's snow-wreaths clung beneath a June sun to the slopes of the White Hills; that we are feeling our need of a religion which shall accord with our intellectual convictions, which shall offer no violence to conscience, and which at the same time shall bring us into a close walk with God, and enable us to furnish a new and better way Godward to the souls to whom the old avenues are closed. To get this new religion, devout as well as rational, earnest as well as humane, both free and Christian, is to get more power to do good in a world full of doubts, and yet not content with doubting, than the fullest treasury and the compactest organization could give us.

I hold it to be a good omen, that our religious body, while it will not sacrifice one jot of its dearly-bought charter of spiritual freedom, while in the future as in the past it will look with unveiled eye at the truth, is learning that other lesson, that freedom and truth itself are but ways to life. For what the world craves, and to the end will crave, is not

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simply intellectual statements, however grand and reasonable, but truth which ultimates in better religion, in more satisfying, more ennobling, and more loyal relations to the great source of being. Forever the soul of man strives to find its way out of isolation, and out of its burden, and out of its sins up to God. Religion it *will have.* The only practical question is, whether that religion shall come as to those in bonds or free, whether it shall be darkened by error or irradiated by the truth. The responsibility for the answer which shall be made to that question rests largely with us of the Liberal Church, here and elsewhere.

G. REYNOLDS.

JOHN ELIOT.

Our Puritan ancestors were a peculiar people. They had the simplicity of character, the industrious habits, and the spirit of enterprise so common in their descendants, and they had, too, that best type of the Christian character,— a clear and decided conviction of what the Scriptures teach, and a determination to be guided by that conviction, whatever the effort might cost.

In this progressive age we may dissent from some of their interpretations, but we must honor them for their unflinching defence of what they conscientiously believed to be true. They were practical Christians. It was in the practical that they showed their truest quality.

Prominent among those whose religious zeal and want of sympathy with the Church of England induced them to leave the mother country for our then cheerless land was John Eliot, a name not easily forgotten by those who appreciate Christian heroism and the heartiest philanthropy. He is familiarly known to us as the apostle to the Indians; and surely since the days of Paul a nobler, truer, and warmer spirit than his never lived. He had the vigor of character, fidelity to duty, and high religious faith which belonged to the Puritans. He had, too, a gentleness of temper and charity of feeling which were not always among their characteristics.

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We propose to sketch briefly the life of this remarkabl. man.* The best authorities say he was born in Nasing,Enge, in 1604, and educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he received his bachelor's degree in 1623. He then displayed a taste for philology which must have had some influence in stimulating the zeal so apparent afterwards in acquiring the language of the Indians.

After leaving the university he was employed as an usher in the school near Chelmsford, under Rev. Thomas Hooker. In the family of this estimable man he received those serious impressions which guided him so happily to the Christian ministry for his professional life.

As there was no field for Non-conformist ministers in England, where persecution threatened them on every side, he came to America, arriving there Nov. 3, 1631. After officiating a year at the First Church in Boston, he was appointed a teacher of the First Church in Roxbury as colleague with Mr. Welde, who appears to have been settled there a few months before. During his long and faithful parochial ministry, he became deeply interested in the moral condition of the Indian tribes of the neighborhood, his interest being inspired perhaps by a belief that they were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. He visited them often, and taught them the facts and principles of the Christian faith. He knew there was a religious element in their characters, wild perhaps, or faintly developed, which needed only a right cultivation for its expansion into true Christianity.

To make his missionary labors among them successful it was necesssary for him to learn the Indian language, the difficulty of which few can appreciate. Cotton Mather gives a graphic description of this: —

"Behold," says he, "new difficulties to be surmounted by our indefatigable Eliot! He hires a native to teach him this exotic language, and with laborious skill and care reduces it into a grammar which he afterwards published.

*To those who prefer a more extended account we recommend the interesting biography by the late Convers Francis, D.D., published in 1836.

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There is a letter or two in our language which the Indians never had in theirs. But if their alphabet be short, I am sure the words of it are long enough to tire the patience of any scholar in the world. One would think that they had been growing ever since Babel unto the dimensions to which they are now extended. For instance, if my reader will count how many letters there are in this one word,—Nummatchekodtantamesungamennonash,—when he has done, for his reward I'll tell him it signifies no more than 'our lusts'; and if I must translate 'our loves,' it must be nothing shorter than Noowomantainmoonkamnonnash. But I pray, sir, count the letters. I know not what thoughts it will produce in my reader when I inform him that once finding that the demons in a possessed young woman understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, my curiosity led me to make trial of this Indian language, and the demons did seem as if they did not understand it."

In 1651 the town of Natick, or "Place of Hills," was founded by the Christian Indians, mainly through the instrumentality of Eliot. In 1673 there were six churches of Indians gathered there and in the neighboring settlements, all furnished with officers, "saving," says Eliot, "the church at Natick; and in modesty they stand off, because so long as I live they say there is no need: but we propose (God willing) not always to rest in this answer."

His style of preaching was plain and direct, his delivery graceful and pleasing. When compelled to use reproof and warnings against prevailing sins, his voice would rise into a warmth of startling significance. In every sermon the name of Christ was uttered with a frequency like that with which Paul used it in his epistles.

"His manner was," says Gookin, "first to begin with prayer, and then to preach briefly upon a suitable portion of Scripture; afterwards to permit the Indians to propound questions; and divers of them had a faculty to frame hard and difficult questions, touching something then spoken, or some other matter of religion, tending to their illumination."

His first discourse was from Ezekiel xxxvii., 9. He

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described the character of Christ; told them in what manner he appeared on earth, and that he would again come to judgment, when the wicked should be punished and the good rewarded. He spoke of the creation and fall of man; then urged them to repent, to pray to God, and own Christ as their Saviour. Among the puzzling questions asked after he had finished was this: "Whether if the child be good and the parent naught, God will be offended with the child; because God said in the second commandment that he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children?" etc. The influence of Eliot upon this simple-hearted class of men soon became very great. It is true that he often encountered opposition, chiefly from the sachems; these did all they could to obstruct the work, for they feared a loss of power and influence if the men had any other law to govern them than the authority in their hands. They threatened him with every evil if he made any more conversions. But he told them, "I am about the work of the great God, and he is with me, so that I fear not all the sachems in the country."

One great object in his intercourse with the Indians was to bring them into the use of schools and books. This he accomplished so successfully that they quickly learned to read and write. Some of them even went to college and received its graduating honors.

As for books, it was the earnest desire of Eliot that the Scriptures in an unknown tongue might not be hidden from them. To prevent this he undertook and successfully accomplished the arduous task of translating the Bible into the Indian language; and this was done not in the flush of youth, but under the constant burden of his duties as minister and preacher, and at a time of life when the spirits begin to flag.

Besides the object Eliot had in mind when he commenced this extraordinary enterprise, another which probably he never thought of was accomplished, of great interest to scholars. The translation and the Indian grammar accompanying it, also written by him, have furnished important

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aid in the study of comparative philology, with much valuable information on the structure and character of unwritten dialects of barbarous nations,—a subject now attracting attention among the learned men of our time.

The more we read of John Eliot, the more we admire the good sense he showed in his proceedings with the Indian tribes. He devised the only rational mode of Christianizing such a class. He gathered them into communities and made them feel the blessings of civilized life, while he was preaching the leading and simplest doctrines of Christianity. He endeavored patiently to remove the prejudices of the Indians, to soften their rudeness, and gradually to impress upon their characters the mild spirit of Christian love.

In the children he manifested the deepest interest, not only in their relation to the Church, but also in providing for them the best common-school education which could be had. The "Grammar school in the easterly part of Roxbury," now known as the "Roxbury Latin School," and which is second to no institution of the kind in this country, owes its existence mainly to him. "God so blessed his endeavors," says Cotton Mather, "that Roxbury could not live without a free school in the town; and the issue of it has been one thing which has almost made me put the title of *schola illustris* upon that little nursery,—that is, that Roxbury has afforded more scholars, first for the college and then for the public, than any town of its bigness, or, if I mistake not, of twice its bigness, in all New England. From the spring of the school at Roxbury there have run a large number of the streams which have made glad this whole city of God."

His efforts in the cause of education were not confined to this school. In 1689, the year previous to his death, he conveyed an estate of about seventy-five acres of land to certain persons and their heirs for "the maintenance, support, and encouragement of a school and school-master at that part of Roxbury commonly called Jamaica, or the Pond Plains, for the teaching and instructing of the children of that end of the town (together with such Indians and negroes as shall or may come to the school), and to no other

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use, intent, or purpose whatsoever." This is the origin of the "Eliot School Fund."

In the common affairs of life, in his dealings with his fellow-men, he was a model of practical Christianity. In his home there was always happiness. His wife was an excellent economist, and by her prudent management enabled him to be generous and hospitable. As an evidence of her thrift and judicious management, it is said that he was able, with a small salary, to educate four sons at Cambridge, all of whom became successful ministers.

Like many other eminent men, Eliot had his peculiarities, or weaknesses, as we may perhaps call them. Take, for example, his extraordinary prejudice against wearing wigs. He preached against it, he prayed against it; he thought all the calamities of the country, even Indian wars, might be traced to this absurd fashion. Equally strong was his prejudice against the use of tobacco. "In contempt of all his admonition," says Allen, "the head would be adorned with curls of foreign growth, and the pipe would send up volumes of smoke."

In the old Roxbury burial-ground there is a tomb belonging to the First Church. It has a simple monument upon it with this inscription: "Here lie the remains of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. Ordained over the First Church, Nov. 5, 1632. Died Nov. 20, 1690. Aged LXXXVI."

Here, then, within a few rods of the church of his early ministry and of the school he loved and labored so earnestly to found are the remains of this venerated man.

The citizens of Roxbury have erected no marble monument to his memory. He needs none, for all who are acquainted with the early history of the "Roxbury Latin School," its humble origin and present eminence, will feel assured that the name of John Eliot will ever be kept in honored remembrance by his posterity.

CHARLES K. DILLAWAY.

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MAN'S COMPOUND NATURE.

It seems at present impossible to define the nature of the connection that exists between mind and body. That mind is connected in a mysterious manner with our organization, none can disbelieve; but we ask, and ask in vain, modern physiologists to explain the connection. Prof. Tyndall says that "we soar into a vacuum," if we attempt to do so. Science cannot solve this problem. Philosophy cannot discover the secret. Religion cannot propound the riddle. It is outside the capability of demonstration. We only know that such a connection exists through the agency of consciousness. We feel that in us mind and matter unite without blending,—that they are joined, but not interwoven. The precise point of contact we do not know. We are equally ignorant of the elements or essences (whichever they may be) constituting and perpetuating the union. The result is, that some men deny the distinctions generally accepted between mind and matter, and regard mind, and assert it to be, simply refined, etherealized matter.

To my own satisfaction, Nature enters a distinct protest against this idea, and emphatically disavows it. We have some knowledge of rarefied matter; it does not quite elude our observation and analysis. There is the thin, transparent air, of whose countless multitude of material particles, dancing about as the motes do in the sunbeam, and mingling harmoniously together in extended space, we can take notes. There are the gases of the atmosphere, whose wonderful operations and fabricating energies we can bring within the reach of human examination and scrutiny. There is light, with its various degrees of intensity, draping the world in beauty, whose glory is not so dazzling as to blind us to its composition, and whose speed is not so swift as to outrun our pursuing steps. There is electricity, with its inconceivable rapidity and tremendous destructiveness, but we can bridle and tame it, and harness it for beneficent service. There is the aroma of flowers and vegetation,

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softly circulating sweetness and fragrance through the air. These *all* are different forms of matter, some of them the most subtle, the most impalpable, the most spiritual, we know. Yet none of these things perform the functions characteristic of mind. None of them possess the faculties attributed to mind. They do not think, reason, feel, love, hate, remember. We may present to them the questions that perplex us, but they return no answers. They unravel none of the mysteries of being, solve none of the difficult problems in reference to man, and God, and eternity. They leave us upon the boundaries of the dark, solemn, awful, eternal, without one ray or even glint of light, — without one word of instruction, one throb or thrill of intuition or inspiration. We may call in agony across the sublime void, but the call dies away in empty echo. Had they intelligence, consciousness, we could speak with them somewhat concerning themselves; but they are dumb, because they are deaf, to our questionings. Even reflection and refraction, the recoil of the sunshine from a brilliant surface, the beautiful, intangible bow in the clouds, the most ethereal matter we can have a conception of, has not revealed to us its possession of anything even remotely analogous to the faculties and functions of what we call mind. An impassable gulf — an entire incapability of mutual association — separates man from all the delicate essences of material things. No one of them can intelligibly hold intercourse with man. There seems to exist no community of nature, of thought, of will, and of love — the characteristics of man — between these delicate essences and man himself.

Our own consciousness seems to testify, emphatically, of the combination of various phases of existence in our nature, and we have diversified operations as the result. We feel that by death there is something removed unknown to, unrecognized by, any one of our senses; something we can neither see, smell, taste, hear, nor touch. But the departure of this something leaves the body entire. Examine a frame just become lifeless. The mechanism is

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perfect. Not one part of this fine machine is wanting. Every one of the constituents of the human system, from the bones that form the foundation, through all the varied economies, to the brain with its convolutions that have responded to movements of the mind, to the senses that have been the mind's ministers, informing it of all that has been necessary either for its pleasure or its use, to the heart that has preserved all the complicated machinery in constant operation,—*all* are there, entire. Physiology may gaze and search in every organ, but it fails to detect a material palpable loss when the bodily form alone remains. Each part is there, still placed in exquisite adaptation to every other. The whole is there, still in matchless, inimitable perfection; but the eye returns no glance of affection, brightens with no lustre, flashes with no living fire: it is cold, fixed, glassy; from the tongue there come no longer stealing over you tones like a sweet beguiling melody; the lips, still exquisite in formation, utter no response of love and speak no emotion of the soul; the face, perfect in its symmetry, warms with no mantling blush. Apply your electricity: it will mock you, for it will fail to reanimate that form and add to the number of its days. The matter of man's nature is as complete, as elaborate, as it was an hour ago before something left it a dead, inactive, powerless mass. But man himself is gone, and to endow that form again with the one thing it lacks—with life, life glorious with thought and love—is beyond the compass of the highest human skill.

True, there is a connection, as well as distinction, between body and soul, matter and mind. We are *composite* beings: not merely an elementary order of creation. We cannot assert ourselves as simple or uncompounded entities. We have united in us the angel and the animal, the earthly and the heavenly. We are constituted of matter, under an especial formation, and of mind, or what, for the sake of being understood, we term mind. But while so constituted, each of these divisions of our nature maintains its own distinctive characteristics and performs its own dis-

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tinctive specific functions. Neither can do the work of the other; and neither, as far as we know, can beneficially operate without the other. A transposition of functions and operations is quite impossible. The visible material Nature cannot think, reason, nor will. These are not its works. We have never heard of it performing these works. We have never felt it perform them. That it does so perform them, has never been known in the realm of science, nor in the more truly verifying kingdom of our own consciousness. It is not thrilled with joy, distressed with sorrow, sweetened and calmed with love, embittered and stormed with hatred. Whatever may move us while we live here, fails to arouse and charm when only the frame is left. At most, the material nature in some of the delicate portions of its composition is but the vehicle of emotion to the realizing, verifying something within,— that which is called mind.

On the other hand, the mind has its alloted sphere of toil. It cannot perform physical actions. It cannot wield the mechanic's hammer, nor guide the artist's pencil, nor grasp the author's pen, nor vocalize the orator's eloquence. It can conceive and plan the work to be executed, the picture to be painted, the song to be sung, the thought to be written; but it cannot do the work, nor paint the picture, nor sing the song, nor speak the thought. There are limits to the larger circle of mental capacity, as to the smaller circle of physical capacity.

But while these facts compel us to admit two things,— first, that the material nature cannot fulfil its functions without the vivifying movement of an inward power, the mind; second, that the mind cannot fulfil *its* functions without the agency of material organs,— they also show that body and mind are totally dissimilar in their characteristics, and so warrant the conclusion that things which are unlike in their properties are unlike in their nature.

The physical nature depends upon material sustenance. It cannot be fed and strengthened by the melodies of the poet or the glowing words of the orator. Philosophies will not nourish it. Only the palpable bread of earth, and all

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that bread symbolizes, can keep the clay walls from tumbling completely down. In vain we strive to build up muscle, and bone, and sinew with contemplation and enthralling thought. But observe the mind. It cannot satisfy its hunger and thirst with material food. It has often thrust itself upward — bravely, triumphantly upward — from the hut of gnawing hunger and want. It drinks in the songs of the birds, and the tones of the winds enrich it with joyous health. The dawn is to it a daily feast. It revels in the azure of the sky, and its fires are kindled by the light in which the planets roll. The daisies in the meadow are luxuries to it. It glories in the majesty of ocean. For it there is a daily banquet in the smiles of little children, in the laughter and buoyancy of gambolsome youth, in the heroic deeds and endurance of manhood, in the expectant tranquility and calm waiting for the morning of fading age. It is nourished by the events of history; enlarged, ennobled, by the truths of science; inspired by the beauties of art; crowned and glorified by the commanding sentiments of religion. Living, as they do, on different elements, are body and mind identical in essence?

Again: the material nature, instead of being that permanent thing we imagine it to be, is, in truth, full of changes, unstable, and passing through constant variations. Decay and renovation, life and death, are working in it perpetual alterations. Change, increase, and decomposition are ever going forward in it. Our bodies are daily parting with their identity. My present physical frame is altogether a new thing compared with what I called my body in childhood. Were matter and mind one, I should, therefore, have long ago ceased to be that individual whom I call *Self*. But I am conscious of an unchangeable personal identity. I have a certainty which nothing can shake that I am the same individual I have ever been. There is no moment, from my earliest consciousness, in which I did not feel myself a simple, uncompounded spirit, the same amid all outward changes. Since, then, I feel myself to be the same being I have ever been, the distinction of my body

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from my mind or Self is certain. That conviction is never lost, and never falters so long as reason remains. The Mind enjoys the high prerogative of immutability. It is in the image of Him who created it, of that Being "with whom is no variableness and shadow of turning." Can we, then, regard its interests with distrust, and as of a doubtful character? Are they, in this view of them, entitled to less confidence than the qualities and operations of matter, "which waxeth old, and is folded as a garment, and is changed"?

The material nature is divisible: the mind is indivisible. Matter can be extended. It can be made long or short. It has height and depth, length and breadth. It has parts,—a right side, a left side, an upper part, a lower part. It assumes color, exhales flavor, emits odor. It can be touched, tasted, and handled. But mind cannot be conceived of in this way. It is an indivisible principle; it is one and entire. I know that Professor Bain declares that this distinction between the divisibility of matter and the indivisibility of mind is blown to tatters like a cobweb by the materialists. In his book, *Mind and Body*, he says: "A lump of brass is divisible; but make it into a watch, and you can no longer split it into two without destroying it as a watch. You can no more cut a man's brain into two working brains than you can bisect his intelligence." A more complete misapprehension of an important argument I never saw. The argument, of course, is, that matter, as such, can be divided as often as you please, but that you cannot even conceive mind as divided. My body may be divided into fifty pieces, but I cannot conceive myself—that is, my mind—cut into two halves. You divide a watch. True; but is a watch representative of matter, as such? And is there not something *indivisible* in the watch? To be sure there is; namely, *what the watch has from the mind.* The watch has an idea in it. This idea gives it a unity. This idea is a birth of the mind, and, as derived from the mind, is indivisible. You can divide the *matter* of the watch, but

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you cannot divide the *idea* of the watch, which is, so to speak, the soul of the watch. The ancient argument of the indivisibility of the mind remains, therefore, valid, and the arrow of the materialists glances aside and penetrates their own armor.

Consider, again, that the material nature is marked by an inability to change its sphere. We cannot transport it into another world. We are earth-bound. There is a gravity which keeps it here. We cannot walk the atmosphere, nor wing our way across the world. Out, beneath the stars of the midnight, we may long for a dwelling in some distant sphere, the glory of whose life streams down to us from the orbit where it revolves millions of miles away; but we long in vain. We cannot tread the glowing bands of Orion, nor walk the glimmering path of the milky way. Here we are chained, and have no wings to fly, in the body, away. Very dissimilar is the Mind. It removes its observation to any sphere of the universe, to any point of time. It is at home in Venus and amongst the satellites of Saturn. It wings its way through the depths of space to discover new worlds in the limitless immensity. It is swifter than light, and grows familiar with creation. It catalogues and names God's remote, as near, works. To it nothing is far off. Sirius is as near to it as Mars. The prehistoric earth is before its vision as clear and luminous as the newspaper annals of yesterday. It talks with the child which only lisps; it speaks with the sages of old Greece; it converses with the men of pre-prophetic times. Sir Walter Scott sits in his study at Abbotsford, but his memory and imagination are unconfined, busy with the scenes and adventures and blazonry of the past, reanimating them, and weaving them into the present. Milton, advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, is within a little room, now in London, and now at Chalfont; but his mind roams unrestrained over the vast fields of the classic ages, and his imperial fancy knows no bounds. Sir Walter Raleigh is imprisoned in the Tower of London, but his mind cannot be chained there: it travels the ancient

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kingdoms of the East, and calls them up to life from the depths of ages, and it visits the empires of Greece and Rome.

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and free do take
> That for a heritage.
> If I have freedom in my love,
> And in myself am free,
> Angels alone that soar above
> Enjoy such liberty."

Reflect farther: The *direct* action of the material nature is upon material things alone, contributing to our comfort and luxury in mechanics, under their very multifarious forms. The frame, the physical being, can dig and smelt the ore, quarry and carve the stone, fell and fashion the timber, weave the fabric in the loom, build the house and fill it with all the luxurious commodities of this, outwardly, civilized age. But with what is material, tangible, its functions begin and end. But Mind imagines a universe, based upon the visible and known. It creates a world, out of all that is most beautiful in the real, and idealizes it until the ideal becomes the real and the invisible is the seen. Wonderful is its power of vision as it exercises its faculties in discovering the essences, properties, and utilities of things. It is impossible to state its achievements in this direction. It is not within the compass of language to declare, nor within the reach of thought to conceive, what it can accomplish. Who can set a limit to its power? Who can measure its bounds? Who can discern the wall of circumference on which is written, "Thus far, but no farther?" Who can even adequately translate its registered triumphs into words? It has covered the barren desert and the waste howling wilderness with grand cities. It has converted the barren wild and the unmeasured prairie into fields of rich fruit and golden grain. It has scooped out a highway in the mountains, and ribbed the earth with railways. It has annihilated space and time by the electric telegraph, and bound peoples and nations together in commercial and intellectual

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intercourse. It has turned the earth round like a toy, and examines it on every side. It has cut open leaves of rock, and read the history of physical life from the beginning. It has pierced the everlasting hills, and discovered the forms of creatures who peopled the world long before man had his dwelling here. It explores the regions of space, tracks the orbs in their circuits, examines and analyzes the chemistry of solar fire. It instructs and blesses us with intelligence from the illuminated sky, from the water-belted earth, from the abysmal ocean. It has tamed the mightiest power in Nature, steam, to do its bidding. It unrolls the bands of the light; it puts the air in balances and weighs it; it sits as a charioteer upon the wings of the wind; it makes the sea its beast of burden; it employs the sun as its artist; it compels the swift-winged lightning to be its messenger. And still it reaches upward and delves downward. Still it yearns, longs, aspires. Still it cries, "More light!" Where is the boundary of its power? Where, in what region of the universe, is the spot where it will hear the command "halt!" Looking upon these few of its achievements, which are the strength and inspiration of further victories, can we believe that it is from matter, however fine, that this grand and daily extending dominion over matter has its rise? And, further still, is it matter which has made man a conscious and rational being, capable of knowledge, though it itself knows nothing? Is it matter which has made man capable of generosity, affection, courage, ideality, faith, and hope, though it is itself incapable of even understanding these sentiments? Is it matter, bound fast by natural laws, and acting only by mechanical and chemical necessity, which has made man free? — matter, incapable of virtue or vice, which has made man capable of both? Is the law, that the greater produces the less, true of every created thing except the highest, man's mind? And, in the instance of that crowning product of Nature, let us say, is it true that the law, everywhere else invariable, has been reversed, and that in this case the less has produced the greater? Is the law of cause and effect here turned completely upside down, and

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the smaller (matter) become the maker of the greater (mind)? Is it from a little gray pulp in the brain there have come the intellect which can mete out the heavens with a span, and comprehend the dust of the earth in a measure, and weigh the mountains in scales; the patriotism with which young men leave the luxury of life and go to die in the cause of their country, "stormed at by shot and shell," amid the rage and curses of foes; the ardor with which Socrates pursued truth and beauty, and the wisdom with which he taught the grandeur and immortality of the soul; the genius which Angelo has displayed at St. Peter's, with which Raphael has inspired the world with immortal pictures, with which Handel, Mendelssohn, and Mozart have filled Europe with divine melody, with which Milton has sung of his conceptions of the ways of God in sublime strains, with which Shakespeare has interpreted man in "warbles of native wood-notes wild"? Have all these capacities had their birth merely in the movement of fibres of the brain? The swift and certain answer of the mind itself is found in the grandly simple, old-fashioned, but none the less true because old-fashioned, words of the book of Job, "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

More wonderful than all: Mind has searched into and analyzed itself; discovered the laws of its own operations, the nature and modes of its own thought. It has discovered means for its own guidance, and given maxims for its own welfare. It only has a personal consciousness,—it recognizes itself. It certifies its own existence; and if that is an illusion, what then is real?

Once more: The material nature decays. Like all matter, the visible dissolves. We cannot break the wand and destroy the power of death. No mailed and skilful hand can intercept the last shaft from the unseen archer's bow, and dexterously turn it aside from the current of life. It was but a dream of the writer of Genesis,—that Garden of Eden, with its tree of life, and the anxiety and fear of the Almighty lest man should eat of the fruit and live forever.

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Man was made mortal. His digestive organization asserts his mortality. No sin, no death, is a beautiful dream; but it fades with light and morning, fuller knowledge and clearer vision of truth. All that is physical must be changed, or transmuted, or, in popular unscientific speech, must *die*.

Does the mind dissolve or die? We may neglect its native powers, and so wither and shrivel them; but it does not thus cease to be. It does not change and transmute into something lower than, and unlike, itself. Its progress from the past to the present, so marked by the memorial stones of civilization and of knowledge, is the hint and prophecy of broader and higher growth. The incomplete state of its education is, also, an indication of its coming advancement. It has a thousand ideals and a thousand recognitions of possibilities which it cannot realize nor fulfil in this world. There is no mind with any great breadth in it that does not feel there is much more in it than it can bring out on earth; like a bird caught in a thicket, with the whole heaven above it toward which it vainly yearns and attempts to fly. The wisest men feel that they know nothing compared with what they are capable of knowing. When they have mastered the contents of the globe, catalogued the stars, deciphered the system of the universe, and heard the name of its Infinite Author, they have only read the picture-lessons of their nursery, and learned to lisp the name of their Parent. No philosopher, no scholar, no inspired poet, no man of any considerable understanding, ever lived who did not feel in the end that he had opened the faculties of his mind but a little way,—that he had not developed their full power. The body grows to its full stature; but no man has ever yet persuaded himself that he has reached his loftiest mental stature, or the plenitude of moral strength and beauty of which he is capable. Just when the capacities of the most laborious and aspiring are sufficiently unfolded to indicate the unfathomable wealth of his endowments, he dies, with immense and unmeasured resources within him undeveloped, and without him unappropriated. If it be true that the body is the scaf-

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folding and the mind the temple erected within it, we behold this strange anomaly: a mere framework made so perfect that it could gain nothing were it preserved to the fabulous age of the patriarchs, while the temple within is destroyed unfinished. Is the City of God built of piles never to be completed? If it be so, man is only a brilliant and elaborate falsehood; and as the human race advances, when one passing specimen vanishes away it is only to make room for still more splendid and imposing frailties. The largest mind is an edifice sublime only in outline; and if death annihilates it, some Stupendous Power must have begun to build and is not able to finish!

No. The Mind is the divine in man, the image of God; and, like Him, lives forever, to advance in knowledge and love. How live? Where live? No man has yet told us. In what relationship to a physical structure, no man knows. Will it again be united to some conditional materialism? What will be the condition? How will a material frame be sustained? And will it be endowed with freedom from corruption—immortality? If again allied to the physical, will it be localized? To these questions no answer comes. But, seeing that we are allied by spiritual constitution to God; that we have a real though invisible mental nature; that all the works of God are educators of that nature; that the progress of that nature is, apparently, limitless, unconfined, let us give ourselves to the education it demands. He who advances farthest in culture now, will be best prepared for the activities, whatever they may be, of the future life. Each one of us is now making his own future, and he who most fully calls out and exercises his mind here, is best prepared for a full and noble work hereafter.

Give to the body its due and needful care. To neglect the life and health, is to neglect the essential associates of mental and moral soundness. With them morality is vitally connected, and their purity, strength, and vigor are sacred duties. But as a body in perfect health may accompany sometimes an empty and sometimes a corrupt mind, let us take heed, daily heed, to the mind; be careful of the

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thoughts it harbors, the feelings it cherishes, the motive-forces of its activities. Mysteriously elastic is the mind. It can shrink almost to a point, and expand almost to the capacity of infinitude. It will thus shrink or expand, contract or grow, as we neglect or nourish it. Give all its faculties sway and swing. Repress not any of its aspirations. Its mercifulness, its sense of righteousness, its desire for devotion, its native love of and hunger for perfect purity, nobleness, divineness,— let us not for a moment weigh down. Remembering that chains and bondage cramp and hinder its growth, we will loose it from all conscious fetters riveted on it by custom and prejudice. We will let the winds of God's truth, the breath of a divine life, play upon it. We will not prevent its direct intercourse with the Father, the All-Mind of the universe. Wherever it finds the Father, there it shall worship unrestrained. Only so can it increase in strength, in beauty, in truth. Only so can it grow to be one with Him who has made it like Himself,— to know, to love, to serve Him, in the feebleness of its childhood here, in the fulness and maturity of its eternal manhood hereafter.

S. Fletcher Williams.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

IMITATING ABRAHAM.

In the postscript to a letter written to the *Christian Union*, the poet Whittier says, "The horrible child-murder in Pocasset shows the danger of Bibliolatry. It is only an attempt to imitate Abraham."

We have already called attention to the numerous interpretations by which the event cited by Mr. Whittier has been made to do duty in the service of various creeds and creedless theorists. The dogmatic use of a fact so isolated and abnormal is not without its perils, and we think that Mr. Whittier has not escaped them in using it to illustrate the danger of reliance upon the letter instead of trusting "the light given *immediately* by the Holy Spirit." We are perhaps as far from Bibliolatry as Mr. Whittier can be; but we fail to see how Freeman's crazy act illustrates the superior safety of the "inner light." He doubtless was attempting to imitate Abraham; doubtless, too, a mistaken estimate of the sanctity of Abraham's act suggested the test by which he expected to prove his claim to special illumination. But surely he did not find anything in the "letter" requiring or authorizing him to imitate Abraham's attempted deed. "Bibliolatry" might have suggested to him to seek in the Book for the express command; and he might have found high authority for the injunction, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

The whole history of the affair shows that it originated in no exclusive reverence for the dim light "which comes to us through the medium of human writers in an obsolete tongue," but in the conceit of a special mission to fulfil and continue that ancient revelation, and the absurd assurance of a private infallible "light" adequate to interpret and supplement the light that the world has recognized,—even to the extent of setting at naught the most sacred instincts of human nature. Freeman and his companions belong to a knot of enthusiasts who expressly disown allegiance to historic methods of interpretation, and claim to have and herald a new dispensation of divine power. They are literalists, doubtless; but literalists possessed with the conceit of a special and immediate knowledge of the purposes and will of God. They

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illustrate a tendency which belongs, not to literalism only, but to all fanaticism and ignorant presumption of personal infallibility in religion. It is a peril which, as we have before pointed out, largely besets our age; and we find numerous instances of it, as absurd — yes, and fully as lamentable, if not so tragic — as that already cited. The fantastic claim of personal superiority to recognized standards of duty, the conceit of individual adequacy for life without the accustomed reverences and restraints that voice the universal instinct of men for conscience and religion, are quite as disastrous as the private interpretation of ancient prophecy or annals,— and much more widely perilous.

We cannot think, then, that the illustration is in point when Mr. Whittier uses the Pocasset tragedy to urge the perils of the letter of Scripture as opposed to the superior safety of following the immediate monition of the light within. The letter and the light alike avail little when presumptuous ignorance takes the place of lowly self-distrust, reverent regard of all sources of divine knowledge, and the loyal doing of common duty. The present immanence of God in the individual soul, no less than his immanence in history, needs the interpretation of experience and universal reason. Freeman says that he waited with terrible solicitude for the voice of an angel to stay his hand. Had he imitated Abraham more thoroughly, he would have recognized the Voice in the affection that drew him back, rather than in the conceit of a divine mission that urged him on.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

In the death of Mr. Garrison we have lately witnessed the close of a singularly fortunate and successful life. It had not only the dignity of a grand moral purpose consistently and heroically pursued; it was not only, by the witness of his intimate friends, unusually serene and joyous in its private relations and its inward spirit; not only did it command the enthusiastic homage of successive generations of disciples and coworkers and the final respect even of opponents: but it was singular in the completeness with which its ends were actualized and its great aspiration seconded and satisfied by events. Seldom has the advocate of so great a revolution in the social institutions of a nation ever beheld with his own eyes that revolution carried out; seldom has ever so lonely a champion of so grand a moral and political reform lived to behold his daring hope the accomplished and

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approved fact of history, the most applauded result of the most arduous undertaking of his country and his age.

This happened, of course, because the evil Mr. Garrison gave himself to destroy was so utter an anachronism in our civilization, and because the conscience of those who opposed his methods, and even of those who attempted to stifle his utterance, implicitly approved his ends; and because his moral instinct had so exactly divined the logic of events.

Beyond the high place which history must award to Mr. Garrison, it is good to note the real dignity and the high satisfactions of a life so heroically devoted to a generous and humane cause. In his method history may not justify him; we do not think it will: but in his purpose, in his loyalty to his clear perception that slavery was inhuman and infinitely perilous to the life of the nation, in his courage, his concentration of energy, his persistence, the devotion of his life to arouse the slumbering conscience of the country,— in all these things the conscience, the judgment, the moral admiration of the world, no less than the event, have justified him; and in their hearts multitudes have sworn new fealty to difficult duty in the sight of his heroic faith and service of a great moral cause.

And if we wished to show any young man the way of truly successful life, we would point to this, and counsel him, as he would attain real success, or as he would live for the service of his kind, or for their large gratitude and honor, to take pattern from the courage, the heroic pursuance of the work judged most pressing and most sacred, the human heart inspiring the laborious brain and the diligent hand, the high service of God and humanity, which found such worthy illustration in the life of William Lloyd Garrison. And we would urge the young man to find some noble cause,— the most difficult if the highest of all pressing work for society and civilization,— and give himself to it with the same high devotedness; to study, and sacrifice if need be, and spend and be spent for it till it should be solved and done. It is the secret of fortune in the highest and everlasting sense, which the age gropes and faints to find out.

Such generous purpose and brave endeavor is, too, the secret of the faith which the age lacks, as of the true dignity and joy of life which it so largely misses. The best cure of religious doubt, as its best palliative while it lasts, is the spirit of heroic duty. When we serve good supremely, we shall come to rejoice in God.

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THE CONSENSUS OF THE COMPETENT.

This is the fortunate phrasing that covers what appears to be a quite general retreat from what have been reckoned among the most advanced, and have certainly proved to be the perilously exposed, positions of religious radicalism. The weakness of individualism as a system, and the singular and damaging vagaries of some of its claims and claimants, have at length provoked very general and serious protest against the doctrine of the adequacy of the individual judgment to settle all questions of ethical right or religious verity. It is seen that self-sovereignty may come to mean the sovereignty of the distorted or baser self; and especially that supreme devotion to personal standards affords no rallying centre, or common cause for even the adherents of limitless freethought to serve or lead.

So individualism is in wide-spread, even if temporary, discredit in the house of its friends. Mr. Frothingham announces in his farewell sermon that its final word has been spoken; and with less decisiveness declares the need of new religious organization whose probable basis he does not even hint. Prof. Adler, his gifted and enthusiastic successor in the presidency of the Free Religious Association, is organizing on the foundation of ethical culture and moral idealism; and his eloquence and earnestness are proving extremely attractive to many who would find it difficult to logically satisfy themselves of the adequacy, or even of the definite contents, of his system. Mr. Abbot, who has long been urging organization for negative ends, and has made no secret of his conviction that the scientific school has a full title to inherit the effects of transcendentalism, has been led by recent experiences to emphasize more than ever the authority of universal reason against individual vagary, and has made or adopted as the watchword of the hour the well-invented phrase, "the Consensus of the Competent."

We applaud the terms, and approve and rejoice in the tendency as an indication of growing sanity in radical counsels; but we are curious to observe its results in regard to sundry current discussions.

How, for instance, with regard to the standing indictment against Christianity? The Bible is the "consensus" of the highest religious souls of the most religious race, accepted as such by the "consensus" of the most "competent" of the religious leaders

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of the past. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is the application to religion, for new sifting, interpretation, and applying of the truths of Christianity, of the religious consensus of every new generation. An individualist may sneer at Christianity, and lightly talk of providing a better religion than that which has held the homage of the ages, and getting rid of discipleship to the mastership of that soul that even the leading sceptics of all ages have united to revere; but it would seem that a man who trusts supremely in universal reason and appeals confidently to the final verdict of enlightened humanity must hesitate to assault Christianity as wholly or mainly obstructive and mischievous, since so he impeaches the main decisions in the very court before which he pleads. We do not forget, in saying this, to how considerable an extent the trained intellect of this age is outside Christian or theistic bounds; but we remember that since the French encyclopedists and the English deists there has been a century in which the intellect of Europe has been more religious and more Christian than in any age since the Renaissance.

It would hardly be "scientific" to claim that there is a consensus of rational thought to-day to which individual reason and judgment must bow, and that in the long process of evolution universal reason has been mainly engaged in formulating blunders which it is now all at once adequate to discern and disown.

To affirm the validity, even the partial and provisional validity, of the consensus of the competent, is to justify historical religion, is logically to admit the benignity and the intrinsic verity of Christianity. It is to affirm the great truth, of which the Catholic dogma of the infallibility of the Church is the shadow and exaggerated statement; the truth, namely, that the intellect of man tends toward reality, rests finally only in truth, and is the depository of universal thought and universal law. "The consensus of the competent" is the most conservative of watchwords.

But let us express the conviction that the reaction of the scientific school will not wholly displace or discredit the transcendental faith. The prophetic souls have always had insight that no fellowship was competent to share,—or even for a long time to test,—as the cunning mechanic has learned how to rule fine lines that no microscope has power to discover. The universal reason comes to test and rest in what the finer reason of the highest soul first sees and shows.

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Individualism and organization are the systole and diastole of progress. The progress of thought is individual in its method: the progress of life is social and organic. Individualism is good when nobly used; organization beneficent when men are sincerely joined for noble ends: but private reason is too often clouded by passion or warped by prejudice to be a safe and adequate guide, without the correction and restraint of that general conviction, that organized instinct of society, which needs in turn the contribution of the personal insight and fresh aspiration of the highest, the rarely-furnished and exceptionally-endowed individual souls.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

Our friends in England have held their usual interesting spring meetings, and we get a report of them from the *Unitarian Herald*, which we give somewhat tardily.

Rev. Charles Wicksteed read a paper entitled "What's the Matter?" He took a survey of the denomination, its various tendencies conservative and radical, and concluded that there was nothing very serious the matter with our friends, but only a widening of thought which was gradually effecting changes in all religious communions. If they did not grow as a denomination, the fault was with themselves. There was no use, he said, in their meeting in conclave unless each one of them through the year was laboring earnestly and devoutly to do his own work of duty and of good day by day in the field which God had assigned to his culture and care.

Mr. Channing made an earnest speech, expressing his loyalty to the term Christian, and especially his profound reverence and affection for Jesus Christ, saying that he had gathered many fresh garlands in his studies, but he brought them all to the feet of his Master and his Lord, his beloved Brother and ever-cherished Friend, the Son of Man made the Son of God.

Rev. Mr. Chalmers thought they ought to be more genial in their way of preaching the gospel, and not to say hard things of their orthodox brethren. Mr. Hopgood spoke of the desirableness of having some positive theology. He must confess there was something "the matter" with him as a member of the Association. He wanted to be able to answer the question, "What is Unitarian Christianity?" He wished the Association would define it in a clear general way. Mr. Geldart, Mr. Perris, Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Shaen, Dr. Laird Collier, Mr. Wade, and others, discussed this question, pretty generally agreeing that righteousness of life and the unity of the spirit were better than any formulated creed.

Our friend and countrywoman, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, made a sympathetic and graceful speech, which seems to have been listened to with much pleasure.

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The collation was given in the Crystal Palace, and many toasts were offered, and there were interesting speeches from representatives of liberal Christian churches in Holland and Hungary. Mr. Ierson, so well known to us all, responded to the sentiment, "The British and Foreign Unitarian Association," and spoke very cordially and hopefully of their work. Mr. Bicknell, that valued and ever-generous friend of our faith in London, placed at the disposal of each member present a ticket for the gallery to see the fireworks. The Sunday-school meeting was very interesting.

The *Inquirer*, through a correspondent of its columns, expresses some dissatisfaction with the committee of the Association because they declined to present before the meeting a resolution offered by Rev. J. Page Hopps disapproving the action of Her Majesty's government in India and South Africa. We confess we are a little disappointed ourselves. We know that committees have a delicate task to perform. They naturally wish to avoid anything like a political debate at a religious meeting; but we believe the heart of that audience would have been with the resolution, as the Congregational body is to-day in England. The *Unitarian Herald* contains a trenchant article, criticising the Bishop of Peterborough for his attitude in defending war in general. This brings us to our orthodox brethren who have come out emphatically on this painful theme.

THE CONGREGATIONALISTS.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales has come round again the past season, and as usual been full of interest. The *Independent* takes occasion in an able leader to contrast pleasantly the present chairman of the Union and the chairman of last year, saying cordial words about both, and, at the same time, drawing a little sketch, in a few words, of the two men,—one ardent, impulsive, "chivalrous in the defence of men in indefensible positions, for the sake of passionately loved liberty; vivid in imagination with the prophetic instinct. The other calm, clear, judicial, full of deep feeling and generous brotherly affection, strong in its reserve as well as its speech." Our readers will recall in these allusions the nature of the meetings last year, and how there was a side-meeting at Leicester, where the Union was held, for the discussion of the subject of religious communion, and how the chairman of the Union, being, as our editor says,

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of a sympathetic nature, must have been in somewhat of a strait betwixt the two parties — liberal and conservative — in the church, and perhaps held out too cordial a hand towards his heretical brethren of the Conference. The *Independent* seems to indicate this when it says, "His audacious defiance of custom, which seems to have a taint of weakness or danger in it, . . . has given place to a mind eminently practical in its tendencies, without a trace of the romantic in its view of things."

We have no desire to revive these differences. There must be various parties in all churches which are really alive, and our orthodox brethren we believe conduct themselves as well as could be expected of humanity under the circumstances, and vastly better than our forefathers did fifty years ago.

So we have read with the same interest the proceedings of the Union the past spring, and felt ourselves warmed with their earnestness and enthusiasm for spreading the gospel of Christ.

The chairman, in speaking of this Congregational Union of England and Wales, asks what it means? He says it is sweeter than a May blossom to look into the face of a comrade after the separation of a cold winter, it is a pleasure to visit London and hear Gladstone and Bright, but the heart's desire of the brotherhood for large and efficient work was what drew them there. He spoke about the needs of London, and especially of the university towns, where were the men who would write their books, control their newspapers, fill their professions and the nation's pulpits. In these days, he said, when no religious dogma nor historic statement went unchallenged, they should remember that they had churches at both Oxford and Cambridge, and should send there the loftiest thought, the most perfect culture, the ripest experience and highest life of their denomination to the educated youth of England.

He said a good word also in regard to the importance of sustaining little churches in rural districts, paying a tribute to the man who among a few people will work on, bearing the lot of the poor, with few intellectual opportunities, preaching the gospel with real delight and true feeling.

The foreign policy of Her Majesty's government was pretty severely handled at the Union. A resolution was submitted, saying, among other things, "Have we during the last two or three years answered to the name of 'Christian' as a nation? We have violated every precept of the Decalogue. (Applause.)

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We have coveted (hear, hear), we have stolen, we have borne false witness (hear, hear), we have taken the name of God in vain and without any protest, except in individual cases, from the National Church. (Shame.)" The resolution goes on to name the invasion of Afghanistan as "unnecessary" and "criminal." In the action of the government in the Russo-Turkish war, English history contains no chapter baser, and the Zulu war was begun even without the sanction of the government, but upheld by it until it proved unsuccessful.

Our Congregational brethren are not slow to speak their minds on national wrongs, and we believe to-day that they represent some of the best public sentiment of England.

The Religious Tract Society had interesting papers on publications,—"Work in France," "Influence of Literature on Social Life," "Boys' Reading," etc. A fine sermon was preached before the London Missionary Society at Christ Church by Dr. Fairchild. He said some very sympathetic words about that spark of religion in the idolatry and superstition of the poor savages, which many of the early missionaries have so much undervalued, we believe, and said it was infinitely better than no faith, and we could hardly realize what it would be to begin with a race that had no beliefs. He took a wide survey of philosophies and religions,—Strauss' apotheosis of Nature, the religion of humanity, the faiths of ancient nations, Confucianism and Brahminism, Buddhism, Islam, Judaism, etc. He says appreciative and sympathetic words about all these faiths, and then he comes down to Christianity, which he feels to be above them all, including them all,—the universal, permanent, and progressive religion of Christ.

The regular annual meeting of the London Missionary Society was one of the most interesting ones of the week. The work in China and Madagascar was looked upon very hopefully. The liberation of the Mozambique slaves was considered an established fact. The queen and her prime-minister had their royal hospital opened with simple religious services, and are making an effort to do away with bribery and other gross evils prevailing in the country. There are sixty-four thousand members of churches in the island, and three thousand native preachers. We stand abashed before this work of our English brethren, and wish we might go and do likewise.

The chairman made a very enthusiastic speech, praising the

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report and the work of the missionaries. When he was a boy and was preparing to go to India (on his own affairs), a venerable man came to him and blessed him and said, "My dear boy, keep close by the Christian missionaries wherever you go;" and he did so. Their society raised a person, he said, above the depressing influences of India, from the Wherewithal shall I be clothed? and What shall I eat and drink? Young men's hearts were engrossed by courts and canals, corn, cotton, and finance, and they needed these higher influences. He spoke of the surprising fact that it was only ten years since idols were cast aside in Madagascar, and the natives were enduring all manner of persecution for their religion; and now they were establishing their own churches there.

Another gentleman, Rev. Mr. Clarkson, spoke of the Central African Mission, of what they were doing there, and what the Scotch also, and the Baptists, were doing. To establish a mission like that of Lake Yangangika demanded an immense amount of zeal and patience. They should never forget those who had laid down their lives there. He gave a home-thrust, saying they must not forget the unchristian watchwords of their own government, which talked about "rectification of frontiers" (laughter) and "protection against man-slaying machines," and showed itself trying to cast out devils by the prince of devils. It behooves us, he said, to turn round and say, with Paul, Ye have forgotten the first principles of the gospel of Christ. (Applause.)

The missionary from New Guinea, Mr. Lawes, got up, and here came perhaps the most touching and inspiriting speech of all, revealing the personal enthusiasm, sincerity, and consecration of the missionary himself. New Guinea, he said, was now the largest island in the world; and although it had been known to the world for three centuries, it had been practically known through their mission only five years. The uncertain navigation from Australia there, was such, and the inhabitants were so ferocious, that until of late years it was almost an unexplored country. Traders in this time of depression are looking towards New Guinea, and scientific men,—the botanist, the naturalist, the geologist, the conchologist, the ethnologist, and every "ist" that could be wanted. Spices, gold, and precious stones and valuable woods abounded. If any stranger visited the shores he would probably be clubbed; but his friends would have the satisfaction of knowing that it was done with the best ebony. In an island

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fourteen hundred miles long there is of course, he said, a great diversity of climate and product, and great diversity of races. Twenty-five different dialects are spoken in the three hundred miles of coast the missionaries are acquainted with. Every village lives at enmity with its neighbor. Our work is on the south-east side of the island, among a light-colored race belonging to the Malayo-Polynesian family. Physically they are good-looking, but they owe nothing to the tailor or dress-maker, although they are bedecked with a profusion of barbaric ornaments. Some of the villages were surrounded by water so that the mission steamer often anchored in their main street. The stone age prevailed there. No implements of iron were to be found. "I have, however," he said, "more respect for the stone age than ever before; for, although their houses are destitute of furniture, they are very well built. They are supremely indifferent to the state of the money market. A man without a penny to his name, a coat to his back, or a bed to lie in enjoys life fairly well in New Guinea. He has no morning newspapers to disturb his peace, and no pile of letters to answer. But there are some uncomfortable habits and vices there. Cannibalism in all its hideousness flourishes."

The speaker goes on to tell how they wear proudly the tattoo marks to show how many men they have killed, and we suppose eaten. But domestic affection, he says, exists to a surprising degree, parents caring for their children long after they are grown up. There is no drunkenness, and they are very industrious. Their spiritual darkness, he says, can hardly be described. Such despairing grief as mothers show over the death of children; but they listen with intense eagerness to any hope of reunion beyond the grave. He says there is no proof that they are better than their fathers were. On the contrary, they are worse; and this proves that nothing can lift them up but a hand from outside. This is an interesting thought for those to contemplate, we may say, who believe in leaving savage races alone, and letting them evolve into civilization. "Fire-arms and fire-water," he says, "will not do it. Neither will tools, better houses, and clothes alone teach them. They do not like the clothing when you get them to wear it. A savage in a shirt is no better than one without one. The development must come from within. In the gospel we have this power; and after ten years' experience," he continues, "I have more faith than ever before."

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And here the missionary rises to his point of most intense earnestness, speaking rapidly, apparently without notes, and chaining the attention of the audience. If we could always have such spokesman and actor in one, we should not sit at home and talk so coolly of the American and English missions.

He thanked the children of England for the money they had raised to send out their mission-ship into those waters. We suppose the country is so unsafe that they have to coax the people at arm's-length from their ships. He praised the noble band of native men who were helping them, — leaving their beautiful South-Sea-Island Christian homes to work among these savages. They know that the climate is sickly and they must endure privation, but none of these things move them. Many fall victims, but others immediately offer to take their places. Three of them from the South-Sea Islands, with their wives and children, have just been poisoned in New Guinea by the natives, and the heart of our missionary melts in grief for them, and yet rejoicing for them, as he remembers how one of the wives wrote: "If our lives should be shortened, there is a kingdom above where we shall meet again."

Do not our hearts as Unitarian Christians condemn us as we contemplate these native converts of a few years' growth laying down their lives for their neighboring brethren? — Not for what we do, but for what we do not do,— idly criticising our brethren who work for God in the way they best know.

And now comes the most simple, practical part of all,—the way they go to work in New Guinea. The common notion, Mr. Lawes says, of a missionary is "a man wearing a black coat, with an open Bible in his hand, preaching to a crowd of gaping savages." But all they can do with the natives at first, he says, "is to make them handle us, feel us all over, and then give them a little present." In this way they begin on a new island, and effect a landing, and get a little acquainted. The next time they come round, the people do not look on them as strangers. They know some of their names, on both sides, and begin their teaching, but not oral at first. How? we ask. "By our life," this missionary answers. And this reply commands our highest confidence at once. "We have to give them lessons," he says, "practical lessons in Christian living,— living illustrations in truth, honesty, love. They do not neglect teaching: the South-Sea-Island people are fond of it, but in New Guinea the people had an idea that

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they ought to be paid for hearing anybody preach." We are afraid some such people may be found nearer home. They have no baptized converts, believing, the speaker says, the injunction of the apostle, to "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Would that all missions were as wise, as simple, as original, as this one in its action! They had hardly begun to plough or sow yet, the missionary says, and yet a dying chieftain who was evidently of the carnal kind, touched their hearts by taking their hands in his at the last moment, with tears in his eyes, and charging his sons to take care of them and listen to their preaching. A bragging Englishman had fired on the natives at Port Moresby, and wounded one man seriously. The missionary went immediately to the village and dressed his wound and fed him. The most beautiful thing is the feeling among the natives that the missionaries are men of peace. This device is on the flag of their ship. At one of the large villages, the natives shouted out, "This is the peace man who brings peace and who makes peace." The host came out with a cocoa-nut shell of oil to pour it over him. He declined, but they looked so disappointed that he took off his shirt, and, after expressing their admiration of his white skin, they sent the oil trickling down his shoulders. He would be willing, he says, to be anointed in every village in New Guinea for the sake of peace. Plainly enough, this man, to our mind, had already been anointed with the unction of the Spirit. How wonderful is the power of personal magnetism and sympathy in work for our fellow-men! The man and not the mission is what wins souls to Jesus Christ. They were known all along the coast, he says, as the men of peace. What more honorable distinction, he says, could they have! Would, he adds, that their countrymen on foreign shores were known in the same way! "We do not want," he says, "to be followed by a man-of-war." We do not want gun-boats to protect us. The missionary had in his hands two books, the first ever printed in the language of South-east New Guinea. He had prepared them himself, and it was a great joy to hear some children read fluently out of them. It was a very important event in the history of a people when, for the first time, their language was reduced to a written form. It was pleasant to hear them singing some of the hymns prepared for them, for, although there was not much poetry about them, they were so much better than their heathen and savage songs. There had been some thought of annexing

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New Guinea to the British Empire. However that might be, it was already annexed to the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We confess we have read the account of this mission with peculiar emotion. Perhaps we are idealizing it too much. There is a charm to our imagination in these lonely isles far out on the ocean wastes, with their long-haired and wild-eyed races listening coyly to the good man, like some frightened animals, glancing at the stately ship skimming round among their flowery coves, darting away, then fondly returning, until the power of love melts the dulness of their ears, and they hear the story of the Divine Son and his great love for God and man. The young native Christians, too, of the South-Sea Islands touch our hearts as we hear of their leaving their safe and Christian homes and crossing over with the missionary in his ship to these cheerless habitations, where Nature is indeed gay, but man, as the old missionary hymn says, is "vile,"—a blot on the face of creation. Is the blank evolutionist right in declaring that all men have crept up from the wriggling snake to the fierce and mean cannibal, and so on. We doubt it somewhat, because many animals are less brutal and beastly than some of these savage races. But no matter; men and animals are, even at the present day, what their surroundings are. It is our business to see what these surroundings may be on the face of the earth, till "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." If we, or our ancestors, had been treated as some of our political and religious economists would have us treat these savage races,—that is, on the let-alone or exterminating process,—where should we be now?

Let us find no excuse as fellow-Christians in the smallness of our numbers, but whatsoever our hand findeth to do, do it with all our might.

GLEANINGS.

Our Canadian friends, through their valuable paper, the *Spectator*, have been giving us a series of sermons preached by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray, of Montreal. Two of them, one on "Over-Devotion to Business" and one on "Higher Development of Women," show that our neighbors are not behind the times on the searching questions of the age.

Signor Gavazzi has been speaking for the Free Italian Church to audiences in London. His style is animated and his thought sensible, being an exhortation to courage and patience in the Christian race, as symbolized by Paul in the Roman games.

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Mr. Chunder Sen, of India, has lately given an address before an audience of natives in the town-hall at Calcutta on Christ. He maintains that it is not the arms nor the money nor the education of England that holds India, but the gospel of Jesus Christ. He declares that Jesus is not the Christ of the English any more than he is theirs; he was born an Asiatic, had the Oriental blood, habits, speech, and dress, and why should they not accept him, and understand him in their own way?

We have often had this thought, and wondered if the regeneration of the East-Indians might not come with a fresher Christianity, born among themselves. Mr. Sen feels somewhat the necessity of squaring the spirituality of Jesus to fit the old Brahmic ideas of preëxistence, absorption in Deity, in order to carry the heart of his audience, and he certainly succeeds quite as well with those oft-quoted sayings of Jesus, "Before Abraham was I am," "Whoso eateth my flesh," etc., "I and my Father are one," as our Trinitarian friends who formulate their three persons in one God, and petrify them into a creed.

The *Indian Mirror* before us bears traces of this vitalized prophet in its religious column and its ardent prayers. Other elements of a calmer quality are also represented in this paper. Here is a short extract from an article called "Yes," which seems to us written in a fine spirit:—

Englishmen have rather mercilessly lavished the epithet of liar and knave upon our countrymen. But they may be well assured that this want of veracity is no more the result of intention than is the Englishman's proverbial cruelty in India any part of his character. The fact is, that our typical native gentleman is amiable, tender, and—weak. He is wanting in that stern individuality which makes Englishmen triumph on every side of the globe. He is meant to please. He cannot displease,—not he. He must speak out words in accordance with the wishes of his hearer, not caring whether his desire to please leads him to falsehood. An Englishman, on the contrary, would not stop giving us a bit of his mind, not caring whether it drives us to despair or desolation. There is a marked difference in the character of the two. We should be pleased if an Englishman said his No with a little more politeness and consideration for the feelings of his hearers; but every well-wisher of this land hopes that his countrymen should abjure his Yes with a little more firmness and deliberation. "Yes" is rather feminine; but "No" is perfectly masculine. We may profitably bring about a union of these two natures in our constitution. But to do this, we must have more of this masculine element in our nature.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

An awakened interest in Oriental studies is one of the characteristics of modern scholarship. The Old Testament has its share of profit in this revival, but its influence is felt in all departments of Oriental learning. Under the leadership of a few great scholars, this new activity is especially visible in France, and is already bearing much fruit. The Koran, the laws of Menu, the Vedas, and lately the Zend Avesta have been well rendered into French. And the results of the labors of the Asiatic Society we have placed before our readers in the annual reports of M. Renan. The importance of the Talmud as an interpretative light to the Old Testament as well as a key to the Jewish modes of thought and life is now recognized by every Biblical and Oriental scholar. It is interesting to learn therefore from the *Séances et Travaux de L'Académie* that M. Rabbinowicz, who published in 1873 a small volume under the title *Legislation civile du Talmud*, has now undertaken the translation of the entire Civil Legislation of the Talmud in five volumes, the second and third of which are about to appear. The translation will be accompanied by a commentary and illustrative notes. "Those who are repelled by the subtle discussions and the arid details of rabbinical jurisprudence," we are assured, "will read with interest these two volumes where the laws are referred to their causes and their principles."

We give a few illustrations of some of these laws and the principles that inspired them:—

The first thing that one notices in talmudic legislation is the lively interest shown in schools, not only in theological academies, but in schools for children, or what we call primary instruction. Every city, large or small, and even the most humble villages, were to be provided with public schools supported by the community, where parents were obliged by law to send their children after the age of six or seven. These institutions were to be so numerous that none of them should contain more than twenty-five children. Evening schools for adults were to be established in connection with public schools; and meetings for study, like our conferences, were to be held on Sabbaths and holidays.

In reference to penalties, the doctors of the synagogue are extremely indulgent. Some among them are said to have uttered the maxim that a

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tribunal which pronounces a sentence of death once in seven years, or even once in seventy years, is a tribunal of murderers. That was an isolated view which tended to nothing less than the abolition of capital punishment. But all are agreed in substituting in the place of retaliation a pecuniary compensation known as damages.

Nothing is more curious than the way in which they justify, by the very text of the Bible, this formal repudiation of the old Biblical law. Referring to Exodus xxi., 19, 20, the Talmud says: "If a man wounds another, he is condemned to five pecuniary compensations: first, for the damage caused; second, for the suffering; third, for the expense of recovery; fourth, for the incapacity to labor; fifth, for the disfigurement." We see how, with a little good-will, skilful jurists manage to get the better of a tyrannical or unjust law.

There is not, however, so much contradiction between the Talmud and the famous text of Exodus, "a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye," as there appears. There are in the Pentateuch two absolutely opposite principles of legislation, and which in application are so nearly allied that they seem to replace each other. Having to choose between two principles equally consecrated by law, the authors of the Talmud have declared themselves in favor of reparation. They have rightly thought, that, if for a great number of physical injuries there is no direct remedy, they may find an indirect one in a sum of money which shall permit the wounded person to replace his work and thus to find consolation for the suffering itself.

According to Exodus, he who has dug a ditch and left it open is responsible for the accidents of which he is indirectly the cause. So, too, the ravages of fire are to be made good at the expense of the one who kindled it. But the provisions of the Talmud are more varied and precise. For example, in the damage resulting from fire it distinguishes, as the Bible does not, between fire caused by imprudence and one caused by malevolence, and is much more severe toward the latter. Among accidents for which one is responsible, they include those resulting from the fall of an object carelessly placed upon a terrace or on a high window of a house; and the reparation they require is always proportionate to the gravity of the mishap.

It is often said that all duties, whether of charity or of justice, that the Bible and Talmud prescribe for Israelites, are obligatory only toward their compatriots and co-religionists. This is a grave error. According to a talmudic text cited by M. Rabbinowicz, an Israelite is compelled, when truth requires it, to testify against an Israelite in favor of a pagan before a pagan tribunal. On the other hand, the testimony of a pagan is received against an Israelite before an Israelitish tribunal. It is impossible to carry impartiality farther, or to give a higher idea of the conscience of witnesses and judges.

In another passage, it is even maintained that an Israelite is more

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guilty when he wrongs a heathen than when he wrongs a co-religionist; for in the first case he aggravates his fault by compromising the honor of his belief, or profanes the name of God. (*Khiloul haschem.*)

With the same solicitude they attend to the restoration of objects lost upon the highway. If an animal is found straying there, he is to be advertised three times during the three great Jewish festivals, and, if not claimed, is to be kept a year before the finder can have the right to sell it.

Usury, games of chance, and speculations and gambling are proscribed by the doctors of the synagogue.

One can see that at this epoch the Israelites were still a people of laborers and artisans, and commerce in their view was a foreign and pagan profession. This explains, in great part, the privileged situation that talmudic legislation gives to the workman, and to the poor in general.

The private dwelling was inviolable. As to pledges, neither the bed on which one slept, nor the table on which he ate, nor the clothing of wife and children, could be taken.

Another important worker in France in the field of talmudic literature is M. Moses Schwab. His work is thus referred to by the *Dublin Review:*—

With a zeal and a patience for which we cannot sufficiently be grateful, M. Moses Schwab resolved some years ago to publish a French translation of the great monument of Hebrew jurisprudence, and the first instalment of his work appeared in 1872. It was useless, of course, to dream of editing both the Jerusalem and the Babylonish renderings; even the latter of these texts, the *Talmoud Babli*, as it is called, extending over sixty volumes octavo, could not be thought of for a moment; the Talmud of Jerusalem has the threefold advantage of being more ancient, better written, and much shorter, although it still represents a goodly and substantial array of twelve volumes.

M. Schwab has therefore chosen the Jerusalem Talmud, and his translation is accompanied by copious notes and references and an introduction on the origin, composition, purport, and history of the Talmud. In the same number of the *Séances et Travaux de L'Académie*, M. Franck, who writes the article we have quoted above, closes with a commendatory notice of the work of M. Schwab.

M. Schwab pursues courageously the difficult task which he has undertaken of translating the entire Talmud of Jerusalem, much less known than that of Babylon. The third volume is soon to appear. Since 1872

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new philological documents relative to this edition of the Talmud have been published in Germany. M. Schwab has used these to perfect his work and to correct the faults which have been remarked upon with more severity than justice in the preceding volume. But one of the four treatises which he has collected has been translated into any European tongue, and that was the first, a German version of which appeared in 1781.

As to the subject matter of these treatises, two of them (*Péa* and *Demaï*) relate to the taxation of the poor among the Jews. It comprises the different kinds of contributions which the owners of land should make to the poor, the Levite, the stranger, the widow, and the orphan. The third (*Kilaïm*) treatise contains an explanation of the Levitic prohibitions of different kinds: of yoking together two beasts of different species; of sowing a field with grain of different kinds; of wearing garments of different materials, such as woolen and linen, or silk and woolen. The fourth (*Schebüth*) is devoted to the Sabbatic year, that which terminates each period of seven years, or what is called a week of years.

Culling at chance among these curious compositions, we find a beautiful example of filial piety, cited to show in what spirit the Biblical precept of honoring the parents should be observed. Some one asked Rabbi Eliezer one day how far this obligation went. "Do you ask me such a question!" cried he. "Address yourself rather to Dama, son of Netma. Once, while president of the tribunal, his mother struck him in the face with her sandal in the presence of all his colleagues; and as the sandal fell upon the ground he picked it up and handed it to his mother that he might save her the trouble of stooping!" Other incidents nc less touching are narrated, and one of the doctors maintains that the duty in question surpasses purely religious duties.

... Upon the text of the Mischna, that benevolence has no limits, it mentions a person famous in the history of Judaism, King Monobaze, a converted heathen. When his family reproached him for having wasted the riches amassed by his ancestors in alms to the poor, he replied to them, "My ancestors laid up earthly treasures: *I* wish to lay up treasures in heaven."

In this Talmud of Jerusalem there are many general maxims on benevolence. There is a certain organization for public assistance; ... and a tax for the poor,—that is, an obligatory contribution collected in the name of the law to carry out the public assistance conjointly with that of the schools. A sort of public kitchen aided those who were so poor that they had food only from day to day; any one having sustenance for fifteen days was excluded. It furnished the poor tramp (*nomade*) the three customary meals on the Sabbath day; other days it furnished him bread and a lodging for the night. A poor-treasury gave aid to the permanent poor. Every inhabitant of a village or city or community was

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forced to contribute to it, according to his means, after a six months' residence. The care and division of these funds was entrusted to the most eminent men. It was no easy task. And when the celebrated Akiba, before undertaking it, wished to have the advice of his wife, she assured him that he would be the butt of the outrages and curses of the poor, since he could not satisfy them all. "For precisely that reason," replied Akiba, "I wish to be their administrator; for without that, where would be the merit of occupying the place?"

The treatise on *mélanges* (*Kilaïm*) offers us a curious classification of grains, plants, and fruits suitable for the food of man, of animals capable of domestication, and of textile fabrics. . . . Certain physiological hypotheses are thrown in with these essays on botany and natural history. For example, they say that in the generation of man the white parts, such as the brain, nerves, and bones, come from the man; the red parts, as the blood, muscles, and skin, come from the woman; and the vivifying breath from God.

In the treatise on the Sabbatic year, there are only agricultural directions for the best way of letting the earth rest during the last year of the septennial period and of the use of spontaneous products during this time of lying fallow.

The work of M. Schwab nowhere runs counter to that of M. Rabbinowicz; on the contrary, it explains and completes it. They will both teach us the Jewish tradition through its most extensive and accredited monuments.

Rev. Moncure D. Conway's latest book, *Demonology and Devil-Lore*, has not failed to excite interest on the other side of the water. It is made the subject of a long and interesting article in the *Theological Review*, by Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed. "Any work which deals with the devil or his angels and ministers may reckon upon exciting considerable initial curiosity and interest," says Mr. Wicksteed; and Mr. Conway's book receives a due meed of credit in this respect. "And yet," says the reviewer, "it would probably be impossible to point out a single recent work on the devil which has succeeded in establishing itself as a really valuable and permanent addition to the library of the historical and philosophical student." The fault seems to be with the subject, and Mr. Wicksteed gives us what he thinks to be the lesson of the failure:—

This, then, is the lesson taught by the failure of books on the Devil: Although there exists in every heart and in the world around us a terrible dualism that no optimistic philosophy or theology can completely solve, although the hearts that trust most faithfully in the Good are

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most grievously conscious of the Evil, although the moral opposition experienced by every earnest man raises his life to the intensity of a personal conflict with hostile powers, yet Evil, unlike Good, has no independent principle of life within it, no organic germ of growth and development, no internal centre of cohesion, and cannot even be conceived as directed by any conscious purpose, or as aimed at any final goal; and consequently every popular representation of the Powers of Evil has invariably sunk below the dignity of the real moral dualism which confronts us in life; the devil has never been co-extensive with Evil, and the only true history of Evil is contained and implied in the history of Good.

Then, returning in conclusion to Mr. Conway's book, Mr. Wicksteed acknowledges the traces it bears "of very extensive and protracted, though often careless, study, including a considerable amount of personal search in cathedrals and elsewhere for the subjects of the admirable illustrations, and a store of personal reminiscences and observations which are often remarkably fresh and suggestive."

Following the thread of real or fancied analogies, he skips from century to century and from clime to clime with a rapidity that takes away our breath, and unrolls his diabolical panorama with an easy certainty that is at first very reassuring.

But, unfortunately, whenever we find him upon soil where we are not altogether strangers,—in Italy, Greece, or Palestine, for instance,—we detect that demon of inaccuracy sticking to him "closer than a friend"; and unless we belong to that happy class of readers who are characterized by an easy indifference as to whether they set their foot upon a swamp or a rock, whether they follow the pole-star or a will-o'-the-wisp, we soon learn the need of caution.

A long list of mistakes would be neither interesting nor valuable, but the statements we have made must be substantiated by a few instances of the extraordinary blunders and the rash and unwarrantable assertions which so completely shake our confidence in our author.

What are we to say, then, to the assertion (I., 188), "The Samaritan Pentateuch opens, 'In the beginning the Goat created the heaven and the earth'"? It would be quite as true, and would have quite as much verisimilitude, to say that the Vulgate or the Douay Version opens with this extraordinary substitution. Again, what does Mr. Conway mean by saying (I., 62) that the word "Moloch" signifies "sacrifice"?

When our author declares (I., 395) that the Greek tragedians, while displaying the irresistible power of the gods, "do so without reverence for that power," we have perhaps no right to do more than express our amazement at the impression he has derived from the perusal of their

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works; and when he declares (I., 420), "The Moira, or Fate, with Homer, is only a secondary cause, if that, and simply carries out the decrees of her father Zeus. Zeus is the real Fate,"—we ought perhaps to accept the statement as "near enough," though the problem is really one of great difficulty by no means to be thus lightly solved; but what are we to say when we find the Holy Ghost figuring in company with the devils?

The argument is worth summarizing. The third person of a trinity is generally destructive; *e.g.*, Osiris (creator), Horus (preserver), Typhon (destroyer). We might therefore expect the Holy Ghost to take that *rôle*. Our anticipations are confirmed by finding that sin against the Holy Ghost will never be forgiven, and that Ananias and Sapphira are killed for lying to the Holy Ghost. Then, again, the Dove is the symbol of the Holy Ghost, and the Dove is related to the Serpent in mythology; it hovered over the world, for instance, as it emerged from the flood, just as the Serpent broods over the primal egg in Egyptian mythology. Christ, too, brings the Dove and the Serpent into relation, although he also separates them, when he says, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves;" and when the Holy Ghost descended upon the believers, it took the shape of the serpent's cloven tongue. In a word, though the Holy Ghost is not a devil, yet it has so much in common with devils that it deserves to be treated in connection with them, and indeed "it is probable that no more terrible form of belief in a devil survives than this Holy Ghost dogma," *i.e.*, the belief in the unpardonable sin.

I pass over the parallel drawn by Mr. Conway between the wrath of Jesus with those that *sold doves*, and the wrath of Peter with Simon Magus, who wished to *buy the Holy Ghost*, because I do not quite see where it fits into the argument; but I trust I have done the argument itself no injustice.

Is it possible to conceive a more reckless substitution of wild speculations and perverse ingenuity for the sober methods of sound investigation? We do not find in all this chapter the slightest attempt to trace the historical progress of the personification of the Holy Ghost, or to ascertain what the term really meant to the early Christians. Half an hour's serious and impartial investigation would have convinced Mr. Conway that he was on the wrong track; but a natural pity for the poor victims of what he calls the "Holy Ghost Dogma" had set him to work to diabolize, as far as might be, the Holy Ghost, and this is the result!

Mr. Wicksteed sometimes finds it difficult to believe that Mr. Conway is in earnest, and concludes with this gentle reminder: "If Mr. Conway really wishes to dedicate himself to the service of those great deities,—Science and Scholarship,—let him remember that they are as jealous as any Jehovah, and will not suffer strange fire upon their altars."

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Another view of Mr. Conway's book is furnished by the *Westminster Review* for April, from which we make the following abstract: —

Mr. Moncure Conway's comprehensive survey of the origin, growth, and reign of Demonology attests zeal, industry, discursive reading, vivid fancy, and daring ingenuity. In his search after mythical and legendary treasures, he appears to have "wandered o'er city, sea, and land," ubiquitous in time and space. He is on speaking terms with Lucifer and all the devils, and is intimately acquainted with the demons of the East and West, of the North and South. All human and animal demons, the demons of hunger, the demons of heat and cold, the demons of the desert, the spirits that preside over darkness, illusion, barrenness, disease, and death are all well known to him. His familiarity with this diabolical race and all related phenomena, as serpents, basilisks, dragons, dragons' eyes, and dragons' breath, does not breed contempt in him, but a wholesome, orthodox hatred of the devil and all his works. . . .

But though his book, as will be inferred from this description, is easy reading and rather intended for popular recreation and instruction than for a profoundly philosophical discussion, it yet comprises a fair proportion of profoundly philosophical disquisition and ingenious speculation and careful research into the genesis and decline of the reign of the children of Chaos and old Night.

In the explanation which Mr. Conway proposes of mythological enigmas, we sometimes find ourselves agreeing with him; but we as often hesitate to accept the solution which he proffers. Mythology, as we conceive it, is frequently the product of a sportive imagination, and sermons are not always to be found in the stones which strew its enchanted ground. In his lucubrations on the Hebrew patriarchs, their ways and their wives, we are led, as it appears to us, through an intricate labyrinth by the thread of fancy and not by the clew of reason.

In his exposition of Hebrew polytheism, on the other hand, while unconvinced as to details, we admit the general accuracy of statement. . . .

Again, we decline entirely to accept Mr. Conway's doctrine of a primitive pantheism, and we cannot discern, as he does, in Turner's rapturous admiration of the sun, a survival of the adorable aspect of that luminary, or see in "Wesley's watch-night the old culminating combat between the powers of fire and froth, once believed to interpret human fates." . . . In support of the paradox that Jesus was a person of high position, we are referred to reasons assigned in the author's *Idols and Ideals;* but a perusal of these reasons has not convinced us that the less original opinion is not the more plausible, or disposed us to see in the son of Joseph and Mary a highly educated and well connected young radical and enthusiast.

Again, Mr. Conway indulges occasionally in etymological speculations

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from which we are compelled to dissent. In spite of his appeal to the Septuagint, we cannot admit that the Hebrew word, rightly enough translated dust, can be interpreted as "the seminal principle of the earth," or that Pharisee and Parsee are related terms; nor is the proposed explanation (to favor a particular view) of the Hebrew idiom (Job i., 22), *offered his sacrifice without omitting the salt*, one which we think a sober scholarship is likely to prefer to the rendering of our old translators,— *charged God foolishly*. . . .

The *Review's* estimate of Mr. Conway's arraignment of Christianity is thus stated: —

In tracing the influence of the Spirit of Evil in modern Europe, Mr. Conway does not fail to intimate the corrupting and repressive action of dogmatic theology. From the many and great services which Christianity has conferred on mankind, vast deductions must undoubtedly be made on the score of its baleful and terrific accompaniments; but a belief in witchcraft, devil-worship, and eternal punishment, a proclivity to frantic superstition and general barbarity, *preceded* its advent; and the moral improvement which it effected, though often at the expense of intellectual progress, must be regarded as some compensation for the misery which the savage autocrat or fanatic persecutor inflicted. Mr. Conway's verdict, accordingly, on the value of Christianity, is, we think, prejudiced. He sees little but evil in its action during fifteen hundred years. He does not seem to allow for the inherent ignorance, cruelty, and credulity of men, and in indicting Christianity he indicts human nature. He may call the recognition of the services of the Church a cant, but it was and is the cant of men who know as much of history and as much of philosophy as he does. In one startling passage he intimates that the nations of the West were converted by the application of instruments of torture,— an assertion, which, unqualified as it is, cannot be allowed to pass uncensured. Apart, however, from occasional expressions of bitter antipathy, Mr. Conway's book will be found a valuable repertory of remarkable facts and curious speculations on a sad, but inevitable, chapter in the history of the human race,— a race which, if the old Puritan judgment be correct, has a "little of God and a great deal of the devil in it."

S. J. B.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life and Letters of Thomas J. Mumford. With Memorial Tributes. Boston: George H. Ellis. 1879.

In a series of well-selected letters, we have in this little volume the brief but fitly-drawn outline of the events of a life, with frank unfoldings, here and there, of its internal quality and spirit. To the friends of Mr. Mumford, it will be a disappointment — and the only one — that the letters are so few. To those who did not know him, they will be adequate to give a clear impression of a singularly frank and manly nature,— a courageous, genial, and devoted servant of Christian freedom, righteousness, and love. The early letters to Samuel J. May have a peculiar charm; and we do not wonder that this whole-hearted champion of all humane causes was moved to write persuasively and convincingly when a youth of so knightly a spirit asked his advice about entering the ministry. Mr. Mumford was an illustration of the truth of Wendell Phillips' late declaration, that the anti-slavery movement made American life earnest. It was his keen sense of the general debasement of public morals which led him to question whether duty did not call him to the function of a religious teacher. We see how this ethical enthusiasm — which he kept to the end — was speedily reinforced by a deepening religious experience and a growing Christian faith.

We are interested, too, to find from these letters that the greatest success of his life was in the line of his earliest calling, and to observe his prescient conviction that his special gifts and aptitudes were for editorial work. Happy in each of his pastoral settlements, he yet found the place of his largest and fullest satisfaction in the conduct of the *Christian Register*. And it was with some reluctance that he went from the editorial office to the theological school, to prepare for the ministry which was at length to give him back to the pursuit of his earliest choice. But whether editor, divinity student, or minister, he kept the same aspirations, and was loyal to one end.

And he was the most personal, we had almost said the most pastoral, of editors. We get glimpses here and there in these too-scanty letters of that quick-flowing sympathy and warmth

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of genial friendliness which domesticated him in so many households, and made his presence and words so widely sought and valued in homes where bereavement had fallen.

Such a life is inspiring, and its remembrance grateful. All the pages of this memoir help to illustrate and clearly portray the character of its subject, or to tell the story of his life; and we are thankful for such a memorial of the man, the friend, the cheery and hearty worker for all things high, humane, and sacred, whose record and example must still be helpful, though him too soon we miss. The hundred pages of letters are followed by a like number filled with the tributes of his brethren of the ministry and of the press.

Visions of the Future and other Discourses. By O. B. Frothingham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

Any person who desires to study the intellectual and religious tendencies of a large, and, as many believe, increasing class of thinkers, can hardly do better than read Mr. Frothingham's last work. Here is the latest utterance of one who to scholarly culture and varied acquisitions adds a sincerity and earnestness which cannot be doubted, who has arrived at his present convictions by casting aside or trampling upon most of his previous ones, and who could have found courage to endure the wrench of mental and even social relations, which such changes must have produced, only in his deep sense of the truth and value of the new, and the falseness and perniciousness of the old. Utter frankness of expression adds to the value of the book, as a revelation, not so much of opinions upon great topics, as of ways of thinking and feeling about them. Certainly no remnant of traditional reverence withholds the writer from examining, attacking, condemning, if not despising, views held by a great majority to be sacred. Indeed, as it seems to us, the deficiency of Mr. Frothingham in dealing with opposing opinions is his very moderate capacity to put himself in another's place, and his tendency to see the errors and weaknesses of the doctrines he combats far more clearly than he sees their truth and power.

If now we come to the book itself, one thing is constantly manifest; *viz.*, that the writer, by implication at any rate, holds that Calvinism and Christianity are well-nigh interchangeable terms. "Take the creed of Christendom, for example," he says. "It is very simple. . . . The sects can be counted by the hundreds, but

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the fundamental ideas are few in number and distinctly marked that man is in a helpless, degenerate condition, unable by the natural faculties to find the narrow way of truth, unable by the natural force of the heart to achieve goodness, unable by sheer determination of will to maintain justice,— a fallen, demoralized being, hopeless, helpless, grovelling on the earth which is his dungeon," page 13. Possibly it may be true that Calvinism is in the majority. Possibly Calvinism may be deducible by subtle processes from the New Testament. But certainly there are in Christendom opinions which are not Calvinism, and which are not described by Mr. Frothingham's words. More certainly yet, the descriptions of human nature and condition found in the Gospels, whatever may be the creed of Christendom, do not have a striking resemblance to the statement before us.

But admitting that Calvinism is Christianity, is the writer just to Calvinism? On the seventeenth page he says that "the rationalist does not *skulk* or cower through existence." The expression seems to be a favorite one; for in his parting address to his congregation he speaks of "the piety of contrition, of the spirit of babyhood, of the spirit which cried in the night, that lacked courage and self-reliance, that *skulked* through, as a spy *skulks* through an enemy's camp." Clearly this is caricature. John Calvin, whatever his faults, did not skulk much, or cower. John Knox quite as little. Our Puritan fathers erred, it is to be suspected, quite as much on the side of religious sturdiness as religious cowardice. And to-day the danger is more that their descendants should lean towards the stout self-righteousness of the elect than towards any kind of religious poltroonery.

Again on page 15 he speaks thus: "He" (that is, the Christian) "will give his full share into the treasuries of charitable institutions to relieve poverty and suffering; . . . but his charity is not of the heart, it is not born of natural sympathy. . . . It is rather the charity that is appointed and inculcated by the Gospels. It is enjoined, decreed, by divine texts." Is this just? Does any one in his senses really believe that the world-wide charity which glorifies the life of Christendom, glorifies it even where the most exclusive forms of religion rule, is destitute of natural affection, has no warm sympathy in it, is, or under any creed or theory can be, simply obedience to gospel law? It is absurd. As well say that because men believe in the value of written laws, all the honesty of the community is the result of

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obedience to the enactments on the statute book, and not at all of any love of justice in men's hearts. On pages 172–4 Mr. Frothingham maintains "that the great founders of democratic institutions have been theists," but that "Protestantism never could found a republic." These assertions are so subversive of facts, that we suspect that we do not catch the meaning of the writer. The nearest approach England ever made to a republic was in the times of the Commonwealth; and the power which created the Commonwealth was not Theism but Protestantism, and Calvinist at that. And surely it would be rash in the extreme to assert that one of the greatest of the forces which created the American republic was not the Protestantism of New England. As it looks to us, these assertions are not truths carefully stated with all their proper limitations, but rather rhetorical exaggerations, which distort, if they do not contradict, the truth.

Another feature of this book at which we should demur is its constant assumption of the truth of one side of contested questions. Take the chapter upon the inspiration of the Scripture. It may be true that the inspiration of the Scripture "is not a matter for argument," and that "all the evidence is on the side of the opposition." It may be true that "on their literary merits there is little or nothing to be said in defence of the inspiration of the Scriptures." It may be true that "the dogma" of inspiration "was created for a purpose and deliberately imposed upon mankind." It may be true that Ezra and Nehemiah gathered together such fragments of the Jewish literature as in their time existed, and published them as the law and prophets, and by this pious fraud created the Old Testament. These statements may be true; but at present they are the very questions in debate. Of some of them there is little or no proof, and never can be. Most of them are denied by a large share of Christian scholars. All that any one can modestly say is, that, looking at the whole evidence, he is inclined to take one or the other side, or possibly a middle ground.

Mr. Frothingham does not always appear to be consistent with himself. In the chapter on "Morals and Religion" he seems to indicate that the great power to lift up and save the world, which now is, is morality; that "warmth, glow, beauty, tenderness, all in due form, grow out of this soil"; that "at last, . . . friendship, compassion, tender mercy, loving kindness, will blossom and

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bloom all over the surface of life"; that "the graces that have been considered peculiarly religious,—meekness, patience, humility, sweetness, resignation, hopefulness, aspiration,—all these in their time will succeed, born out of this same soil," and that especially "the purpose of religion is to regenerate the soul; that the purpose of morals is to regenerate society." In fine, it looked as if, for the good of man in this present world, religion was quite a superfluity. We turn to "The Demand of the Age on Religion," and we learn from that chapter, "that religion must be an educator, an inspirer, a quickener of natural human endeavor"; "that religion must stand" "for whatever dignifies, exalts, purifies, beautifies, human character"; that religion must produce "sympathy, mutual understanding between high and low, strong and weak, great and small," etc., etc. "It is for religion to meet that want; for religion alone can. It alone has sovereignty over human nature." "Science cannot undertake it." "Philosophy cannot attempt it." "Religion must enter upon the duty." We readily admit that the religion alluded to is what the writer holds to be the new religion, free, independent, large. But if *morality* can produce "glow, beauty, tenderness, friendship, sympathy, patience, resignation, aspiration," what more in this world, whatever may be the demand in the next, is needed? "If morals command, at last, religion," why enlist the subordinate to do the vastest works set for man to do here below? Why send out a private to lead the forlorn hope, when you have at hand a competent officer?

The most interesting chapter of *The Visions of the Future* is that entitled "The Consolations of Rationalism." Five sources of comfort are stated:—

First. "The rationalist is released from the necessity of justifying the ways of God to man." He takes the world as he finds it, tries to make it better, but does not assume that the trial or evil in it is a blessing in disguise. In fine, if he does not banish, he puts out of sight, what, in the guidance of human life, Christian people have been accustomed to call Providence.

Second. The rationalist "has not imposed upon him the task of saving his own soul." He dispenses with any undue anxiety about his spiritual state and personal fidelity. He "does not knock his head in despair against his spiritual limitations."

Third. "The rationalist knows what he can do and what he cannot do, and is satisfied to do what he can do and leave the

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rest undone." He need not always be clad in armor. He need not "go rattling and tearing through the world, shouting the word, Duty." He can find out his capacity, do his proper business, and be contented.

Fourth. To the rationalist "remains the consolation of human sympathy." "The rationalist cherishes sympathy with his neighbor who is sharer with him in want and pain." He lays a portion of his burden on his neighbor's shoulders.

Fifth. "The great consoler, after all, is moral health, character, manliness, womanliness. Life is a battle." He who fights it well is cheerful. "Weariness comes from inactivity."

And is this all the consolation and strength life has to offer? In a reasonable system of faith, is there really no room for the conviction that the power which makes for righteousness has seen to it that all things work for the real good of faithful souls? No room for the hope of an immortality in which the spiritual elevation, for which the most calm and rational souls here are apt to crave vainly, may become a reality? No room for that manly and womanly penitence which is neither babyish nor cowardly, but which cannot count salvation complete so long as sins and errors mar the health of the soul? No room for that moral enthusiasm which gladly forgets the things which are behind, while one possible "duty" before remains undone? Many strong and faithful souls there are who would count any system of religion, or morals, or philosophy which had not scope for these things as quite destitute of efficient consolations.

Of course the style of this book is clear and polished, bristling with points and antitheses. But it is too summary, too dogmatic, and, we must add, sometimes too flippant, to be a good vehicle for argument, and too persistently brilliant to be restful. As Sydney Smith, in the old story, craved for a few flashes of silence in Macaulay's eloquent conversation, so in the midst of Mr. Frothingham's short, terse, crisp sentences, one would gladly welcome the occasional intrusion of a long and even dull Johnsonian paragraph, upon which he might pause, and possibly nod, before taking a fresh start. G. R.

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CHRISTIANITY IN EGYPT.

When religious-minded people look at Nature they usually notice little beyond its manifest adaptations, its conspicuous successes and its evident designs. Effects of beauty, completeness, or usefulness forever suggest a Cause of beneficence and power and reverential contemplation rejoices in the Divine plan it sees. Something of a shock, no doubt, comes to this mood when a more accurate view of Nature reveals, side by side with its easily observed successes, a multitude of apparent failures, abortions, ill-adapted relations, inexplicable omissions or appendages, which challenge equal recognition and which do not so plainly make for good. Here is, at first sight, an end to the Argument from Design. Whatever thus stands unaccounted for seems obstructive of Theism; whatever does not work for human usefulness seems to work against supernatural belief. But it soon appears that what looks like a breaking up of the old defence is in reality only a reconstruction and enlarging of it. Partial observation, emphasis on the bounty of Nature with disregard of its apparent waste, the passive optimism which glories in the blessings of

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life and ignores its inevitable limitations,—these are, indeed, no longer persuasive of conviction; but just as it is under eclipses that the finer planetary relations are determined, so the darker aspects of existence frankly faced have their share in revealing its highest laws. Not by unqualified beneficence and undeserved felicity is the Divine education of the human race revealed, but by the severer training of a universe abounding in warning and rebuke as in example and completeness; and not till we have learned the harder lesson with the easier, faced the evidence of laws defied as of laws obeyed, and used the witness of darkness as of light, do we approach the larger and in the end the more restraining and inspiring meaning of the Argument from Design.

History, not less than science, offers this same contrast of ordinary methods and their possible enlargement. The epochs of the past are commonly traced by great achievements; its Providences are its successes; its evidences of Divine control are in its grand results; but, all the time, the witnesses of ill-spent endeavor, ruined nations, blighted civilizations, wait to give equally precious evidence of the laws which control events. We follow the march of civilization westward and find a comfortable faith in Divine control easy to trace; but is there no warning equally Divine in the empty deserts and barbaric tribes which have supplanted the ancient splendor of the East? We study the history of Christianity and say to ourselves, "See how it spread and was welcomed everywhere! Such adaptation to the needs of the world is of itself an Argument from Design;" but side by side with regions where the gospel message took quick root and has had enduring growth, other regions lie open to the student where Christianity never found a natural home or had a fruitful growth. Few of the communities where Paul labored bore the mark of his preaching long; few of the countries to which the personal teaching of the other apostles was devoted were saved by that salt from quick decay; few of the methods or beliefs of modern Oriental Christianity can commend themselves to sincere minds as better than the Arabian faith

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which has displaced them. Is there, then, no meaning in these failures of Christianity? May not the Divine design be as profoundly taught in the reverses as in the successes of the past? Are there not laws of religious as of physical health which can best be traced under conditions of disease or even by post mortem examination? Such causes of religious decay do not appear once only. They are symptoms natural to the faith they attack; they are likely at any time to reappear; and the study of one such case of ecclesiastical pathology may have its positive instructiveness and warning even for those beyond risk of immediate contagion.

Picture, then, the condition of Egypt at the Christian era. It was still the centre of the world's luxury and learning. For centuries the scholars of all nations had turned toward Alexandria, just as American students cross the sea to Germany now. The geometry of Thales, the laws of Solon, and the transmigration doctrines of Pythagoras were all fruits of this student-life. Anaxagoras, the master of Socrates, had sat at the feet of the priesthood here, just as Moses the master of Israel had sat centuries before; and who can say that the teachings of immortality which both surely heard did not pass hence to the greatest of the Greeks while it was ignored by the greatest of the Hebrews? The house where Plato lived for thirteen years was still shown to Strabo; the Museum was still thronged with students; and Alexandria still glowed with all the splendors of a long series of Ptolemies and with the final reckless luxuries of Cleopatra and of her conquerors become her slaves.

Into this centre, alike of severe study and of unbridled wealth, Christianity was brought — tradition says — by the evangelist Mark. It found ready welcome and sympathetic hearing. From the outset it was tolerated side by side with the ancient faith, save when a storm of persecution, set in motion far away, swept over the calm liberality of Egypt. Soon, under Constantine, it was the new faith which was in authority and the old which was tolerated; and soon, once more, under Theodosius, compulsion succeeded authority, and

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Christianity became the absolute law of the land. Throughout these successive political periods, also, the prevailing thought and deeper piety of the nation turned more and more to the gospel. The Platonists of Alexandria, both Greeks and Jews, found room for their philosophy within the new belief; the mysticism of the East grasped at the Messianic idea, and began that alliance with Christian facts which we call Gnosticism; Christian scholars were reared like Clement of Alexandria and Origen his pupil; and opponents like the Epicurean Celsus found Christianity worthy of elaborate literary attacks. Thus before the second century was complete the faith was established alike in the minds and the hearts of the Egyptians, and was recognized as full alike of spiritual comfort and of mental inspiration. Under such conditions, welcomed by the best, nourished in the atmosphere of a people throughout whose stupendous history religion had ever been the one conspicuous element and force, what could Christianity in Egypt do but flourish in purity and beneficence? Where else could it find deeper soil or larger opportunity of fruitfulness? If, then, instead of this fruitfulness we find only a stunted growth and a quick decay, if all that was left of this opportunity after two short centuries was a hopeless mysticism which exiled the nation from the rest of Christendom and which its obstinate defenders had neither the learning nor the strength to enforce, if Christianity is recalled to travellers in Egypt now only by its wanton defacing of the ancient monuments and by a scattered population of illiterate and bigoted disciples,— is not the contrast itself full of solemn meaning, and is it not something to know the kind of religious life in a nation which will *not* endure?

The central point of doctrinal conflicts in the first Christian centuries was the theory of the person of Christ. The centre toward which this series of conflicts in its turn gravitated was the city of Alexandria. Again and again this first chapter in the history of Christian dogma has been written and studied, sometimes in absolute loyalty to the Fathers of the Church, sometimes in appreciation of their

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imperfections; but it has seldom been noticed how intimately the whole course of these events was interwoven with Egyptian thought and tendencies, or how directly its results fell upon that devoted land. The walls of the ancient temples, still eloquent of the calm and lofty faith that reared them, not only display special symbols which Christians commonly regard as their own peculiar possession, but illustrate, in unfailing repetition, the antiquity of the dogma which to multitudes is the original and unique element in Christianity. One may control the surprise with which he finds the cross as the symbol of life so omnipresent on the monuments; or with which he sees the keys of Peter in the hands of a high-priest of Thebes who is called the "keeper of the two gates of heaven"; or with which he recognizes such forms as that of the wedding-ring, and perhaps even that of baptism, as appearing centuries before their Christian use; for these details are, after all, unimportant in his faith and may be nothing more than the coincidences of natural symbolism. But when, from darkened sanctuaries and shadowy colonnades there look out at the modern student not only associated groups of three gods, but, again and again, clear illustrations of three gods combined into one, then the direct inheritances of Christianity can hardly fail of acknowledgment, and the interpretation of its early doctrinal development must seem less baffling than before. Each city of ancient Egypt worshipped its own special Trinity; each generation worked the conception over, ever interweaving more incongruous and mystical ideas; while through the whole land ruled the one conspicuous Trinity of the Osiris-myth, with its Virgin and child, its suffering and rising Saviour, its conflict of good with evil, its transfer of the regeneration of Nature under the influence of the Nile to the regeneration of mankind under the Divine beneficence. Each step, then, taken by the Christian Church away from simplicity of conception and toward a mystical, complicated and unhuman definition of the person of Christ was taken under the influence of men to whom this early faith of Egypt in all its unequalled sweep of

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symbolism and mystery was familiar and natural,—men to whom the thought of this Divine Osiris, appearing in human form to suffer, die, and rise again, had come down as the popular worship of their nation; to whom, therefore, any faith that was not thus subtle, involved and mysterious seemed unworthy of complete respect. The first great agitation for an Osiris-faith instead of a faith in Jesus was in what we call Sabellianism; and Sabellius was Bishop of Ptolemais. The first strong protest against sacrificing the human element in this life of Christ was that of Origen, and it forced him into exile from Alexandria. The final shock of opinion which fixed the point of poise for orthodoxy between the extremes of naturalism and apparitionalism was in the Arian controversy; and Arius was presbyter while Athanasius was deacon in Alexandria. Through all this course of doctrinal development the culture and traditions of Egypt were to the Christian Church what they had already been to the art and philosophy of Greece,—the conspicuous and central formative influence.

How the Christian world hung upon the distinction of an iota; how the one party and the other gained the bishopric in turn and ruled with equal severity; how the Council declared for the less human conception of Christ,—all this is familiar to every student. The whole later history of dogma has been hardly more than the reinforcing, developing and opposing of the principles then established, and established in a war, not of words only, but of persecution, excommunication, blows, and even of death. But, meantime, how fared the land which was the scene of these events? With each new access of dogmatic zeal a new paralysis smote the brilliancy and thoughtfulness of the national life. Harder for the metropolis to bear than even the withdrawal of Constantine's capital to the Bosphorus was this perpetual turmoil of theological discussion. Real learning hid itself from such scenes. The Christian scholars of Alexandria, like Clement and Origen, were a product of the past, and the controversies themselves stooped from the high themes which busied Arius and Athanasius, and considered the problem of the

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outward shape of God the Father or the healing effect of saintly bones. The decree of Theodosius was but a signal for bloody battles in the streets of Alexandria between Christian mobs bent on destroying the statues, temples, and libraries which were the pride of the city and the students of the Museum who could not endure such barbarism in the name of faith. No sooner were the Christians free from the fear of being martyrs than they took their turn in being persecutors, robbing the revenues of the country by driving from it the wealthy Jews, and spreading general insecurity by such deeds as the murder of Hypatia. Thus theology mastered and stifled both politics and commerce, only at last to turn upon itself and prove its own worst enemy. The Eastern mind, working over its Christian material, was driven on from subtlety to subtlety until a fit climax was reached in the view of Eutyches, a priest of Constantinople, who for the greater glory of Christ denied him his human personality altogether. Here was a proposition sufficiently mystical to command the loyalty even of Egyptian theologians. It may, indeed, be considered the logical outcome of a thorough conception of the proper deity of Christ, for an object of genuine worship could have no real participation in the physical and emotional weaknesses of human life. But it was, in all probability, not so much the logic as the inherited familiarity with the doctrines of a superhuman and mysterious apparition which swept the nation into its grasp. In vain the Council of Chalcedon condemned Eutychianism and excommunicated the whole population of Egypt from the orthodox fold. In vain was a new line of bishops introduced from Constantinople to overawe the heretics. Egypt might dwindle to nothing more than a field of grain and Alexandria to a mere bay of anchorage; but the regained Osiris should not be surrendered. The exiled Church of Egypt in its turn excommunicated the rest of Christendom. Side by side with the bishops from abroad, it set up its own native prelates; in opposition to the orthodox liturgy was compiled a new and national one. Thus the miserable controversy lingered in the failing and forsaken land, until first the

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Persians and then the Arabians spied out the exhaustless fertility of the defenceless country, thronged into her territory and made an end of Christian controversies. In December, 640, Alexandria received its final degradation of siege and conquest; and the history of Egypt became a part of the history of Islam.

And, meantime, while such was the course of doctrinal deterioration, what was, in the same period, the practical work of Christianity? It can be no surprise to find that piety soon shunned such profitless wrangling and withdrew itself to the calm, contemplative, and isolated life which all the traditions of the nation had fixed as the state nearest the Divine. The one conspicuous fact of early Christian life in Egypt is that extraordinary development of monasticism and asceticism which attracted the devout from all Europe, crowded the Thebaid and the Oases with devotees, and was the germ of the whole growth of orders and brotherhoods and sisterhoods which have never failed in Christendom.

As early as the reign of Constantine, the caves and sandhills of upper Egypt began to swarm with prayerful tenants, and fifty years later isolation yielded to the utility of association and Pachomius gathered his seventeen hundred brethren at the Island of Tabenna. Here was, indeed, a happy contrast with the Christianity of the metropolis: a life of simple aims and struggling purity instead of the prevailing dissensions and immorality. These rugged hillsides and shelterless plains still speak of the sincere self-conquests which they once witnessed; and the lingering Coptic monasteries, illiterate and unteachable as their inmates are, still recall the days when the best literary skill of Christendom toiled there at the transcribing of the Scriptures. It may be said that without the work which this quietness made possible, we could not even approach the original readings of many Bible passages, so thoroughly Egyptian are our most valuable codices. The history, then, of this extraordinary movement must be approached with very different feelings from the outright dissatisfaction which the course of doctrinal disputes arouses.

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But however much we may reverence and appreciate asceticism, we must none the less call it one of religion's great mistakes. Thus to rob the world of the direct inheritance from its most pious lives, thus to recruit the population only from those who are not the saints, thus to fix an ideal of holiness in avoiding temptations instead of in meeting and subduing them,—all this is a constantly recurring weakness of piety, and one which inevitably and always reacts upon the community from which it sprang. So it was in Egypt. The tide of enthusiasm soon sank as it had risen; the monks, losing their learning while holding fast their conviction, soon came to be ready tools in the bishop's hands, and fought pitched battles for Athanasius and his doctrines. Mohammedanism mastered the land, but it could not conquer the persistent ignorance which had already defied Christian authority and which has kept the Coptic Church unmoved and unconverted until now. The traveller in modern Egypt finds no more baffling problem than this lifeless though still numerous sect. Ignorant even of the traditions of their nation, unable to read the language which separates them from the rest of the Church, they have yet defied persecution, fortified themselves in their churches, isolated their communities, and kept the blood as they have the faith of the fathers. But their Christianity seems to have done as little for them as it did for their country in the early centuries. They are beyond question less temperate as well as less trustworthy than the Mussulmans about them; they are hardly more approachable by other Christians than by their Arabian masters; and it is with no increased pride in his birthright of faith that the Nile voyager sees the sturdy monks of Gebel-el Tayr hurl themselves into the stream and sweep down with the current to his boat, clothed only in their ignorance and quickening his benevolence with their cry of "Ana Christiani, Ya Howadji!" *

* "I am a Christian, sir." Little can be said of the characteristics of the modern Copts which is not accurately reported in the remarkable Appendix to Lane's *Modern Egyptians*. The strange conservatism of type which the whole country shows makes this book as classic now as it was forty-five years ago; and the same

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Such is the dreary story, briefly told, of the work of Christianity in Egypt. Whether the handful of modern missionaries who have had some small success among the Copts can ever make much headway against the native conservatism and the peculiar self-contentedness of the Mohammedan population is of itself more than doubtful; but at least it is certain that modern converts to Christianity cannot be made through much recalling of its past. It is only as a rebuke that the past can work for good, and as such it is as full and thorough a lesson as the modern world need learn. It is a demonstration of the transitory influence of a religion whose intellectual life is spent in doctrinal controversy or whose practical work is absorbed in bodily discipline. In vain were profound thought and reverence bestowed upon metaphysical distinctions; in vain did the saints court solitude and pain. It was not to multiply essentials of doctrine or to banish the joys and cares of life that the gospel of Jesus was given; and to distort that gospel of simple trust and brotherhood is now, as it was then, to make sure of quick decay of national faith and life.

All the more weighty grows the warning when we see through this thick darkness of Egyptian history scattered traditions of true Christian work and of the results that at once followed it, just as they follow the work of Christian

likeness of the Copts, which Lane notices, to the features of the ancient monuments, the same aptitude among them for special trades and for mathematical work, the same strange mingling of the servile submission of a subject race with the tenacious pride of religious superiority, the same unfortunate absence of the religious restraint which makes drunkenness almost an unheard-of vice among Mohammedans, strike every traveller who penetrates the Coptic settlements now.

I venture to make record here of but one personal experience,—a visit to the Island of Tabenna, the cradle of Christian monasticism. Few travellers pause in this most desolate portion of the Nile voyage and this nearness to the wonders of Thebes. I could hear of but two who had explored the church of late years. The narrow strip of land left by the receding inundation is tended by naked peasants whose un-Arabic features prove them at once to be Copts; and back from the present course of the river, close under the barren range of Arabian hills and in the midst of glaring sands, stands the little modern church. Modern one knows it to be, because it is neither underground where the churches of the martyrs took refuge, nor strongly fortified as the monasteries are which held out against the Mohammedans. But the great field of graves, the relics of ancient lamps and coins which the poor peasants offer, and a neglected well of careful workmanship show that the spot once held a larger population. The priest comes ambling up on donkey-back from the village, with black turban and stolid, unfriendly look. He pries the rude lock open, slaps his donkey smartly, and first the donkey, then the priest, then the

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love to-day; and across the shadow of the record we have traced thus far it is well to let one such bright tradition rest at last. The list of orthodox bishops imposed on the land by the authorities at Constantinople ends with one John, surnamed the Almsgiver. He was no more accepted by the Egyptians as their bishop than his predecessors, and he was as resolute as his predecessors against the heresies of his charge. But he was something more than orthodox; he was human. He made himself the helper and consoler of his erring flock and added to his appeals for doctrinal reconciliation the stronger arguments of a spirit of Christian charity. What wonder was it, then, that the people began to say to themselves, "Here, after all, is a man who cannot be far from the truth. Here is a bishop worth obeying!" What wonder that the only conversions recorded in all this long dark period of foreign bishops took place under the rule of John the Almsgiver!

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excited crowd of villagers, and then the extraordinary stranger enter the court-yard. It is like other Coptic churches,—the same threefold division, the same rude sanctuary with its window like a ticket-office, the same old liturgy at which the priest shakes his head when asked to read, the same tank for immersion in the outer court.

Did the priest know anything of the history of the church? Very little. He had heard of a book which told about it. He thought it had been rebuilt three times. The remains of graves extended much farther than one could see. They were all the graves of "*Gyptch*" (Copts),—and here at once the kinship with ancient Egypt, *Ægyptos*, grew plain, little as the speaker knew of it. Then, at a chance and only half-sure that I was on the spot I sought, I asked him if he had ever heard who built the first church here; and to my astonishment he answered, "*Be-ba-kom*," plainly, Pachomius. The oral tradition had not quite died out. Here was the rallying-point of the saints of the third and fourth centuries. The learning, beauty, and wealth of Europe and of Asia satisfied their longing for self-consecration among these dreamy sand-hills, and found here most of the delights of heaven where there were fewest of the delights of earth. And all that was left of this purity and piety was the rude worship, the blankly ignorant priest, the gaping crowd whose antics over a few copper coins were more like the gestures of apes than of men and Christians, and across the surrounding ocean of sand the rippled surface of unnumbered graves.

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A STUDY OF THE PENTATEUCH.

II.

THE INTERNAL EVIDENCE OF ITS AGE.

To appreciate fully the force of the internal evidence which I shall present respecting the age of the Pentateuch, it is necessary to consider the circumstances under which the external evidence raises the strongest probability, if it does not prove, that it was written, and the kind of composition, both in style and construction, which under those circumstances we should expect to find.

According to the presumption raised by the external evidence and their own profession, these writings, or a large part of them, were composed during a period of forty years in which the Jewish people were sojourning in the region lying between Egypt and Palestine or Canaan. They had just escaped — a portion at least of them — as slaves from long and bitter servitude in Egypt, and were on their way to take possession of the land which their fathers had inhabited, and from which they had emigrated some hundreds of years before into Egypt. During this sojourn in the wilderness they received laws adapted to their condition, and directing their occupation and mode of life and worship in the country of which they were to take possession. Their situation was peculiar, and peculiar regulations would be needed for both their civil and religious, as well as social, welfare. Difficulties would arise in the interpretation and execution of a new code of laws under new circumstances. Rebellions would take place when any special perils awaited the people or any disappointment overtook them. We should expect in a book composed under such circumstances that many minute incidents then occurring would be related, many laws passed, growing out of passing events, many difficulties recorded in the execution of the laws, and growing out of the contradictory character of some parts of their theoretical and experimental legislation. We should expect that the record of these years would be fragmentary, journal-

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like, often abrupt in its statements, disconnected, incoherent, omitting periods in which nothing specially worthy of record transpired, recording many things which have little interest to us, but which were of great importance to them. Such would be the character of the book if written under such circumstances as I have supposed, and which are affirmed in the book itself to be the circumstances in which it was composed.

Nor these marks only should we expect to find. The book would have passed through all manner of perils during the turbulent period of the judges and the establishment of the monarchy, when it had no secure place for preservation and would undoubtedly suffer in the disarrangement of its parts, the loss of some of them, the errors of any attempts at copying and correcting, the glosses of subsequent scribes to render old expressions intelligible, old names modern, old customs understood. We should expect to find, scattered all through it, the explanations, additions, queries, of more modern writers, such as the compliment to the "meekness" of Moses, the song at the old well, the modern names of old towns and old professions.

Let us now examine the books and see whether the construction and contents of the Pentateuch do not indicate pretty clearly such an origin; whether it does not "breathe the desert air"; whether the camp and a nomadic state do not give form and coloring to the whole work; and whether the language does not contain archaic and obsolete words, and forms of words, and use words in a peculiar sense, all of which indicate a period much earlier than that in which the remaining books of the Old Testament were composed, and prove past successful refutation the Mosaic Age of the work.

I will first examine the proof of its antiquity to be found in the style and language of the Pentateuch. Respecting "the archaisms and other peculiarities of the language" which are found in the Pentateuch, De Wette says, "All that can be proved [by them] is, that *some of the fragments of which it is composed are earlier than others.*" "And since

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the book of Joshua, notwithstanding its affinity with Deuteronomy, does *not* possess in common with it certain archaisms, we must admit that a certain uniformity of language was observed and established by the author or compiler." (§ 157.) Let the reader mark two important affirmations: (1) There are "archaisms and other peculiarities of language" in the Pentateuch. (2) They are so marked as to distinguish even the book of Deuteronomy from the book of Joshua, in which they are not found. But, says De Wette, "all that can be proved by these archaisms and peculiarities of language is, that some of the fragments of which it [the Pentateuch] is composed are earlier than others." Now the fact respecting these "archaisms and peculiarities" is, that they are found in both the so-called Elohistic and Jehovistic documents as selected by De Wette himself. They are not limited to any of these theoretical or real documents or fragments. They pervade the whole work. They make as clear a distinction between the Pentateuch and all the following books of the Bible as the contents of the rocks do between the Eocene and Miocene periods, and it is lamentable that he should have allowed himself, when struggling with this objection to his theory of the late origin of the Pentateuch derived from its "archaisms and peculiarities of language," to entirely misrepresent the method and result of Jahn's study on this subject. He says (§157, Note a) "Jahn, without examining and sifting, has huddled all together, . . . especially [names of] things which do not occur elsewhere,— technical terms." This is just what Jahn did *not* do; what he especially avoided. He omitted all such words as De Wette accuses him, in this quotation, of introducing, as our notice of Jahn's method will show. In §34 De Wette says, "The oldest writers, the authors of the Pentateuch, . . . write in the purest and most beautiful language. . . . During the exile and after it, the influence of the Aramæan language becomes visible, as well as other peculiarities in the usage of the language." Gesenius divides Hebrew literature into two periods, that before and during and after the captivity. The "Aramæan tinges" all the

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second period. "The Pentateuch belongs to the first period, with Joshua and Judges and Samuel and Kings." And what is unaccountable is, that after saying that "the language and usage of the Pentateuch, in the historical passages, agree perfectly with those of the other historical books," he immediately continues: "However, the Pentateuch has some peculiarities," which he concedes may indicate "a high antiquity of these books." (De Wette. Vol. I., Ap. D., § 8.) Gesenius obviously means by this, that they are the oldest in Hebrew literature, as the "archaisms" prove, and consequently were not written in whole or in part by Ezra. But Gesenius says more than this: "From the circumstance that these idioms appear also in the later book of Deuteronomy, it is in the highest degree probable that a *conforming* hand has been busy with them." Mark the consequence of this "probability." Deuteronomy is supposed to be the book found or forged by Hilkiah. If so, as these critics maintain, then "the archaisms and peculiarities of language," which it is affirmed distinguish the four other books of the Pentateuch, Genesis — Numbers, had *already gone out of use*, and rendered it necessary for the writer of Deuteronomy to "*conform*" his style to those older books, in order that his forgery might escape detection. But if these books, Genesis — Numbers, were not written, as the Dutch school maintain, till during the captivity and after it, why was it necessary that the writer of Deuteronomy should feel compelled to "conform" his style to that of books not in existence? Indeed, to ordinary minds, it does not seem possible that he could do it without miraculous foresight. And, more wonderful still, why should these forgers of the laws during and after the captivity have taken so much pains to introduce these "archaisms and peculiarities" when there was no old literature to show that they ever existed, no older books considered sacred?

In order, however, to justify his placing Deuteronomy at a considerably later period than Genesis — Numbers, Gesenius says "a remarkably different style prevails in Deuteronomy [from that in the earlier books]. Its most remarka-

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ble characteristic consists in a certain diffuse, rhetorical, and moralizing tone, and the constant return of favorite phrases." That is to say, "its most remarkable characteristic" is precisely that which distinguishes an oration from a statute, an address from an enactment. Deuteronomy is an oration, an address; Exodus — Numbers are made up of "orders" and "laws." They demand a different style from an address, and they have it. Yet the fragments of addresses which are scattered through these earlier books are as "diffuse, rhetorical, and moralizing in tone" as Deuteronomy. There is nothing in the style of Deuteronomy to separate it in age from the other books.

The different styles demanded by moral precepts and statute laws and specifications for work and an address explain and justify the difference between the style of Exodus — Numbers and that of Deuteronomy. The mood of mind in which a person writes, and whether he dictates or holds the pen, has his extemporaneous address taken down by another or writes it out afterwards himself, make a difference in the same person's style which few critics appreciate. As I write, a notable instance of it comes to mind. It is in Mr. Whipple's *Memoir of Thomas Starr King*, p. 58. In an interview with Mr. King, Mr. Whipple says: "I maintained that he lost in compactness many of the advantages he gained in compass,— that his pen when placed in his own fingers not only hit on the best word or phrase to express his thought, but really deepened the thought by the pauses which composition exacts. The dispute culminated late one Sunday evening after he had delivered a carefully premeditated lecture on Hildebrand. I recklessly offered to distinguish among the promiscuous passages which were fresh in my memory those which he had himself written from those he had dictated to his amanuensis. Manuscript in hand, he laughingly defied me to undertake the task. By good luck, I happened to be right in every guess." Two thousand years hence or less, some critic of this disintegrating school will be proving to admiring students of "advanced thought" that this lecture on Hildebrand is a com-

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posite work patched up by a later hand from different authors!

As this matter of style has an important, not to say a decisive, bearing on the age of the Pentateuch, I make one more reference to the opinion of Gesenius. He says, in his *Hebrew Grammar*, Introduction, 3: "The Pentateuch undoubtedly has some peculiarities of language which may pass for *archaisms*," and then proceeds to name a few which distinguish it from all other literature before the captivity: "Jeremiah and Ezekiel are examples of a decided approach to the Aramæan hue of the silver age," or to the books written during the later period of the captivity and after the return, "in all of which a Chaldee [Aramæan] coloring, although in different degrees, is exhibited." He says further, as quoted in Parker's *De Wette*, Vol. I., Appendix D., p. 440: "As the language appears at present in the writings of the Old Testament, we can distinguish in them only two periods distinctly marked by their character,—those writings *before* the exile and those *during the exile and after it*." On page 443, he says: "With the exile begins a *new* epoch for language and literature, which is *particularly distinguished* by an approach to the cognate East-Aramæan dialect to which the Jews in the land of exile became accustomed." And he further says, page 450: "Ezekiel stands on the borders of the two periods. . . . He shares many peculiar terms and Chaldaic expressions with his contemporary, Jeremiah. But they are more numerous in Ezekiel; and among all writers of the Old Testament, perhaps he has proportionably the greatest number of grammatical anomalies and inaccuracies." "Ecclesiastes is tinged most deeply with Aramæan dye." This would seem to be conclusive respecting the composition of any part of the Pentateuch in this period or near it, and yet we are gravely told by Dr. Kuenen that Leviticus xviii.—xxvi. was written by this eminently Chaldeeizing Ezekiel.

Dr. Davidson says: "There are some peculiarities in the Pentateuch . . . which were afterwards modified or dropped. There are diversities between the language as found in it,

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and the language some centuries after, which can be recognized." "The Aramæan [Chaldee] element is a characteristic feature which distinguishes the language of this [later] period." "This deterioration is observable even in Jeremiah and Ezekiel, who, in point of language, stand on the borders of the two ages," that before, and that after, the captivity. "It is still more noticeable in the post-exile prophets." (*Bib. Crit.*, Vol I., pp. 15, 18.) And yet a school of critics contend that a portion of the Pentateuch was written by Ezekiel, and, more incredible still, that large parts of it were written by Ezra. Nine years later, when Davidson was goaded into becoming a partisan rather than a critic, he endeavors to parry the force of the argument derived from "archaisms" in favor of the Mosaic age of the Pentateuch by exposing the extravagant claims of some of their advocates; but he says: "We do not say that there are no diversities of language between the Pentateuch and later books." The fact then remains that there is an observable difference in the style of the Pentateuch from that of the later books,—and indicating an earlier age. And this is all that is claimed. The more or the less diversity is of no vital importance.

Ewald, the great Hebraist, whose fanciful theory of five or six writers of different portions of the Pentateuch has not been accepted by critics, says: "These fragments," referring to the earliest, according to his classification, "display many both rare and archaic peculiarities in the usage of words"; and he gives several in a note, and remarks: "We find here, in proportion to the trifling bulk of the passages, a great number of words which are either wholly unknown elsewhere, or are not usual in prose." (*His. of Is.*, Vol. I., p. 65.) But the same holds true of all the portions or sections made by Ewald, and these peculiarities all disappear in the books following the Pentateuch, proving that a period of considerable length must have intervened between the close of its composition and that of those books. I cannot understand how Hebrew scholars can believe that the Pentateuch, so marked by its "archaisms," could have been written after Joshua — Kings (a large part of it even by Ezra), which are

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free from them; and these books were most certainly written before the middle of the captivity, most of them before its commencement, and some of them as early or earlier than the time of David.

The *emphasis* with which Ewald characterizes the difference in the style of the Pentateuch and that of the rest of the books written before the captivity — Joshua — Kings — demands notice. "The first phenomenon," he says, "that strikes the observer here is the *marked* difference in the language [of these later books] in comparison with that of the preceding great book of the primitive history [the Pentateuch]. Although both are equally made up of passages by the most diverse writers, yet on the whole *each* is distinguished by a *peculiar* cast of language. "Many fresh words and expressions become favorites here [in Joshua — Kings] and supplant their equivalents in the primitive history [Genesis — Deuteronomy]; others that are *thoroughly in vogue* here [in Joshua — Kings] are . . . avoided in the primitive history. But the *most remarkable and pervading characteristic* is, that words of common life, which *never* occur to the pen of any single relator of the primitive history, find an *unquestioned* reception here [in Joshua — Kings]." "I have no hesitation in saying," he yet more emphatically affirms, "that the *established usage of centuries* must have sanctioned for the primitive history [the Pentateuch] a style of narrative and a cast of language *utterly different* from those customary in the history of the Kings," in which Ewald includes Judges — Kings. They "naturally created a *new style* of narrative and of language." * The italics are mine. Ewald here affirms that for "centuries" the "primitive style" of the Pentateuch existed before the writers of the later books and literature lived. But we have good reason to believe that we have remains of literature as early as the time of David in some of the Psalms, to say nothing of the probability that the book of Judges and portions of Samuel and all of Joshua may have been written in his reign or shortly after; in

* Vol. I., pp. 134, 135.

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none of which are there any of the "archaisms and peculiarities of language" which are "*utterly different* from those customary" in Joshua — Kings, and constituting a "*new style* of narrative and language." But according to the estimate of many modern critics, only about three centuries intervened between Moses and David or Solomon, and only about five, according to the earlier critics. Ewald's "usage of centuries" reaches back easily to the time of Moses in either chronology. To make as great a change in the language as he affirms, that length of time, in that age, would be required. The age of the Pentateuch is thrown back, therefore, to the time of Moses by the demand of its "*utterly different*" style from that of the later books. For this "archaic style tinges" all the different documents of which some critics think the work is composed, as Ewald admits "even Deuteronomy to be." (p. 135.)

These opinions of eminent Hebrew scholars, with which nine-tenths of the scholars in this country who can read Hebrew agree, must suffice as proof of the "archaic style" of the Pentateuch. A popular essay like this is not the place for a minute exhibition and criticism of these "archaisms and peculiarities of language." A few specimens only will be given, as indications of their character, and illustrations of their number and variety, in which the reader may be interested.

The most striking and obvious peculiarity in the style of the Pentateuch is the use of the same word for the singular pronoun in the third person of both genders, *he* and *she*. In the rest of the Hebrew writings, a distinction is always made and a different word is used for the feminine pronoun *she*. Ewald himself admits that "this is a proof which cannot be mistaken, in favor of the high antiquity of the Pentateuch." And when we remember that this pronoun is used nearly two hundred times in the Pentateuch, and, with but eleven exceptions, in the same form, the "proof" becomes decisive that the book is older than any other Hebrew writings which have come down to us; hence older even than the Psalms of David, in which no such "archaic" word is found.

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The same remark may be made respecting a word which in the Pentateuch is used *twenty-five* times, and is applied indifferently to either a young man or a young woman; while in the other Hebrew writings the feminine termination is added to distinguish the gender. A peculiar form of the plural demonstrative pronoun "these" is found in the Pentateuch. One phrase which indicates strongly the very early origin of the book is that used to denote the death of an Israelite. He is said "to be gathered *to his people*"; while in the later writings he is said "to be gathered *to his fathers*." The nation not yet being settled in the land of promise, the "fathers" are not spoken of. A peculiar word is used in the Pentateuch to denote *species*, *kind*, of animals and plants twenty-eight times, and is *never* used in later writings, with but one exception, when Ezekiel (xlvii., 10) most obviously quotes the language of the Pentateuch, Genesis i., 21. A peculiar phrase is used twenty-one times to signify the relation of the sexes. Fourteen times a peculiar word is used for *lamb*. A peculiar word for *laugh* is used thirteen times, or rather a peculiar spelling of a word. A peculiar word is used fifty times for *goat* which is *never* used for that animal in the other books. A word is used for *female* twenty-one times in the Pentateuch, and never in the other writings except by Jeremiah (xxxi., 22), with evident reference to the old usage. Such is a specimen of the "archaic" words and phrases used in this book. Dr. Jahn, who made a special examination of these "archaisms," after omitting all words which treat of subjects peculiar to the Pentateuch, such as names of towns, villages, nations, men; of diseases and symptoms of diseases; of blemishes in sacrifices, priests, men, and women; of parts of the tabernacle, and its altars, curtains, and furniture,—in short, after the omission of *all* words which were used to signify things or ideas *not* spoken of in the later books,—found *over two hundred words, used from two to two hundred times each, which are peculiar to the Pentateuch.* When we consider the meagre vocabulary of Hebrew words, this number is a very large one, and is conclusive evidence that the book was com-

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posed in a period remote from that in which the other Hebrew books were written. "The few solitary Chaldaisms which occur in the writings of the Golden Age," and which have been adduced as proof of the modern origin of the Pentateuch, Gesenius says "may be accounted for by the fact that these books passed through the hands of copyists whose language was Chaldee." Besides, it is not certain that all these so-called Chaldaisms are such. "Some of them are not found," says Gesenius, "in Chaldee, and seem to have belonged to the Hebrew popular dialect." *

Looking at the language only, therefore, we are required to refer the Pentateuch to an age as remote as that of Moses. It is objected, however, to this view of the age of the Pentateuch, that the language must have undergone a *greater* change between the Mosaic Age, in which it is claimed that the Pentateuch was written, and the age in which the remaining books, Joshua — Kings, were written, than we find that it has undergone in these books. If, however, Joshua and Judges and a portion of Samuel were written in the age of David or Solomon, as is most probable, only about three hundred years intervened between their composition and that of the Pentateuch, according to the most commonly received chronology; and, setting their composition as late as that of the books of the Kings, but about seven hundred years separate them. Now it is well known that the early Oriental languages do not change as rapidly as those in modern days. The late George H. Smith, the eminent Assyriologist, says, Vol. II., p. 23: "The texts of Rim-agu,

* The latest statement which I have seen respecting the language of the Pentateuch is contained in a notice of a *Historico-Critical Commentary on the Language of the Elohist in the Pentateuch.* By C. Victor Ryssel. 8vo. pp. 92. Leipzig: Fernan. 1878. In which it is said that "the result of the author's laborious examinations is, that *only some parts* of the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, contain peculiarities of language which point to a *rather late* date of composition. These are the parts which, taken together, form the so-called Priest's Code. But the *greater* parts of the Elohistic book, and the weightiest, *i.e.*, the historic and the supreme laws, are to be referred to the *early* days of the literature of the Israelite people." Of the ability of this scholar to decide on this subject, I have no knowledge. Accepting his decision as correct respecting the fact of "certain peculiarities of language" in the ritual which "point to a rather late date of composition," this would be expected, for ritual language survives all other, and would be used, when ritualistic matters were treated of, long centuries after the ritual was composed and adopted.

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Sargon, Hammurali, who were one thousand years before Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus, show the same language as the texts of these later kings, there being no sensible difference in style to match the long interval between them." These older texts were of the age of Moses, according to the old chronology, and just as much time elapsed between their composition and the later texts as elapsed between the time of Moses and the captivity, when the books of the Kings were written; but, according to the new chronology, the text of Rim-agu is three hundred years older than that of the Pentateuch.

The Egyptologists also testify to the slight changes which took place in the early centuries in the language of Egypt. In the *Revue Archéologique* (1867, unless my reference is incorrect), is the following statement: "In comparing the demotic papyrus with the romance of the Two Brothers, even a superficial examination shows, not only that the language and the formulæ of the two papyri, separated from each other by an interval of some thousand years, are of the same kind, but also—a point of most special interest—even the grammar has not undergone the least change." Well might there not have been any greater change in the Hebrew language of the time of Moses down to the time of the captivity than we find when we compare the language of the Pentateuch and that of the books of the Kings. There is a change, and as great as we should expect to find under the circumstances, as great as the analogy of other Oriental languages would lead us to anticipate.

The language of the Pentateuch is "archaic"; signally different from the earliest of the other writings, and some of these date back to the time of David. The time between Moses and David was none too great to have wrought this difference. Governed by the language of the work we must date the Pentateuch as early as the Mosaic Age.

Nor can it be said with any ground of reason that this "archaic language" in the Pentateuch is only the "priestly idiom" which was used by the priestly forgers, Hilkiah and Ezra; for there is no proof that there was any "priestly

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idiom." And, more than this, the writings of the priests which have come down to us contain none of these "archaic peculiarities." Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Ezra, Haggai, Zechariah, all priests, write in the degenerate language of the age of the captivity, and use none of the "archaic" words which distinguish the language of the Pentateuch from all the other books. This they would not have done, had these peculiar words been the special vocabulary of priestly men.

I cannot dismiss this already extended discussion of the "archaic language" of the Pentateuch as proof of its high antiquity, without risking the charge of presumption by saying that my reading of the Hebrew and my examination of the discussion of the eminent critics quoted above compel me to make *three* periods of the language of the Old Testament Scriptures: The first covering the Pentateuch; the second, Joshua—Kings; the third, Chronicles—Esther. The poetical books belonging to the second and third periods can be nearly as easily distinguished as the historical.

Were there, therefore, no other evidence of the age of the composition of the Pentateuch, this would be sufficient to determine it. But there is other evidence corroborative of this, and also adding its own independent weight to the same conclusion. This evidence is found in the *contents* and *structure* of the books of the Pentateuch, and determines their age as certainly and as evidently as the contents and structure of the rocks determine their age. The contents and structure of the Silurian rocks no more surely prove their deposition to have been before the Devonian than the contents and structure of the Pentateuch prove it to have been written before any other books in the Bible.

But before dismissing a consideration of the language of the Pentateuch as furnishing an argument for its antiquity, it is necessary to consider an objection to this conclusion which has been drawn from the marked diversity of style in the books themselves. A sufficient reply to this objection, so far as my argument is concerned, is, that however diverse

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the style of the different parts of these books may be, the style of *all these parts* is "archaic," and hence they were written long before Joshua — Kings. But I cannot admit that such diversities of style as the objection implies are found in the Pentateuch. Excepting the first eleven chapters of Genesis, which contain some notices of the world before the time of Abraham, and excepting several passages in the remainder of Genesis, there is a unity of style as clearly marked as in any writing by even one person, spread over as long a period (forty years) and including as many different subjects, to say nothing of the probability of the employment of scribes who would naturally write in different styles while using the same "archaic language." I have gone through the drudgery of examining all De Wette's divisions founded upon what he is pleased to call diversities of style, and have risen from the task entirely satisfied that there is no good foundation for any such wide diversities as he maintains are to be found, making it possible with any degree of certainty to identify the different writers. The self-contradictory nature of some of the rules by which he professes to be governed, the different words which in different sections he quotes as proving the identity of the authorship of some sections and the different authorship of other sections, are sufficient to lead the student to suspect that a mistake has been made in this portion of his Introduction; and upon further and closer examination he will find his suspicions changed into firm conclusions that such heterogeneousness of style, as is affirmed so decidedly to exist, is not to be found in these books. But we will not be allured much further from a positive consideration of our subject by the fruitful field of criticism which opens before us in this direction.

A very brief space only must be taken to illustrate the fatuity of all such attempts to cull out the parts which are attributed to the different hypothetical writers. I use De Wette's fragments, who confesses to following "Stählin's plan." Did De Wette test this plan by comparing it with the text? It does not seem possible. He says Exodus xvi.

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is from the Elohist writer, yet God is called *Elohim* but once and *Jehovah* twenty-two times. Chapter xx., 19–21, is Jehovistic, and yet God is called Elohim three times and not once Jehovah. Leviticus iii., 6, is called Elohistic, yet God is called Jehovah. These also are selected as Elohistic, yet God is called Jehovah in all of them: Leviticus vi., 18; vii., 20, 21; x., 15, used twice. Leviticus xiv., Jehovah is used twenty-three times, Elohim once. Leviticus i.—iii., Jehovah twenty-nine times, Elohim once; xvii., 4–10, Jehovah seven times, Elohim not once; xix., 8, 34, Jehovah in each; xxii., 3, Jehovah twice; xxiv., 16, 22, Jehovah in both; xxvii., 9, 11, 16, 21, 22, 28, Jehovah eight times and Elohim not once in these later references. Let us look into Numbers i.—x.: Jehovah is used ninety-nine times, Elohim *once!* xviii., Jehovah sixteen times, Elohim not once; xx., 1–13, Jehovah seven times, Elohim once; xxv., 1–18, Jehovah six times, Elohim once. These are sufficient illustrations of the complete unreliableness of this attempt to parcel out these books, Exodus—Numbers, among different authors on this use of the names of God. Further exposure was made of the attempt in this *Review*, October, 1878, p. 377.

Another internal argument in favor of the antiquity of the Pentateuch is found in the *journal-like* character of the work itself. It is precisely as it would have been, had it been written under the circumstances commonly believed to exist at the time of its composition. It is fragmentary and abrupt, relating incidents in such a manner and form as to induce the belief that the writer was on the spot and narrated what he saw, and his own feelings under the circumstances. To fully appreciate this characteristic of the Pentateuch, or the last four books of it, we must go into particulars, which will show very clearly that they were composed on the spot where the transactions recorded transpired.

I will first refer to the occurrence of *unexpected difficulties* which arose, making it necessary to amend or repeal laws which had been previously enacted. A marked instance of

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this nature occurs respecting the law of inheritance in accordance with which none but *sons* could inherit the real estate of the father; and specific regulations were made respecting the manner in which it should be divided. But when the tribes were about to enter upon possession of the promised land, the daughters of Zelophehad came forward, and stated that their father had left no sons at his death, and therefore that their father's portion of the land would go out of the family. They pray, therefore, that a possession may be given them among their brethren. To meet this emergency, Moses enacts a new, or rather amends the old, law. He enacts that "if a man die and have no son, then ye shall cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter." And further provisions are made in case no daughter should survive (Numbers xxvi., 1–11). If we turn forward nine chapters, we shall find that this new law was found to be as defective as the old one, but in another direction. It was the intention of Moses that no part of the inheritance of one tribe should pass into the possession of another tribe. But these daughters of Zelophehad were proposing to marry into another tribe,— not into that to which their father belonged. This caused the children of the other families of the tribe to make complaint to Moses that his amendment to the old law, which gave the inheritance to the sons only, and giving it, in case of no sons, to the daughters, would disinherit their *tribe* of a part of their estate, since these daughters of Zelophehad were about to marry out of the tribe, and thus take their father's inheritance with them. Moses saw the conflicting nature of both the original law and his amendment, and he amended the amendment by enacting that, in all cases, "every daughter that possesseth an inheritance in any tribe of the children of Israel shall be wife unto one of the family of the tribe of her father, that the children of Israel may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers." Let, therefore, the daughters of Zelophehad "marry to whom they think best; only to the family of the tribe of their fathers shall they marry" (Numbers xxxvi.). Thus, after *three* experiments, the law is perfected, and the

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details of the cause of these changes are given *as if written on the spot.* Would a compiler of the laws of the Hebrews in the time of Ezra have thus stated this matter? It is very improbable, not to say incredible.

Another incident is related, showing the imperfect character of the first enactment, and how, from time to time, laws were added to meet these new emergencies. A man was found violating the Sabbath by picking up sticks (Numbers xv., 32). The law had forbidden all work. A man is found violating the law; *how* is he to be punished? Moses adds a new section to the law containing the penalty for violating the Sabbath. Stone him with stones without the camp. Here we see clearly that a history of the origin of the penalty is given, which would not have been given by a compiler of a later age. The same is true of the law against blasphemy (Leviticus xxiv., 10–23) to be noticed soon.

The change which was made in the law respecting *usury* indicates the journal-like character of the Pentateuch. It is first enacted (Exodus xxii., 25) that no usury shall be taken of the *poor*, as it would be oppressive; but it is distinctly implied that it might be taken of the rich. Just as the tribes were to enter Canaan, thirty-eight years after, we find that this law is so modified as to forbid the taking of usury from *any* Hebrew (Deuteronomy xxiii., 19). It had been found, probably, that very little money would be loaned to the poor without usury, when it could be loaned to the rich with usury. All usury of Hebrews is forbidden. But another curious change is found in these usury laws respecting strangers who came to dwell among the Hebrews. Soon after the people left Egypt it was enacted that no usury should be taken of the poor of their own people, but of the poor of other people who had come among them nothing is said. In about two years, just before the people leave Sinai, a more stringent law is passed respecting usury (Leviticus xxv., 35), and strangers are included in it, and especially those who had been overtaken by calamity and had lost their property. Just before entering Canaan (Deu-

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teronomy xxiii., 19), we find that the law forbidding usury when loans were made to sojourners and strangers is repealed. It is very easy to see why a writer on the spot should insert all these particulars, but it is not easy to see why a later writer giving a compend of the law should have inserted all these minute matters, or indeed how he could have known them unless some one had written them at the time, and the later writer had used his journal. The old law was found upon trial to be imperfect: an amendment was enacted, and inserted in the book containing their legislative proceedings, as is done at this day.

An unforeseen difficulty arose respecting the Passover (Leviticus xxiii., 1). *Every* Israelite was bound by the original law to keep the Passover on the *fourteenth* day of the *first* month, and a heavy penalty rested upon him who failed to obey it. Yet it was equally perilous for a person ritually unclean to minister in any sacred rite. In Numbers ix., we have the record of such a conflict in the laws. "Certain men who were defiled by the dead body of a man," so that they could not keep the Passover, came to Moses and Aaron and inquired what they should do. Moses saw the conflict in the laws, and enacted that they, and all persons who should hereafter be in their situation, might eat the Passover on the *fourteenth* day of the *second* month, regarding, at the same time, all the ceremonies which were required of those who ate it in the previous month.

A long series of amendments is found in Deuteronomy to adapt laws, many of which were designed for a camp and nomadic life, to the settled, agricultural condition of the people in Canaan. In camp they were required to kill their animals for food at the tabernacle, that the priests might see that no idolatrous rites were performed with the blood and entrails; in the land of their inheritance they could kill animals for food at their own homes. Tents were to be exchanged for houses, and laws respecting their construction and purification are enacted. A difficulty arose respecting the penalty to be inflicted on one of that "mixed" race which came out of Egypt with Israel. A son of an Israel-

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itish woman and of a man of Egypt had a fray, blasphemed and cursed. He is kept in ward till his case could be inquired into; and it is at last determined, after careful inquiry, that he should be put to death as an Israelite must be who had committed the same crime (Leviticus xxiv., 10–23). Such changes, additions, and amendments in the laws, made to meet emergencies apparently unforeseen, most certainly indicate a writer on the spot, and not a historian of remotely succeeding generations.

But this book of Deuteronomy and the light which it throws upon the age of the Pentateuch demand a thorough examination, as so much misapprehension exists concerning both.

Dr. Kuenen affirms that the forger of Deuteronomy intended to deceive the people, and that "men used to perpetrate such fictions without any qualms of conscience" (Vol. II., p. 18). De Wette says: "The author of Deuteronomy would have us regard his whole book as the work of Moses" (Parker's *De Wette*, Vol. II., p. 159). Davidson says "a late writer represents the whole of Deuteronomy, or at least chapters iv., 44–xxx., as proceeding from Moses' hand." . . . "The deception was an innocent one, being merely a veil or *form* for communicating and enforcing lessons of importance"! Indeed, all supporters of this theory admit that Deuteronomy is a flagrant forgery. Yet they are compelled to admit, also, that the writer had before him many older documents containing laws ancient and venerated. I propose to show how the laws given at Sinai, forty years before, were amended on the east bank of the Jordan by the original law-giver, and thus prove by its contents that the address of Moses is not a "fiction" written eight centuries later, but a substantially correct report of a real transaction. In Deuteronomy xii.–xxvi. we have a series of additions and amendments to previous laws, *all based upon new circumstances or defects discovered in the original enactment*, none of them affecting the fundamental law of the nation. It would require more space than I can take, and more patience in the reader than can be assumed, to quote or refer to all the

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changes made and the reasons for them; nor is it necessary for my argument to do so. A few must suffice as indicating the rest. I give the following as average illustrations of all of them: Permission is given to the people to kill animals at their own homes instead of at the door of the tabernacle. Secretly enticing to idolatry is made a capital crime. Idolatrous cities are to be razed to the ground. Mourners are not to shave between the eyes. A dead carcase may be sold to an alien. The animals that may be eaten are named. When the distance is "too great to carry the tithe of corn and wine and oil and the firstlings of thy herds and flocks" to the place which God shall choose, "then thou shalt turn it into money" to use at the place chosen. Payment of debts is not to be enforced in the Sabbatical year from the poor. Slaves are to be emancipated on the seventh year. Female slaves are to have the same rights as males; they are to be provided for, when bearing, by their master. Judges are to be appointed in all cities. Regulations are made respecting a king. An addition is made to a priest's perquisites. A test of a false prophet is given. Minute regulations are made respecting cities of refuge. Landmarks are not to be changed. Two witnesses are to be required for "any iniquity" as well as for "murder." A false witness is to be punished as the criminal, if guilty, would be. Regulations are given for drafting soldiers for war. Trees are not to be destroyed when besieging cities. The treatment of a town in case of uncertain murder is described. Conditions of marrying a female captive are given, etc., etc., etc. There are over sixty amendments and additions to the law as contained in Exodus — Numbers, in these chapters, and they are such as one having the original laws before him would, under the circumstances, have made; but it appears incredible that one having the laws of Deuteronomy before him could have composed those of Exodus — Numbers, as the theory assumes.

Again, the indirect quotations of the original laws and references to them contained in Exodus — Numbers, by the speaker in Deuteronomy, in connection with the amendments

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and additions which he makes, are of such a kind as to compel the belief that Exodus — Numbers were in the hand of the speaker; at any rate, they raise a violent presumption, in legal phraseology, that these books were already written, and their contents well known to the Deuteronomist.

In about a dozen places the speaker in Deuteronomy quotes from what God "had commanded" or "said," and his quotation or reference is found in the previous books. In some instances the quotations are verbal; in others free, but including a peculiar word or phrase, as not to "lift up" an iron tool on building an altar (Deuteronomy xxvii., 5= Exodus xx., 26); to drive out the Canaanites "little by little" (Deuteronomy vii., 22=Exodus xxiii., 30); God is a "jealous God" (Deuteronomy iv., 24=Exodus xx., 5); thou shalt not wear a garment of "divers sorts" (Deuteronomy xxii., 11=Leviticus xix., 9). Some of these words and phrases are used only in the passages quoted. These quotations are sufficient to indicate the character of the rest of the passages, and the reader can judge of their weight in this argument. To an unbiased critic who had no theory to support, they alone would seem to be decisive of the whole question. But lest some readers should still hesitate to accept this conclusion on the testimony of these passages, I will trespass upon the patience of others by quoting a few more passages which must remove the least shadow of doubt. In Deuteronomy i., 16–18, Moses says the "judges shall not respect persons in judgment, but ye shall hear the small as well as great, and judge righteously between every man and his brother. . . . I *commanded you at that time* ['whilst at Horeb'] all the things which ye should do." In Leviticus xix., 15, is the original law. In Deuteronomy iii., 18, Moses says, addressing the tribes which were to settle on the east side of Jordan, "I *commanded you at that time*, saying, Ye shall pass over armed before your brethren," and help them subdue the land first. This command is in Numbers xxxii., 20–23. In Deuteronomy xi., 22–25, in order to encourage the people to go up and take the land, Moses reminds them that the "Lord *hath said* that he will

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drive out all these nations from before you." This saying of the Lord is in Exodus xxiii., 27–29. Deuteronomy xviii., 2, "The tribe of Levi . . . shall have no inheritance among their brethren; the Lord is their inheritance, *as he hath said* unto them"; and he said it in Numbers xviii., 20. In Deuteronomy xx., 17, Moses repeats the "command of the Lord" contained in Exodus xxxiv., 11, to drive out or exterminate the "Hittites and the Amorites, the Canaanites and the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jebusites," from the land. In Deuteronomy xxiv., 8, Moses directs the people "to take heed in the plague of leprosy to observe diligently and do according to all that the priests the Levites shall teach you; as I *commanded* these, so ye shall observe to do." This "command" is found in Leviticus xiii., 14.

But I must refrain from quoting further. Reasonable readers have rights which unreasonable ones are bound to respect. If these passages are not conclusive and do not remove the last shadow of a reasonable doubt, then the presence and testimony of Moses himself could not dispel it. The author of Deuteronomy was familiar with the preceding books, or historical questions are incapable of settlement.

So evident are these references, and so numerous, that even Dr. Davidson admits that "it is possible that the *successive laws* may have been given by Moses, from the first code at Sinai till the time of his death in Moab; the legislation being supplemented, enlarged, modified, altered, as circumstances arose" (Vol. I., p. 75). And he also admits, respecting Deuteronomy, that "it is possible indeed to conceive of Moses, provided he wrote the preceding books of the Pentateuch, giving a survey of the historical circumstances through which he had passed at the head of the Israelites, and modifying or abrogating such enactments as would be unsuitable to the people when they had obtained possession of the promised land" (Vol. I., p. 253). "There is no doubt," he says, "that it [Deuteronomy] is built on the historical facts embodied in the former parts of the Pentateuch. It alludes to them throughout. Yet it is still possible . . . that his [the author's] acquaintance with them

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may have been borrowed from *oral tradition.*" But only two pages further on, Dr. Davidson says: "These proofs [filling three pages] of the Deuteronomist's acquaintance with the four preceding books might be multiplied, since *almost every chapter* presents some indication, however slight, that *written* documents were employed by him" (Vol. I., pp. 386, 387. The italics are mine). Now pass on seven pages further (p. 394), and we find Dr. Davidson saying, "The Deuteronomist found the first four books *made up in their present form* of two or more leading documents, and terminating with Moses' death." Comment on such criticism is unnecessary. Dr. Kuenen, who maintains that the chief portion of Exodus — Numbers was not composed till two centuries *after* Deuteronomy, must settle the matter as he can with Dr. Davidson, who affirms that the "four books,"— Genesis — Numbers,— "in their present form," were in the hands of the Deuteronomist.

Another evidence of the time and place and manner of writing these books and enacting these laws is found in Deuteronomy xxviii.—xxx. compared with Leviticus xxvi. At the conclusion of the above at Sinai, when the code and ritual had been given, Moses exhorts the people, Leviticus xxvi., to obedience, as they were soon to be settled in the promised land, by all the motives which could influence a patriotic and religious people. He pictures before them all the blessings of peace and all the luxuries of prosperity consequent upon obedience, and all the desolations of war and the horrors of famine and plague which will follow disobedience. It was as natural as fit that then and there such an earnest and ardent and admonitory address should be made. But the people did not enter the land as was expected. They wandered about for thirty-eight years, till nearly all who heard the address had forgotten it or were dead. We are not surprised, therefore, to find, as the people were about to enter the land after their long wanderings, and as their great leader could not pass over with them, that he again addresses them at even greater length and with supreme earnestness. The same principles are clothed

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in more glowing language, and are warmed with a patriot's anxiety and importunity. The time, the circumstances, give coloring to the words spoken. Accept the historical account as correct, and both speeches find their place and justification. Deny the reliableness of the history, and either the one or the other of the speeches is superfluous, and its origin cannot be accounted for, nor the location of the one in the book of Leviticus justified. The internal evidence of the age and origin of the Pentateuch, derived from the construction, contents, and repeated references to the other books, and the amendments and repeal of laws contained in them, and the enactment of new laws demanded by the changed conditions of the people, as exhibited in Deuteronomy, would of itself justify the ~~belief~~ of the Mosaic Age of these books.

But there is more evidence of the same kind contained in the description of the condition of the people, and the enactment of new laws, and the amendment of old ones, thirty-seven years before, when the people were about to enter Canaan from Kadesh, as written in the book of Numbers to which we must now turn our attention.

R. P. STEBBINS.

(*To be concluded*).

THE PESSIMISTS.

One of the most famous hours in the history of the East is that when Sakyamuni, after a week of meditation under the sacred Bo-tree, attained the knowledge whose four sublime truths would deliver man from those successive existences which are only a change of miseries. He saw that all the conditions of life were unstable, full of pain and illusion. The source of evil is life itself. The essence of existence is evil. That which produces existence is desire; and desire springs from our ignorance of the delusiveness of all things. All appearance and all substance are in truth but emptiness. When we know these illusions, then we shall extinguish desire for them, and all further belief in that self or care for those possessions or personal gratifications that are the root

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of the world's wretchedness will die away. The supreme science, in its four paths, rising one above another, is, then, a thorough liberation from the deceits by which men are dupes to themselves and the world. It is to learn to abolish in one's self effort and thought. It is to efface pleasure, consciousness, memory. Thus it is that the blessed Nirvana commences,—an infinite quietude, a fathomless rest; at last, absolute non-existence, a sacred nothingness.

Such was the course of thought by which the Prince of Sakya became Buddha,—the Enlightened One; such is the wisdom by the teaching of which he sought to save humanity.

"Evil, that is the essence of existence,"—such is still the thought in which the pious Hindu is absorbed as he makes his pilgrimage to the shrines of Buddha. "Life but illusion and wretchedness," "happiness only in non-existence,"—here are the sacred texts which form the mental food of the students of the Rig-Veda and the Dhammapada, of the thousands who in China or Ceylon turn the Wheel of the Law, or the monks who, in their sacred hermitages, sink thought and sense in holy apathy.

To the student of religion as he comes across these interpretations of existence for the first time in his researches into the varied forms that faith has taken, this philosophy seems astonishing enough. Its weird paradoxes, its heroic hypochondria, its holy cynicism, strike us with amazement, even across the vast spaces of land and sea, and the strange barriers of language and race that separate our Western Christianity from it.

But what would the reader say if he should be told that the same philosophy has found prophets and disciples in our Western World, has taken up its reign in the midst of the most cultivated and scholarly circles of European life, and is hailed with enthusiasm by *savants* and *littérateurs?* What would he say were he to be shown the Oriental Nirvana captivating the students of Europe's most celebrated universities, and to hear the most refined circles of contemporary German philosophy, after having swung round the whole

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cycle of speculation and exhausted the intoxication of every transcendental theory, at last, nauseated with intellectual achievement, proclaim the illusion of all things, and accept with ardor the annihilation of creation as the one thing worth planning and working for?

Nevertheless, such is the extraordinary phenomenon with which the intellect of Europe, crazy to strike out in some novel direction from the familiar paths, has furnished us. The German nation, energetic, disciplined, trained in science and logic, flushed with its fresh political and military triumphs, nevertheless, like the bird fascinated with the gleaming eye of the serpent, has fallen into the toils of this philosophy of despair, and enthroned Schopenhauer and Hartmann as its new leaders of thought. The doctrine born under the Hindu Bo-tree has not been arrested in its advance under the lindens of Berlin, but has gone out to cross the Rhine on the one side, and the Vistula on the other. Italy, in the person of one of her finest poets, presents a proto-revelator of the new commandment, "Take all for the worst." France listens with interest to translations of the Pessimistic Gospel. England begins to exhibit also her philosophers of misery, and finds no small number who recognize in the question, "Is life worth living?" a query that has too often in secret presented itself and found no encouraging answer. And in the Slavic race, its strange and sinister influence is witnessed by the reckless propaganda of the Nihilists, spreading through all ranks the boldest negations, and making the Czar of all the Russias tremble before it; and in the monstrous sect of the Skopsi finds devotees, willing, by their unnatural self-mutilations, to reduce to practice the fundamental propositions of pessimism, that life is essentially evil and that to cure it we must remove the very springs from whence it renews itself.

To the child or the thoroughly healthy natural man, not rendered morbid by uneasy analysis of himself and the world, the question, "Is life worth living?" seems absurd. Of course it is. The pleasures that the easy, unsophisticated exercise of his powers and faculties daily, hourly brings him

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allow no room for the consideration of such a question. To the bulk of mankind, life is no problem, no subject for his criticism, but a self-evident fact, a force that it would be presumptuous for him to question; and he pursues, as a matter of course, the various paths of pleasure or duty in which his feet have been set. If you should force him to answer, he would say, I have been sent here by a power greater than myself, for ends of which I can guess but little, if anything, and I take it for granted that my coming into existence was as good a thing for me as it was inevitable.

But this naïve trust cannot last forever. When the trials, the sicknesses and pains come, that come to all, the sky's blue is clouded over. And under the cloud, doubts and questionings begin to stir. As we plan how to get rid of the misery of life, we are led to examine its source and its prevalence. The cloud that covers our head seems to overshadow the whole heaven; yes, to envelop land and sea, and wrap the universe itself in its sombre folds. The heart cannot keep its agony to itself, but must pour it forth, calling upon the heights and the depths to witness its wretchedness, and lend sympathy, if not help, to its cry. In all times, there have been pessimists. There is a pessimism, as Caro has well said,* "cotemporary with humanity. In all races, all civilizations, powerful imaginations have been struck with that which was incomplete and tragic in human destiny, and they have given to that sentiment the most touching and most pathetic expression." The discord of man with his destiny, the opposition of his instincts with his circumstances, the irony of chance, the ups and downs of fortune, the scandals of history, disease, death, separations more trying than either, form a mighty clamor which rolls in melancholy reverberations through the chambers of poetry, biography, and religion.

The Hellenistic temperament was naturally as sunny as perhaps that of any race the world has ever seen. The Greeks delighted in the beauty of Nature, the healthy play

* *La Maladie du Pessimisme au Dix-Neuvième Siecle*, par M. E. Caro, to whose acute criticism and luminous exposition I gratefully acknowledge my especial indebtedness.

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of all the powers, the joys of social life, and the bright adornments that art, culture, and recreation, reduced to a science, can lend to life. Yet we find, even in Homer, humanity characterized as "the most unhappy race, like unto whom in misery none other sighed nor suffered on the earth." * Hesiod complains how "the land and the sea are full of evils. By day and by night there wander unbidden maladies bringing troubles to mortals." From Sophocles resounds the despairing lament, "Not to be born, O man,—this is the highest, the greatest word; but inasmuch as you have seen the light, the next best is to go back whence one came as soon as possible." †

In Simonides, Menander, Euripides, sentiments of the same profound melancholy meet us. In Roman literature, they are still more distinct and predominating. "The best invention of Nature," says Seneca, "is death." After speaking of the sorrows of life, he remarks, "What need to lament particulars! The whole of life is lamentable." Pliny the Elder, after discussing the question of man's lot, decides that, "If we would come to a just conclusion, we must declare that no mortal is happy. No joy is sufficient to outweigh the smallest pain." (*Hist. Nat.* VII. 41.) This pathetic despondence and contempt for all life's joys was not confined to the philosophers of Rome. The secret sense of life's burdensomeness and hollowness vented itself, even on the public monuments of private people, in the bitterest declarations. The Roman tombs bear sepulchral inscriptions of this sort: "I was nothing. I am nothing. And thou who still livest, eat, drink, suffer, come. Thou who readest this, comrade, enjoy thy life, for after death there is neither pain nor laughter nor any joy."

Such despair, do you say, reader, is only what might be expected in a nation whose only gods were Bacchus, Venus, and Mars? Turn to Judæa and read what the writers of the chosen people have left us, and what the sacred book itself contains. Listen to Job "cursing the day when he was born." "Man born of woman is of few days and full of

*Iliad xvii., 447. † Œdipus Col. 1125.

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troubles." Hear the Preacher's melancholy refrain: "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? Therefore I hated life. Because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous to me. For all is vanity and vexation of spirit." *

And if we descend the stream of Christian sentiment, whether poetical or religious, orthodox or heterodox, we hear outcries against Providence no less rebellious, complaints of existence no less bitter. There are currents of pessimism in the bosom of Christendom itself. In Christianity (as interpreted by certain schools, both wide-spread and very confident that their view is the only correct one) there is a side of gloom, a spirit of austerity and asceticism; there are even terrible and bloody doctrines that strike despair into sensitive and anxious souls, and incline the believer to a systematic depreciation and despondence as to all things. The stern Calvinism of our grandfathers, that represented man as a fallen creature radically incapable of attaining by himself to any truth or good, that painted the world as a ruin and a vale of tears, life a mere pilgrimage where we need expect only discomfort, and that kept before men's eyes the horrible vision of a burning hell, whose punishments were to be endless, whose victims were already predestined, and whose black list embraced the great majority of men,— this pitiless mortification of all the natural feelings, this contempt of the flesh, and this abhorrence of worldly amusements, this condemnation of everything which gives beauty, delight, or value to life,— what could be more entirely to the taste of the pessimist, what give greater impulse and more liberal contribution to the black stream of melancholy in which he would gladly see human thought engulfed?

Is it the unfortunate influence of this misconception of the gospel that has caused so much of the poetry of Christendom to be written in the minor key? In the weak sighings of a Montgomery or a Mrs. Hemans, perhaps of a

* Ecclesiastes i., 3; *ii.*, 18, *et passim.*

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Chateaubriand, the cause may be no more than this. But when we listen to the bitterer strains of a Shelley,—

> "What is this world's delight?
> Lightning that mocks the night,
> Brief even as bright,"—

then we must trace it to a source closer and more personal. Our modern singers are content with no feeble echo of ancient jeremiads; no resinging of Jewish or classic dirges; no exposure of the emptiness of special pleasures or single hours. The whole of life, the very essence of existence, is the subject of their scorn.

> "Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
> Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
> And know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Tis something better *not* to be." *

And no less sweeping in his despair than the English poet is the French. Take one of those meditations of Lamartine whose melancholy music is like the sighing of the autumn wind through measureless pine barrens: "What crime have we committed to deserve to be forced into existence? Has the insensible nothingness demanded birth? Or has it accepted it as a hard necessity? Are we, O Chance, the work of thy caprices? Or rather, cruel God, were our sufferings needed for thy felicity?"

Nevertheless, these laments, however long and black a catalogue of them research may succeed in making from the materials supplied by classic and Christian literature, are, in truth, but exceptional. The source of these mournful thoughts, but slightly diffused after all among the ancients, was always found, as the Italian celebrator † of them himself admits, "in the particular or accidental misfortune of the writer or the personage put on the scene, imaginary or real." In the ancient races and civilizations, the fundamental belief is that man was born to be happy, and that when he did not succeed in being so, it was due to some jealous divinity or vengeance of the gods. The dominating

* Byron. † Leopardi.

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idea which ruled the Jewish, Greek, and Roman thought was the taste for life and pleasure, and the faith in terrestrial happiness, which they pursued with obstinacy. It seemed to them, when they suffered, that they had been dispossessed of their rights. The Hebrew, as we know, attached an earthly sense to the benedictions of the Lord. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." "Better a living dog than a dead lion." Happiness for him meant full granaries and bursting wine-presses and a quiver full of children. All the reproofs of the prophets and the chastenings of his most unhappy national lot were insufficient to lift him up to a higher order of ideas. The Greek mind sought the satisfaction of its need of happiness in the delights of art and knowledge, and in the varied æsthetic gratifications of life. The Roman Commonwealth introduced a new element. It enlarged individual self-love into national self-love. To forward the progress of the republic toward the universal dominion that was its lofty ambition, the citizen must sacrifice his individual welfare, and find its reward in the reflected glory of the grand triumphs of Rome.

But all these ends of desire, these arenas of happiness, were temporal, confined to the narrow circle of earth, subject to the disappointments of earthly mutation and failure. As, in the later days of Rome, it became only too evident how the grand idol of imperial rule to which such costly personal sacrifices had been made was tottering to its fall, the glowing faith of the ancients in the possibility of realizing here below the great sum of happiness began to dissolve with alarming rapidity. The poet's lute could only give forth elegies, and in the frequency of suicide and the infrequency of marriage, the rulers were at a loss what to do to keep the Roman blood from altogether running out. The new life came from quarters that had been looked on only in dread,—from the fresh, uncorrupted blood of the barbarian invaders and the quickening hopes of the Christian "*superstition.*" Humanity felt again the impulse of its pristine instincts, the delights that the Creator has bound up with the natural

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exercise of a healthy body and unexhausted faculties; and, especially, its horizon was widened beyond the rim of earth, and when all prospect of joy here below was cut off by envious fortune, consolation was always present in the ardent faith of sure rewards in heaven to every true believer. The light affliction, which was but for a moment, was to work a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

In the classic and in the Christian world of thought, there was little resembling our modern pessimism. The complaints of existence, the rebellious cries against the Author of creation, which they have at times given forth, however profound and passionate their accent, are yet, as Caro says, almost always due to individual accidents. They express the melancholy of a temperament, the grave tinge of a thinker's reflections, the "bouleversement" of a soul under some blow of despair; they do not express, properly speaking, a systematic conception of life,—any sober, thoroughgoing theory of the evil of existence.

This philosophic pessimism is found in ancient times only in the extreme East; in modern times, only in the metaphysical vagaries into which our *ennuied* nineteenth-century thought has thrown itself to satisfy its thirst for novelties. In the sultry, oppressive atmosphere of India, it was evidently a native growth. The enervating climate, the rigid social divisions, the stern and repressive despotism, combined to throw the mind into that deep melancholy in which such a view of life would spontaneously arise and spread.

In European thought, it is as evidently an exotic, an Oriental importation. As our fashionable society to-day has gone quite crazy over the rugs and jugs and lacquer and bric-à-brac of the East, and a modern drawing-room must have everything "*à la* Japan," so the European intellect has fallen down on its knees before the ancient philosophy of India. Young *privat-docenten* pose as the Buddhas of the West, and a race eager, like the ancient Athenians, to hear or tell some new thing, welcome with applause the Gospel of Pessimism.

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Von Hartmann takes pleasure in finding premonitions of his philosophy in Fichte, Kant, and Schelling. Did not Fichte declare the real world to be "the worst of all possible worlds"? Did not Kant say, "It is necessary to be blind about the worth of life, to endure to prolong it beyond its natural duration. That would be to wish to continue a play where one is constantly the victim of suffering alone"? And did not Schelling, in his turn, express himself after this manner? — "It is assuredly a path of sorrows which every being drags himself over as he traverses life. . . . Misery is something general and necessary in all life. . . . All misery has its exclusive source in the single fact of existence. The restlessness of will and desire which fatigues every creature with its incessant solicitations is in itself unhappiness." *

It is very likely that such precedents and analogies — it would not be strange if sentences even more striking in their gloom and general contempt of life — may be discovered in the works of the great philosophers of the last century. Their doctrines had a melancholy side, some pessimistic tendencies perhaps, that may have given suggestion to and may now afford some philosophic authority to pessimism. Cousin long ago said of the path of metaphysical speculation opened by Kant, that it must find its logical issue in nihilism.

Nevertheless, closer examination, it seems to me, will show that these parallels are on the surface; that they are merely detached expressions of temporary discouragement, rather than the serious propositions of a fundamental philosophy, a fixed and sober estimate of existence. Kant and the great thinkers who succeeded him are indeed unanimous in their severe estimate of life, looked at on its lower sides and in the phenomena perceptible to sense. Nevertheless, the general tenor of their doctrines is an optimistic solution of the problem of existence. The ultimate reason of things, according not only to the philosopher of Königsberg, but to Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, is to be found outside of the miseries of

* Quoted by Hartmann, *Philosophie des Unbewussten.* Nolen's Translation. Vol. II. p. 354.

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the phenomenal world, in a moral order, an intellectual evolution, a spiritual perfection, a progressive unfolding and realization of the divine idea which is, after all, the only interest of the sovereign legislator and the only explanation of Nature itself. This steady but never-defeated process of the worlds through the changing drama of facts toward a divine end is as radically antagonistic to pessimism as the optimism of Leibnitz himself.

*I.— The Prophet of Pessimism,— Schopenhauer.**

For precedents which may be justly cited, for the true parentage of the modern European pessimism, we must look rather to the Oriental world. Schopenhauer, the father of the school in Germany, the prophet of hypochondria, who elevated it for the first time into a religion and a system, was glad to own what he owed to the influence of Oriental thought. "I have been fortunate enough," he said once, "to be initiated into the Vedas, access to which was opened to me by the Upanishads,—a great enlargement of my mental vision. For I believe that this age is destined to receive from Sanscrit literature as strong an impulse as the sixteenth century owed to the revival of the Greek." His note-books show that he was an enthusiastic student of the Eastern wisdom. In the Brahmanic and Buddhistic speculations, he found thoughts congenial to his own. The only creature for whose loss he ever shed tears,—his beloved poodle,—he named *Atma*, the Hindu term meaning "soul of the world." Foucher de Careil, who had occasion to visit Schopenhauer, relates that he had imported at great expense an image of Buddha, and exhibited it to his visitors with mischievous pride, and expressed his impatience with the Christian missionaries who undertook to convert their elders in religion.

Personally, Schopenhauer, as he has been portrayed to us with admiring faithfulness by his German Boswells, Frauenstädt and Gwinner, is one of the strongest figures of modern

**Arthur Schopenhauer, his Life and Philosophy.* By Helen Zimmern. *La Métaphysique en Europe depuis Hegel,* par Paul Janet. *La Maladie du Pessimisme.* E. Caro.

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times. Born at Dantzig in 1788, he had for his father a wealthy merchant of energy and impetuosity. His mother was a celebrated novelist of the day, of beauty and wit and culture. In his childhood and youth, he travelled through almost every country of Europe, and became familiar especially with the French and English tongues, and the rich literatures to which they gave him the key. His father, for whom he had great respect and filial affection, died young, and he was left with his mother, who neither then nor afterwards took pleasure in his company. The two were always disagreeable to each other. Arthur complained that his mother did not love him, nor had shown respect to his father's memory, but thought only of society; and she found quite intolerable his manners, his opinions, and his habits. "It is necessary for my happiness," the mother writes to her son, "that I should know you to be happy, but not to be a witness to it. I have always said it would be too difficult to live with you. . . . Your bad humor, your complaints about things that are inevitable, your obscure thoughts, your bizarre judgments which you put forth as oracles, without letting one make any objection, destroy the serenity of my disposition without enabling me to do anything to help you. Your morbid disputatiousness, your lamentations over the stupidity of the world and human misery, break my sleep and give me bad dreams."

There seems not to have been any grave fault on either side,—simply a radical incompatibility of disposition. She was of a nervous, fastidious disposition, a woman of letters and the world, fond of admiration, and eager for success in the salon, by grouping about her, *à la* Madame de Stäel, a circle of whose brilliant and perhaps not infrequently pretentious conversation she would be the centre and oracle. Her son was an uncomfortable cynic, always throwing stones at her rhetorical windows and fashionable shams, a bear in his manners, regardless of the social *convenances* even when he happened to think of them, and a freethinker who took liberties both of thought and speech which struck the average mind with horror.

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So the mother and son separated. The mother fluttered her gay wings among the literary butterflies of Weimar. The son took up the paternal business at Hamburg, but, soon finding this uncongenial, decided on a university career. He studied at Gotha, Göttingen, and Berlin.

But he was too wild a colt to draw in the regular traces; too self-sufficient to make a docile pupil. His note-books at this time overrun with expressions of ridicule and contempt for the erudite professors whose transcendental speculations seemed to him only metaphysical jargon and pedantic dogmatism. Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel he called "the three sophists, the three charlatans." After taking notes of one of Fichte's lectures, he relieves his feelings by writing down how "he would like to put a pistol to the lecturer's throat and force him to confess whether he really thought there was anything intelligible in his paradoxes, or he had mistaken his students for a set of imbeciles." Of Schelling he writes that his distinctive doctrines are "baseless dreams," and he calls the type of Nature-philosophers which he represented "a special class of fools." The great Hegel escaped as little his biting sarcasm. The Hegelian philosophy he declared contained three-quarters nonsense and one-quarter of corrupted thought, and he characterized it as "that abracadabra, that wishy-washy mixture of words, which, in their monstrous alliance, imposing on the reason the task of thinking unthinkable thoughts, paralyze the understanding." The one thing clear, he declared, in it, was Hegel's intention to gain the favor of the princes by his servility and his orthodoxy.

Here we see two main elements of his character which grew more and more prominent as he advanced in life; *viz.*, his brutal bluntness of expression, and that colossal conceit that could allow him to look on even the greatest of his fellows with nothing but contempt. As he did not believe in the advantage of efforts at the balancing of character by the self-control of the too preponderant qualities, but held that a man of force better let his temperament and genius have free play to run their course, and boldly follow where

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they lead, — his vanity, arrogance, and moroseness grew rankly. Modesty he held to be a vulgar trait. He did not conceal his own estimation of himself as "the Lavater of philosophy," nor his dislike for the society of his fellows. He would not allow it to be said that he was a *misanthrope*, however. "It is not that I *hate* men," he used to explain, "it is only that I *despise* them." He thoroughly believed, and did not hesitate to live according to the belief, that the world was peopled, almost without exception, with knaves and fools, with whom he better have as little to do as possible, seeking out only a few to honor and value, and making it his mission to enlighten the darkness of the Philistine mind. Thus despising and distrusting his fellows, he was suspicious and irritable. He would never trust himself under the razor of a barber, and he fled from the mere mention of an infectious disease. He carried his own drinking-cup with him if he dined in a public hotel, and his money accounts were written in English, Greek, or Latin for fear some one might read them. He hid his bonds among old letters, and labelled his coupons "*arcana medica*" to avert the suspicions of thieves. Proud as he was to have outgrown the dreams of Christianity and the fear of God, he fell a victim (in accordance with that strange retribution whose irony is so often exhibited in history) to credulities and superstitions beside which no marvel that he rejected would not have been most reasonable. He believed in reappearances, in second-sight, in turning tables and spirit-rappings, and gave all this a place in his philosophy.

Despising the judgment of the people, and especially the narrow literary circles of the universities as he did, it would be supposed that he would not expect among them appreciation of his philosophy. On the contrary, nothing in his life-experience seems to have cut him to the quick and contributed to still further sour him to the world more than the manner (entirely natural at that epoch, and to have been foreseen by one really possessing the mental discernment which Schopenhauer laid claim to) in which his system of philosophy was received by the German nation.

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His first work was *Die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom Zureichenden Grunde* (The Fourfold Root of the Doctrine of Adequate Cause). When he presented a copy of it to his mother, she sneeringly said: "The fourfold root! Oh! I suppose that is a book for apothecaries." "It will be read," haughtily replied the son, "when even the lumber-room will not contain a copy of *your* works." "The whole edition of yours will still be on hand," retorted the mother; a prophecy which did not fail of fulfilment. The greater portion of the first edition became waste paper. Even his *Opus Maximum*,— *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (The World as Will and Representation),—was but coldly received by the public. Written in a most brilliant style, full of striking thoughts and illustrations, containing in fact the full thought of his system, of which all his subsequent writings were but further elaborations and commentaries,— the most original philosophic work, in fact, of the decade,— nevertheless it had but few readers, and for a quarter of a century failed to secure more than slight attention.

What, then, are the essential ideas of Schopenhauer's famous system? Philosophically, its fundamental conception is the reduction of the whole universe to a single substance or one reality, and the identifying that with the will-force or stream of impulse which flows through our volitions and instincts. The essence of the self is its will-force, and as the idea of action is inseparable from will, the existence of the outward world is sufficiently explained by regarding it as the result of the craving of the Eternal Will, the substratum of all existence, to exhibit itself in an external form. The phenomenal universe is the Infinite Will constantly rushing into life and painting itself on the screen of time and space.

As far as this goes, other thinkers have said substantially the same things. What distinguishes Schopenhauer is his elimination from this Omnipotent, Universal Will of that which is usually considered an essential element of it,— its Intelligence. Will is a principle as separate from intelligence as it is preëminent to it. Intelligence is only a sec-

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ondary and subsequent attribute, the result and function of the nervous organism which the primal will fashions. The basis of all consciousness is desire. Instinct and impulse begin before, and last after, the extinction of consciousness, and continue while it sinks in sleep. The sovereign and essential thing in us is, then, to be found in our blind impulses. Our reason is only the servant.

What, now, is it that calls this Will into action? It is always some want. The activity of will is a blind response to some need. Will, therefore, presupposes some sense of destitution, some pain or trouble at its source. With the beginning of sensibility, suffering begins. But it is at first but dimly felt. It is only in the conscious man that it is discovered that the essence of will is effort, and all effort is pain. As far as the need felt is not satisfied, it results in pain. Exertion itself is fatigue. And when need is satisfied, that satisfaction is as illusory as it is fleeting. Then results a new need and a new grief. All pleasure is therefore negative,—the transient flash that vanishes with its victory over the opposing pain, in contrast with which alone it seemed to have real existence. The only positive existence—the thing that endures—is the ever-desiring, perpetually-unsatisfied will. Life is a pendulum vibrating between want and effort, swinging from the pain of need through the pain of struggle to the pain of satiation. And the more intelligence increases, the more man is sure to suffer, the more he is sensible to pain. That which man calls, by the most significant folly, progress, is only the more intimate and more penetrating consciousness of his misery. The world, in fact, is the worst possible world. Not that a worse world might not be conceived. But one worse than this would be too bad to keep itself in existence. Ours is the worst universe that can maintain itself without falling into chaos by a too extreme badness and internal discord. The one worthy aim of life is to cease from living as much as possible. The will to live, which is the source of all misery, must negate itself by self-denials, renunciation of all will, aversion to the world, the extinction of all desire. The

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ideal of happiness and perfection is, as with Buddha, the cancelling of the individual will in the nothingness of eternity; "not a nothing which is altogether nothing," he explains, but the nothing which is "no will, no theoretic representation, no world," if any one can guess what that may be.

One of the greatest crimes, then, in his system, is the indulgence of the amatory passion, and it does not fail to receive his severest denunciation and withering sarcasm. He delights in portraying its follies, its illusions, the crimes and miseries it causes in society, the discords and jealousies and sighings in domestic circles. A pair of lovers or wedded spouses are a pair of criminals who know they ought to be ashamed of themselves. "See those two lovers who seek each other with such ardent looks! Why are they so mysterious, so shame-faced? It is because they are traitors who in the darkness plot to perpetuate pain in the world. Without them, it would come to a natural end. Love is a great crime, since, in transmitting life, it immortalizes suffering."

Surely, paradox could hardly go farther. Schopenhauer's rule in writing would almost seem to have been to unite in his system the antitheses of every truth accepted by reasonable men. His philosophy hardly seems to deserve a serious answer. To carry out any one of its premises is enough to bring it to a *reductio ad absurdum.* Is this indeed the worst possible of worlds? Then, as has been wittily said, Schopenhauer's philosophy, being the most correct mental representation of this worst possible world, must be the worst possible philosophy.

If Herr Schopenhauer really believed that the only happiness and duty of life was to attain to nothingness, why didn't he take the short and sure road there by boldly blowing out his brains or administering to himself a dose of poison? In point of fact, we find our apostle of Nirvana running away from Berlin in a panic when he heard that the cholera had broken out, brandishing his pistols in craven fear at imaginary burglars whenever he heard a mouse scratching in the night, and taking the most excellent care

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of his body and his material comfort at the Hotel D'Angleterre through a long life.

But Schopenhauer, I suppose, would say that it did not interfere with the truth of his theory that he had not the courage to live up to it. That was only another of the bitter miseries of existence. He once regretfully expressed to his friend Gwinner his doubt of being able himself to attain Nirvana, and perhaps fancied that on leaving this world his soul would have to transmigrate through some still more wretched kind of existence. He would demand that his theory be judged by its own merits. Let us look at it in this light.

The whole of Schopenhauer's pessimism rests on the assumption that the *need* or *desire* from which will arises and the *effort* to which it proceeds — these main elements of active, conscious life — always involve pain. "All life is a vibration from desire to exertion and back again." Granted; but why should effort be necessarily pain, or desire involve grief? If the essence of our being is to *will*, then is it not likely that the realization of this fundamental law will give pleasure, not suffering? In point of fact, do we not find this to be the case? The exercise of the will, the effort of limb or sense or brain, is always, in the healthy man and when not carried to excess, the surest source of pleasure.

In what else does happiness find its beginning than in the hopes that desire awakens, and in the endeavor after the fulfilment of those hopes in which all our faculties find a field for the full play of their powers? To see a work growing under one's hand or under one's thought, whether it be a house, a statue, a garden, a book, is a pleasure that pays back to us far more than all it costs. So far from misery flowing from will, it is the very nature of will to lessen the pains of the world, to increase its pleasures, both by the comforts it wins, the obstacles and thorns it removes, and even by the very consciousness of power that is developed in its use. See how the little child delights to push and pull everything about it, and stretch its limbs and try its infant muscle, finding in this recognition of an inward

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power awakened by contact with outward obstacles its first pleasurable consciousness. And as we advance in life, it is in the same sense of concentrated and well-directed effort, vivifying our consciousness of life, manifesting our inward faculties, developing in the struggle the full consciousness of our personality, and fulfilling those useful ends for which we were thus endowed, that is found the purest joy of life. To exist, as Hamilton has well said, is to energize. But to have no needs, no occasion or opportunity of exertion,—this is the surest condition of *ennui* and the most intolerable self-dissatisfaction. To escape it we must invent some object of toil, and by self-determined exertion of our powers save them from the corruption of stagnant life. The only exertion that is painful is the excessive effort, the unavailing expenditure of our energies in hopeless tasks. But the pain, the grief, does not flow in such cases from the fact that it is *will* that is summoned to exertion, but only from the fact that it is too weak or undisciplined.

That "happiness is merely negative, and pain alone positive existence," is not attested by the facts of life. It is easy to enumerate pleasures enough which are much more than a mere release from suffering. The pleasures of taste, of love, the delights of art and science, as Caro * has well pointed out, are enjoyments which have no need to be preceded by any pain nor state of insensibility, in order to give to them by contrast the illusion of positive pleasure. Hartmann himself has admitted that the fundamental characteristics that his master has assigned to pleasure and pain are not well founded.

There is more weight in Schopenhauer's charge that as life becomes more developed and elevated in the various animal grades, in the same measure is the increase in the capacity of suffering. The natural history of pain begins with the development of sensitive life. Painful sensibility grows as we pass from infusoria to insects, and insects to mammalia, and mammalia to man. The man of mediocrity suffers less than the genius, the oyster than the man; and

* *La Maladie du Pessimisme.*

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the hours in life when we suffer least, and therefore are most happy, are those when we descend into profound and dreamless sleep. To the attainment of such a state ought we not to look as the ideal of bliss?

It is true, indeed, that suffering increases with sensibility, intelligence, elevation in the psychical scale. But is this the whole story? Does this prove the higher life on the whole the more unhappy? On the contrary, is it not equally true, that our pleasures also become more numerous, vivid, and enduring, just as our nature is developed? Intelligence enlarges life in every sense. A new order of delights, quite closed to the inferior animal, is open to man; ideal delights and intellectual refreshment,—the refinements of taste, the delicacies of æsthetic discernment, the tender food of memory, the inspirations of moral purpose and spiritual communion. Here are delights that far more than make up for all the pains attendant on them; and as for him who, looking in contempt on the wondrous endowments of humanity, thinks it much preferable to be a clam or an onion, or to sink into non-existence,—such a mind must be held either pitiably debased or radically unstrung. There is nothing truly philosophic or even rational in a theory which would lead to such a conclusion.

*II.—The Poet of Pessimism,—Leopardi.**

In the year 1818, Schopenhauer, after having sent to his publisher his manuscript of the World considered as Will and as Representation, set out for Italy, impatient of the celebrity which he would have to wait more than twenty years to attain. It was in the very same year that a young Italian poet, confined in the wearisome little city of Recanati, which served only to confine his imagination without affording him sympathy or congenial society, passed through the bitter mental revolution that transferred him from the pale of Christian faith to the gloomy wastes of the philosophy of despair. We may feel pretty certain that the two young

* *Giacomo Leopardi.* Sa vie et ses œuvres. Par M. Boucher Le Clercq. *La Maladie du Pessimisme.* E. Caro. *Pessimism: A History and a Criticism.* James Sully. London.

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men, both equally obscure, never met, and even may rest in the conviction that Caro expresses, that Leopardi never read Schopenhauer's book, which did not become diffused till much later, even in Germany, and that Schopenhauer knew only very late, if he knew at all, the pessimism of a writer whom Niebuhr had revealed to his compatriots as a Hellenist, and who in France was only scarcely appreciated, even then, as a patriot poet.

Count Giacomo Leopardi from his childhood up was sickly, and walked all through his life under the perpetual shadow of death. Physical afflictions chafed his pride, his poverty was a daily thorn in his flesh, and the *ennui* of his monotonous existence intensified still more that nervous sensibility which made the least troubles intolerable to him. Add to all this the bitterness of disappointed ambition, the wretched condition of his native land at this time, and the still more bitter deceptions of a heart eager for love, and which could grasp only the phantom of it. It is not strange that the voice that issued from such a life should be full of tears and rebellion, — a cry of intensest melancholy and despair. But were it thus simply a morbid analysis of his individual griefs or poetic exhibition of his heart-sorrows to the sympathizing public, there would be no reason to dwell on him here. These personal confessions, these sentimental wailings of wounded vanity, these over-refined and egotistic broodings over the woes of the poet, are common enough. In Novalis, in Lamartine, in Alfred de Musset, in Maurice de Guerin, we find as sad strains, as dark views of man and the world, as any pessimist could wish. But none of these would properly be judged pessimists. They represent only occasional moods, or, at best, personal experiences. They aim at consoling their misery by the tender sentiments which they may awake in their readers. Their misery is the mark of their exceptional nature. But with the true pessimist, as Caro points out, misery is held to be no privilege of any elevated character: it is the law of all. There is no aristocracy of wretchedness: it is the impartial and democratic lot of humanity.

Now, it was the distinction of Leopardi that he proudly

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rejected the sympathetic alms which is the chief thing sighing singers of to-day seem to care for. "It is only," he writes to a friend, "through the cowardliness of men, who need to be persuaded of the value of existence, that they have wished to consider my philosophic opinions as the result of my particular sufferings, and that they obstinately attribute to my material circumstances what ought to be ascribed to my understanding alone. Before dying I wish to protest against this invention of feebleness and vulgarity, and pray my readers to attend to destroying the force of my observations and reasonings rather than lay the blame on my maladies."

Leopardi aimed thus to take a philosophic view of the worth of life; not simply to paint the whole universe with the gloom of his personal experience. From a merciless dissection of the world's shams and follies he worked out a theory of *infelicità*, as he called it, which is diffused through all his poetry and concentrated in his moral works.

Leopardi's thought takes on the most varied and often bizarre forms to emphasize and impress itself; monologue and dialogue, ode and romance, lyric and essay. But there is one refrain running through all,—the illusion of life; all hopes are hollow, all attainment failure, all existence worthless. His personal wretchedness is no accident: it is the necessary, truthful manifestation of the absolute evil that reigns throughout the universe. The law of suffering which it experiences in itself, it extends to all humanity, and from humanity to Nature, and from Nature to its principle, if it have one, and if it arrives at knowledge of itself. Starting with an ardent faith, he soon cast it behind him; he tore sternly from his heart every shred of the old superstition. Nature and destiny became his only gods. To them he puts desperately the old questions, "What is man? Whence and whither his course? Why was he put here?" But silence is the only answer he can extort. He has traversed the first stage of illusion and learned the baselessness of man's trust in the invisible. Has present life anything worth living for? He loves his country passionately; but he is hopeless of

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accomplishing anything for it. Dante did well to prefer hell to earth. "Hell!" he exclaims. "What region is not preferable to ours?" As for glory, "what is a great man? A name which soon will no longer represent anything. The most mediocre mathematician of our day knows more than Galileo and Newton." Beauty is a chimera, the shadow of nothing. Love is twin-born with death; its rise fills the heart with languor and strange longing for the end.

The pleasures of the present world thus deceitful as those of the heavenly, where shall man turn for consolation? Chased from refuge to refuge, from religion to patriotism, glory, love, may not comfort still be found in the happiness of future generations, in the grand idea of the development of the race,—that object which deserves all man's labor, in view of which no effort may be counted lost, and which relieves the misery of the present generation by the unknown felicity in which our descendants will rejoice? Alas! the future will be more miserable than the present. Progress comes only by enlightenment, and enlightenment but opens men's eyes more clearly to their wretchedness. This gift of thought and consciousness in which men rejoice is only the badge of our inferiority,—to know without being able to do! "A thousand times better," Leopardi exclaims, "be blind like the brute or the plant. A grave mistake to teach that man's perfection comes by knowledge of the truth. Rather let us foster those opinions which we know are false. Truth once entered into the world does its work, and all illusions fall before it. This is progress,—nothing but this!" "At other times," he sings, "I have envied fools and sots and those who have a great opinion of themselves, and I would willingly have changed with any one of them. To-day I envy neither the fools nor the wise, neither the great nor the little, neither the powerful nor the weak: *I envy the dead*, and it is with the dead alone that I would change." Such is the burden of the Dialogues, Eleandro and Timandro, the Gnome and the Goblin, Tristan and his Friend.

Thus everywhere Leopardi finds evil; he passes through every stage of life's illusion, and finds misery beneath each

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veil. When will unhappiness end? Only when all ends. The worst moments are still those when we think we have had pleasure. No single existence is worth more, none ever will be worth more, than nothingness. The proof is, that nobody would choose to live over his life, with all his pains and pleasures. What impenetrable gloom in this last word upon life and destiny, the epitaph upon himself with which he closes his contemplation of the world! —

> "Rest now for evermore. Long time enough
> Hast thou, heart, beat and bruised thyself. There's naught
> Exists that's worth a quiver of the pulse,—
> Not the whole earth deserves a single sigh.
> Bitterest *ennui* is our being, and mud
> And mire the stuff of all the world,—
> Naught else. Oh, rest thee, then. Let this despair
> Thy last be found. No gift has fate for us
> But death. And Nature, gloomy power
> That basely plagues us, ruling us in might,
> The boundless Nothingness of All,—
> On her, what look shalt thou bestow but *scorn?*"

In two points only, according to Caro, does the pessimism of Leopardi differ from that of Schopenhauer, and he does not hesitate to say that the poet is the more philosophical of the two, because he rests in a certain degree on reason. These two points are the principle of evil and its remedy. Of the metaphysical principle of evil, Leopardi knows nothing, and he does not wish to know anything. Evil is to him a very self-evident and unavoidable fact. Those who have pretended to deduce the necessity of evil from some principle of evil — either from the will, as Schopenhauer, or from the unconscious, as Hartmann — have resulted in theories entirely arbitrary, when they have not been unintelligible.

Leopardi is satisfied with observing the law of suffering without speculating whence or how it is derived. And as a consequence of this, he is saved from the folly of prescribing imaginary remedies, like his German *confrères*, who aspire to combat the evil of existence by essaying to persuade the will, which now produces and sustains existence, to renounce

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itself and turn against existence and bury itself in the abyss of nothingness. The only remedy which Leopardi has for the universal suffering is a stoical contempt. "Our life, what is it good for? Only to despise it."*

Overdrawn and morbid as is this cynicism, we feel that it was honest. There was no sham about Leopardi's misanthropism. He never excites in us, as Schopenhauer so often does, a suspicion that his pessimism is half for effect,—a speculation to dazzle the eyes and tickle the intellectual palate, but not a diet that he would practically ever subsist on himself; and that the world would not be contemned as so very sour if only he had had, or could have, its big and luscious grapes (that his mouth is secretly watering for) between his teeth. Leopardi lived, suffered, and died in strict conformity with his philosophy. Schopenhauer is a figure which excites now our astonishment, now our laughter, and now our contempt. Leopardi is one for whom we can feel only profoundest pity. Emphatically as he disavowed it, it is plain that his philosophy was simply the result of his exceptionally unfortunate lot in life. It was an intellectual hypochondria, a mental malady. For its morose and acrid expression, the black cloud which it spread from his diseased brain over the whole landscape of life, it would be unfair to hold him responsible. But as little reasonable would it be to dignify such a fit of the blues with the rank of philosophy proper, or to honor it by argumentative refutation.

No view of life that blots out every star of hope or joy from the firmament can flow from a sound body, or commend itself to a healthy mind. No conception of existence that is incorrigibly despairing can be true. No matter what syllogisms it may muster, what logical or philosophical form it may take, it is nothing of this sort that originated or sustains it. It is simply a broken heart, a disorder of the nerves, or a disease of the brain. And no logical refutation will stir the poor sufferer an inch. It is physic that is needed, not arguments. Recreation, not study. Cheerful

*A un vincitore nel pallone.

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society and mental exhilaration, not solitary meditation or seeking of Nirvana. When the disease is not too far advanced, these simple remedies will often change magically a man's whole tone of thought. John Stuart Mill has recorded what a change in his whole spirit a trifling incident appealing to his emotions, and a little poetry and natural scenery, exerted upon him at a crisis in his life when he was drifting fast towards that abyss in which Leopardi and Schopenhauer lay for so many years. But when the disease has taken too deep and wide a hold of the man, then, indeed, the only remedy, as Leopardi cries, is death. Not the death that ends all existence, for that would be but the climax of the disease's fatal power, but the death that the Christian believer looks forward to,— that which, by reclothing the spirit with a new and more glorious body, free from the weaknesses of this, shall permit the soul to manifest its energy unimpeded, and to unfold in full blossom all those intellectual and spiritual buds that hard fortune here has so contorted or blasted,— a death whose joyful anticipation can cast back a transfiguring glow even over the darkness of the most wretched present life. JAMES T. BIXBY.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LATEST WORK.

All the writings of George Eliot deserve careful study, for not one of them is the mere production of one idle hour designed to wile away another. Though professedly works of fiction, they have all a clearly-marked object. *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such* * is a book of a different nature from its predecessors. However prominently moral purposes may have appeared in these, their vehicle has been a story, more or less artistically finished. From George Eliot's present work this charm is absent, and many who found *Middlemarch*, and still more so *Daniel Deronda*, hard reading, will not get beyond the first dozen pages of *Theophrastus*. The book is composed of eighteen chapters, devoted to the analysis of the foibles of certain acquaintances

* Edition referred to published by Harper & Brothers. New York. 12mo.

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of the supposed writer, who, taking his name from the author of a book of characters, a philosopher of the Peripatetic school, and a follower of Aristotle, poses as an awkward, ungainly old bachelor, and begins by telling us something about himself in the chapter entitled "Looking Inward."

In these sketches the motive is doubtless, as it was with Phædrus, from whom the motto on the title-page is taken, twofold,—

> "Duplex libelli dos est: quod risum movet,
> Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet,"—

to amuse and to instruct; for this is quite as appropriate a motto as the passage actually selected, and might have ushered in the volume. George Eliot seems to have had the *Essays of Elia* in her thoughts when she wrote,—at least, they are often with her reader,—and from the humorous point of view the comparison cannot fail to be unfavorable to the later writer. George Eliot is not one of the few that possess Lamb's light touch. But this hardly detracts from the value of the chapters as moral sketches, and, with the exception of a few slighter pieces, a moral purpose is more or less consciously present throughout. This is especially noticeable in chapters VI., IX., X., XIII., XVI., and XVIII., and in some passages a didactic tone is assumed without disguise.

Accordingly, the interest of the book lies in its aspect with regard to morality at the present day, and one may not unreasonably ask himself, after reading it, What lesson is it intended to convey? It is well known that the writer is one of those advanced thinkers that have abandoned the old lines of belief, and that she is identified, at least as far as the negative side of their theory goes, with the positive school. Yet, though treating of subjects where many another writer would have wounded the consciences of weaker brethren, *Theophrastus* can be read without pain by the most orthodox believer. "The need of checks from fellow-feeling" is insisted upon by the speaker, who tells us that "this circumstance of my rearing has at least delivered me from certain mistakes of classification which I observe in many of my superiors, who have apparently no affectionate memories of

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a goodness mingled with what they now regard as outworn prejudices" (p. 31). The tone of the book is, in fact, markedly conservative, to an extent that would be perhaps surprising, if it were not remembered, as the writer points out, "that ideas acquired long ago reappear as the sequence of an awakened interest or a line of inquiry which is really new to us" (p. 129).

The practical tone is marked throughout. Thus, for instance, the peculiar doctrine of immortality, which is part of the religion of the "New Faith," and which is the subject of a beautiful hymn in *Jubal and Other Poems* ("Oh, may I join the choir invisible"), sinks out of sight in the present volume. Life is looked at from the ordinary stand-point, and much of her work has a very practical bearing on the business of every-day life. The following passage may be read with special instruction among us to-day: "Thoroughness of workmanship, care in the execution of every task undertaken, as if it were an acceptance of a trust which it would be a breach of faith not to discharge well, is a form of duty so momentous that if it were to die out from the feeling and practice of a people, all reform of institutions would be helpless to create national prosperity and national happiness. Do we desire to see public spirit penetrating all classes of the community and affecting every man's conduct, so that he shall make neither the saving of his soul, nor any other private saving, an excuse for indifference to the general welfare? Well and good. But the sort of public spirit that scamps its bread-winning work, whether with the trowel, the pen, or the overseeing brain, that it may hurry to scenes of political or social agitation, would be as baleful a gift to our people as any malignant demon could devise" (p. 188).

The writer's point of view is carefully discriminated. The philosopher whose theory of life radiates from self only as a centre, or more generally the pleasure-seeker, will find himself rebuked. "What could be more contemptible than the mood of mind which makes a man measure the justice of divine or human law by the agreeableness of his own shadow and the ample satisfaction of his own desires?"

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(p. 13.) Life is not to be a mere succession of pleasures. Far nobler is the conception of Aristotle, who represented the higher parts of nature as bound incessantly upon the fulfilment of gigantic tasks, and only the lower, among whom he included slaves, dogs, and cats, as at leisure to follow their own fancies and to bask in the sun. On the other hand, the fundamental selfishness of the Ascetic or Stoic is found equally faulty. "Is it not possible for me to enjoy the scenery of the earth without saying to myself, I have a cabbage-garden in it? But this sounds like the lunacy of fancying one's self everybody else, and being unable to play one's own part decently,—another form of the disloyal attempt to be independent of the common lot, and to live without a sharing of pain" (p. 18).

Again, the writer would hardly endorse the aphorism, "*Qui vitia odit, homines odit*" (hatred of vices is equivalent to hatred of mankind), for "it is undeniable that a too intense consciousness of one's kinship with all frailties and vices undermines the active heroism which battles against wrong" (p. 148); but this again is balanced by the acknowledgment that "in noting the weaknesses of my acquaintances, I am conscious of my fellowship with them" (p. 20).

By way of arriving at the author's conclusions, it will be instructive to see what response is vouchsafed to a need which has been very commonly felt of late; *viz.*, for a basis of morals. No apology will be required for using in every case the words of the writer, when space allows it. A primary exception—namely, "the supposition that the ablest intellect, the highest genius, will see through morality as a sort of twaddle for bibs and tuckers, a doctrine of dulness, a mere incident in human stupidity" (p. 190)—is of course treated with just ridicule. But any one who has read much of the latest products of literature, and especially of poetry, must acknowledge the truth that George Eliot points out, "that many minds, dizzy with indigestion of recent science and philosophy, are far to seek for the grounds of social duty" (p. 185). Theological apologists have, of course, constantly made capital out of this recognized danger; but

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we do not remember to have seen it more powerfully stated than in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1874, in the first of a learned series of attacks on the work entitled "Supernatural Religion," by Prof. Lightfoot, of Cambridge, Eng. "The demand is made that we should abandon our Christianity on grounds which logically involve the abandonment of any belief in the providential government of the world, and in the moral responsibility of man. Young men are apt to be far more logical than their elders." Then follows a close argument between the pupil and his teacher, ending with the sad conclusion,—"Hence the pupil, having thrown off his Christianity, too often follows out the principles of his teacher to their logical conclusions, and divests himself also of moral restraints, except so far as it may be convenient or necessary for him to submit to them." The need of support was for some time bitterly felt by Harriet Martineau, and she had the courage and *un*common honesty to reproduce her feelings and put them on record in her Autobiography at a time when the lack of guidance was felt no longer. Thus we read: "...I dare not, till I have more assurance than I have now that my faith is enough for my own self-government and support.... It will require a long process of proof before I can be sure that these convictions will avail me, under daily pressure, *instead of those by which I have lived all my life*" (letter sub Anno 1847). Again, further on: "Then I believed in a Protector who ordered me to do that work, and would sustain me under it; and, however I may now despise that sort of support, I had it then, and have none of that sort now." To her, support and guidance came from philosophy: "It has opened my way before me, and given a staff into my hand, and thrown a light upon my path, so as to have long delivered me from doubt and fear" (sub Anno 1855). But what is to be done for those who are not philosophers, but ordinary men of the world, with the rough logic that Prof. Lightfoot describes. Various proposals have been made to supply the deficiency. When Paganism was losing its hold upon many minds, Aristotle advised us to refer our actions to the stand-

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ard of what was noble, to the example of the ideally great Man. In his Autobiography, J. S. Mill has proposed that men should cherish "an ideal conception of a Perfect Being, to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience; and this ideal of Good is usually far nearer to perfection than the objective Deity of those who think themselves obliged to find absolute goodness in the author of a world so crowded with suffering and so deformed by injustice as ours." Not unlike this, but yet again different, is George Eliot's insistence on the necessity of keeping alive within us "the ideal self, the God within, holding the mirror and the scourge for our own pettiness as well as our neighbors'" (p. 20). This self is in "an inwardly developing condition"; nay, is really a series of "successive selves" (p. 61): yet it is a "reproduction of a traditional self" (p. 151). This "traditional self" will be better understood when we have seen the intimate relation attempted to be established between nationality and individuality. Meanwhile, this self has to keep fresh "those moral sensibilities which make half the warp and woof of human history" (p. 192), and is to be fed by illusions; for "the illusions that began for us when we were less acquainted with evil have not lost their value when we discern them to be illusions. They feed the ideal Better, and in loving them still, we strengthen the precious habit of loving something not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible, tangible selves" (p. 38, 9).

This love of something not visibly existent—in fact, of an ideal—is good for nations as for individuals. "The eminence, the nobleness of a people, depends on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what we call spiritual ends,—ends which consist, not in immediate material possession, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling that animates the collective body as with one soul" (p. 207). The encouragement of such feelings, if occasionally leading to empirical love of change, as of all sentiments that raise men above the mere level of a struggle for existence, is a safeguard upon society. "Our civilization, considered as a

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splendid material fabric, is helplessly in peril without the spiritual police of sentiments or ideal feelings. And it is this invisible police which we had need, as a community, strive to maintain in efficient force" (p. 121).

A further source of calmness and quiet George Eliot finds in the love of external Nature, thus recalling the experiences of Harriet Martineau and John Mill. She goes as far as to call "joys in our native landscape . . . one deep root of our national life and language" (p. 33). Family life is a still further stay for morality: "the relations of the sexes and the primary ties of kinship are the deepest roots of human well-being" (p. 186). In her concluding chapter, she makes the case of the Jews an opportunity for insisting on the necessity of fostering national sentiments in the individual, not only recognizing "the connection between the patriotic affection and every other affection which lifts us above emigrating rats and free-loving baboons" (p. 205), but even going as far as to say that "an individual man, to be harmoniously great, must belong to a nation of this order"; *i.e.*, ennobled by striving for spiritual ends, "if not in actual existence, yet existing in the past,—in memory, as a departed, invisible, beloved ideal, once a reality, and perhaps to be restored" (p. 208). From this point of view, memory is called "the divine gift which inspires the moments with a past, a present, and a future, and gives the sense of corporate existence that raises men above the otherwise more respectable and innocent brute" (p. 204); and the feeling of nationality in the individual is classified philosophically as "that sense of special belonging which is the root of human virtues, both public and private" (p. 220).

We are now in a better position to understand what is meant by the traditional self, especially when read by the light of the character of Tito in *Romola*. One is constantly tempted to illustrate the present book by the past writings of the same author. Such a task would be endless, besides being foreign to the present purpose of presenting a collected view of her philosophy of conduct as contained in the present work. But two extracts from *Romola* in illustration of

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the traditional self may be pardoned. "Our lives," she says, "make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble" (ch. XXXIX.). This idea is expanded in still more striking language in a passage in chapter XVI., the germ of which, it may be worth noticing, is to be found in Aristotle's *Ethics:* "Our deeds are like children that are born to us: they live and act apart from our will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never: they have an indestructible life, both in and out of our consciousness; and that dreadful vitality of deeds was pressing hard on Tito for the first time." But the traditional self may be looked at from a slightly different point of view,—one equally pregnant with truth. Not only should our past be worthy, but the necessity lies upon us of maintaining, as far as possible, an harmony between our present lives and our past. Sudden breaks, abrupt departures, are as bad in moral as in political life. Every body, whether politic or individual, must by the nature of things be liable to change; but these changes should be effected as gradually as possible, and the new state of things should be the sequel of the old, not the negation of it.

Perhaps the most touching chapter in the volume is that entitled "A Half-Breed." It is the analysis of the unhappy, shifting mental state of a man originally filled with aspirations, to which he has proved false. He had aspired to a higher and more serious life of missionary effort in social and religious fields, but, owing to force of circumstances, to success in business, to weakness of character, he has degenerated into a mere social molecule (to imitate Eliot's own term, "political molecule"), a respectable moneyed man, an hospitable entertainer, in every way a worthy citizen, but a missionary no longer. He has come down from the mountain-tops to the plains, his gaze is no longer turned upwards, and the saddest of all is the ever-pressing consciousness of his moral declension. The chapter is prefaced by the following remarks enforcing this point of view:

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"An early, deep-seated love to which we become faithless has its unfailing Nemesis, if only in that division of soul which narrows all newer joys by the intrusion of regret and the established presentiment of change. I refer, not merely to the love of a person, but to the love of ideas, practical beliefs, and social habits. . . . There is no recovery possible to the man who remembers what he once believed, without being convinced that he was in error; who feels within him unsatisfied stirrings towards old beloved habits and intimacies from which he has far receded, without conscious justification or unwavering sense of superior attractiveness in the new" (p. 104).

A distinct aim of a higher sort in life, clearly conceived and tenaciously adhered to, is, we all know, very uncommon. Such a life-purpose is not generally possible, as most men lack the requisite self-knowledge and force of character. Nor, again, would it be always desirable; for the general good requires the weaker members to act as instruments in the hands of those, who possess this clearness of conception and the determined will to act upon their conceptions. Thus, for the most part, the element of habit (which Aristotle went so far as to make the basis of his whole moral system) takes the place of conscious aim in the formation of character. It is from this point of view that we are specially warned against the indulgence in temper, as being calculated to interrupt "the formation of healthy mental habits, which depend on a growing harmony between perception, conviction, and impulse. . . . It is essential to what is worthy to be called high character, that it may be safely calculated on, and that its qualities shall have taken the form of principles or laws, habitually, if not perfectly, obeyed" (p. 86). Thus through habit is imparted to the individual that individuality which is as necessary to him (cf. p. 77) as is the feeling of separateness—"what we may call the organized memory of a national consciousness" (p. 230)—to the State.

One point more: The writer takes a primary and very just exception to the established scope imposed upon the terms morals and morality. "I find even respecta-

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ble historians of our own and of foreign countries, after showing that a king was treacherous, rapacious, and ready to sanction gross breaches in the administration of justice, end by praising him for his pure moral character. . . . And since we are sometimes told of such maleficent kings that they were religious, we arrive at the curious result that the most serious, wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both morality and religion,— the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses (and perhaps not drinking too much), and the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God, which can be carried on equally well side by side with the basest conduct towards men" (p. 184, 5). Matthew Arnold, who is scrupulously careful in his choice of words, probably felt this too; for we find in his *Literature and Dogma* the word "conduct" constantly doing duty for the dwarfed expression, "morality."

We have now concluded our sketch of the connecting lines of thought which run through *Theophrastus Such.* It will be at once apparent that the work is mainly tentative and suggestive, and that it does not claim to be in any sense a regular system of morals; but it has been shown that there is a coherence of thought pervading the entire work. It would of course be out of place to criticise it as a professed system, but it is natural to ask, What sustaining force for the conduct of life is to be found in the basis thus sketched out? or, in other words, how far such a system of morality is sufficient as a religion? One obvious remark suggests itself: Such a basis of morals might serve for a calm, well-balanced mind, of a scientific turn, but would seem quite inadequate to the wants of one of an impetuous, passionate tone. The religion of such a nature would have to be something that appealed to the heart, just as the sufferings and death of Christ did to the Puritan in the seventeenth century. But it is too much to expect the work of another to give what must really be the result of inward growth. Constitutions, whether political, physical, or moral, are the result, not of individual creation, but of gradual accretion. Accordingly, the real value of books like the

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present consists in their being a serious contribution to the study of those problems of life and conduct which all men whose attention is not exclusively devoted to business or pleasure, who in fact read and think, have forced upon them. To all such, *Theophrastus* appeals, and will prove, if not sufficing, at least, from its high tone and intellectual subtlety, in a high degree suggestive. There is, too, besides its earnestness, another reassuring feature about the book, which will be felt by any one who compares it, for instance, with the poems of Matthew Arnold. We open the book at random and we read the lines,—

> "Men dig graves with bitter tears
> For their dead hopes";

and this is really the whole tone of the poems,—the tone of despair, "that self-indulgent despair," George Eliot calls it, "which cuts down and consumes and never plants" (p. 38).* And thus, while the voice of the churches goes upwards in a plaintive music, a swan-like strain filled with the mournful beauty of apprehended death,—a cry—

> "As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
> When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
> Pass to new lords,"

on the other hand, those who have sacked the city and desecrated its holy places lament "the hopeless tangle of our age,"

> "But now the old is out of date,
> The new is not yet born;
> And who can be *alone* elate,
> While the world lies forlorn?"

At such a time it is something to find a writer with eyes awake to the evil as well as to the good side of our transitional state, who yet despairs not of Rome; but, remembering what she has elsewhere called "the broad sameness of the human lot," calls upon us, as Goethe did, to "work, and despair not." For if "the great river-courses which have

* This despairing tone is still more marked in two noticeable books publishing in the present year, in *The Nemesis of Faith*, by the historian Froude, and in Mallock's last work, *Is Life Worth Living?*"

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shaped the lives of men have hardly changed, and those other streams, the life-currents that ebb and flow in human hearts, pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors," then in the broad facts of human nature we may safely trust for strength to sustain us through the duties of life. R. W. BOODLE.

ALBERT GALLATIN.*

Among the distinguished men of foreign birth who have sought a new home within the territorial limits of the United States, and afterward have filled important positions in the public service, the foremost place belongs to Albert Gallatin. For Hamilton, who alone was his superior as a statesman and a financier, can scarcely be considered as a foreigner, since he was born in a British island while the neighboring colonies were still a part of the British dominions, and came to New York before the beginning of the war of the Revolution, in which he took honorable part. Gallatin was a Swiss, and was born in Geneva on the 29th of January, 1761. Both his father and his mother died while he was a child, and he grew up under the care of a distant relative. When he was but little more than nineteen he decided to come to America, though with no definite plan; and after a tedious voyage he landed at Gloucester in July, 1780, and thence travelled on horseback to Boston. He remained here but a short time before he went to Machias, in Maine. Two years afterward he returned to Boston, and for about a year was tutor in French in Harvard College. He then went to Virginia, and finally, at the end of 1785 or the beginning of 1786, settled in the western part of Pennsylvania. In 1789 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of that State, and from 1790 to 1793 he represented one of the western counties in the Pennsylvania Legislature. In the latter year he was chosen a member of

* 1. *The Writings of Albert Gallatin.* Edited by Henry Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 707, 666, 646.

2. *The Life of Albert Gallatin.* By Henry Adams. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879. 8vo. pp. 697.

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the United States Senate, but he was not allowed to retain his seat in that body, on the ground that he had not been a naturalized citizen for the length of time prescribed by the Constitution. Two years later he was chosen to the House of Representatives, where he acquired considerable influence and reputation, and served for six years. Shortly after the inauguration of Jefferson he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, which office he held through both terms of Mr. Jefferson's administration, and for four years under Mr. Madison. In 1813 he was sent to St. Petersburg as one of the commissioners to negotiate a peace with Great Britain under the proffered mediation of Russia; but the British government declined to treat indirectly, and he was then appointed one of the commissioners who met the British envoys at Ghent. From 1816 to 1823 he was American minister at the court of France; and in 1826 and 1827 he was minister to England. In 1829 he was one of the agents to prepare the statement in behalf of the United States in the dispute with Great Britain relative to our north-eastern boundary line, which had been referred to the King of the Netherlands, as arbiter. With the completion of this service he withdrew from public life after forty years of active effort in one or another department of the government. Subsequently he was the president, for a number of years, of a bank in the city of New York; and from 1843 until his death President of the New York Historical Society. He was also the founder of the American Ethnological Society, and contributed largely to its published Transactions. He died at the residence of his daughter on Long Island, on the 12th of August, 1849, having retained his intellectual powers undiminished almost to the close of his long and busy life.

From the nature of the public services in which he was engaged he wrote much that was printed at the time of its preparation, and he carried on a very extensive correspondence. But his writings are scattered through numerous official or miscellaneous publications, or are contained in pamphlets not easily accessible; and neither a collected edition of his writings nor any adequate account of his life

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has hitherto been attempted. The four volumes now published will be welcomed, therefore, as an important contribution to our political history during the early part of this century. Both as editor and biographer, Mr. Adams has been diligent in his search for materials, and his labors have been crowned with a high degree of success. The papers in the possession of Mr. Gallatin's sole surviving son and literary executor have been freely placed at his disposal; letters to or from Gallatin in the archives of the State Department at Washington have been copied for him; and from other sources important materials have been derived. The first two volumes of the *Writings* comprise a selection from Gallatin's correspondence from 1798 to 1848, including a great mass of letters to Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, and Henry Clay, beside numerous letters to other persons at home or abroad, and a considerable number of letters to him. The third volume includes some of his more important publications. Among them are a speech on the Whiskey Insurrection, delivered in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives in 1795; an essay on the Currency and Banking System of the United States, originally prepared for the *American Quarterly Review*, and reprinted in a somewhat enlarged form in 1831; a second essay on the same subject, with special reference to the resumption of specie payments, published in 1841; a pamphlet on the Oregon Question, issued in 1846; and one on Peace with Mexico, published a year afterward. The *Life*, by Mr. Adams, is enriched by numerous private letters and a few autobiographical memoranda, and is a very careful and elaborate though rather dry narrative, with notices of the men with whom Gallatin was brought most closely in contact, and with incidental discussions of the political questions of the period.

As a letter-writer Gallatin cannot take high rank. He was a man of various and exact information, of clear and positive views, and of a sober judgment, but he had very little facility with his pen, and few or no graces of style. Whatever he wrote, whether in familiar correspondence, as

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an official statement, or for the press, bears ordinarily the marks of labor. "I cannot even write a decent letter without great labor," he informed Mr. Jefferson shortly after entering the Treasury Department. Almost thirty years afterward he wrote to another correspondent: "Long habit has given me great facility in collating, digesting, and extracting complex documents; but I am not hasty in drawing inferences; the arrangement of the facts and arguments is always to me a work of considerable labor, and, though aiming at nothing but perspicuity and brevity, I am a very slow writer." And in his eighty-third year, he wrote to another: "I never was but a poor writer in a language which is not my native tongue, and was compelled to confine myself to statements of facts and dry reasoning." The difficulty, however, was not that English was not his native tongue; for his French letters are not superior to those written in English, and long practice would have overcome this difficulty. But Gallatin had the hard, dry intellect of a statesman or man of affairs, and never exhibited a particle of imagination or of fancy. He was at home only in the domain of facts and of arguments based on experience. His letters will not be read for the bits of gossip, the skilfully drawn portraits, and the unconscious revelations of character, which form so large a part of the attractions in the published correspondence of many English statesmen and some Americans. His letters, however, will be not less welcome for the light which they throw on the internal history of the administrations of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison and on the political, diplomatic, and financial questions in which Mr. Gallatin was interested, and in the treatment of which his great abilities were seen at their best.

Much of his correspondence with Mr. Jefferson turns on appointments to office and on the general policy of the administration. Not the least curious and suggestive are the criticisms which he offers from time to time on the original drafts of the annual messages of the President. His strictures sometimes relate to the substance and sometimes to the form of the document,— to the views announced and

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to the need of qualifying phrases. They are characterized by clear common sense and great practical sagacity. He rarely took extreme views, and was by no means bigoted in his partisanship, though not always strictly just toward those who differed with him. Mr. Jefferson came into office with loud professions of reform, and Mr. Gallatin sympathized with Jefferson's wordy declarations, and was probably deceived by them. But he was soon disgusted by the rapacity of his party friends. "I feel a great reluctance," he wrote in September, 1801, "in yielding to that general spirit of persecution which, in that State particularly [New York], disgraces our cause and sinks us on a level with our predecessors." Two months before this, he had proposed to instruct the collectors of customs that in making the inferior appointments which were subject to his approbation, no man was to be excluded merely on account of his political opinions, but whether he differed with the collector or the secretary, integrity and capacity suitable to the station were to be the only qualifications. At the same time he proposed to instruct them that the President regarded freedom of opinion and freedom of suffrage at public elections as the right of every citizen, and that he would consider "any exercise of official influence to restrain or control the same rights in others as injurious to that part of the public administration which is confided to your care, and practically destructive of the fundamental principles of a republican constitution." This was a practical carrying out of the professed purposes of Mr. Jefferson for which that adroit politician was not at all prepared. Mr. Adams had been driven from office by a senseless clamor, aided by the dissensions in his own party; and Mr. Jefferson did not intend to throw away the fruits of victory. Three years after the date of his letter to Mr. Jefferson, proposing the issuing of this circular, Mr. Gallatin wrote again to the President: "I have uniformly been of opinion that, as it related to the principles of our government and to the reputation and popularity of the administration, it was of importance that the officers of the federal government should abstain from any interference

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with public elections; and I had, as you may recollect, prepared a paragraph to that effect in my first circular to the collectors, which you, as well as Mr. Madison, thought premature, and the subject has not been attended to since that time." In the meantime Mr. Jefferson had written to William Duane, of Philadelphia: "Many vacancies have been made by death and resignation, many by removal for malversation in office, and for open, active, and virulent abuse of official influence in opposition to the order of things established by the will of the nation. Such removals continue to be made on sufficient proof; the places have been steadily filled with Republican characters, until of three hundred and sixteen offices in all the United States subject to appointment and removal by me, one hundred and thirty only are held by Federalists." And he boasts that all this had been effected within little more than two years,—a very suggestive commentary on the Jeffersonian professions. How far Mr. Gallatin adhered to his early views on this subject is not quite clear; but he was never in favor of what has been called in England a "broad-bottomed administration," and he always held that there should be entire harmony and sympathy of views between the principal officers of the government. In 1811, he wrote to Mr. Madison that in his opinion in a government organized like that of the United States, "not only capacity and talents in the administration, but also a perfect heartfelt cordiality amongst its members, are essentially necessary to command the public confidence and to produce the requisite union of views and action between the several branches of government." As this harmony no longer existed, he formally tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, and shortly afterward the Secretary of State, Robert Smith, of Maryland, was dismissed, and Monroe appointed in his place.

Mr. Gallatin was always a firm friend of peace, throwing his personal and official influence against every step which could tend to involve the country in war. Two of his latest publications were against going to war with Great

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Britain about our north-western boundary line and on peace with Mexico. When Lord Ashburton, who was his friend and correspondent nearly thirty years before, came to this country in 1842, to negotiate the treaty of Washington, Mr. Gallatin wrote to him: "I am now in my eighty-second year, and on taking a retrospective view of my long career I derive the greatest consolation for my many faults and errors from the consciousness that I ever was a minister of peace, from the fact that the twenty last years of my political life were almost exclusively employed in preventing the war as long as I could, in assisting in a speedy restoration of peace, and in settling subsequently as many of the points of difference as was at the time practicable." All of his earlier letters and other writings confirm the justice of this claim. In his comments on the President's messages he always advised a conciliatory tone; and in his negotiations abroad he was true to the principles which he had adopted quite as largely, perhaps, on economical grounds as from moral considerations. At the same time he was never willing to sacrifice the interests or the dignity of his adopted country to a desire for peace at any price. It is not much to his credit as a practical statesman that he shared in Jefferson's dislike of a navy; but he learned to see the utter worthlessness of the Jeffersonian schemes for coercing England and France during the wars of Napoleon. "Experience must have taught us," he wrote to Edward Everett, in 1835, "beginning with the non-importation restrictions and agreement which preceded the war of independence, and ending with the various non-intercourse laws which were enacted between December, 1807, and June, 1812, how inefficient measures of this description generally are for the purpose of forcing another country to alter its policy." When Jackson was ready to plunge the country into a war with France, on account of the failure of the French Chambers to make the necessary appropriation for paying for the ravages on our commerce at the beginning of the century, Mr. Gallatin took strong grounds against his proposed course, and showed how entirely inadmissible were the claims set up by him.

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For Jackson himself he had very little respect. Referring to the publication of Jackson's correspondence in 1824, he wrote that it "affords sufficient proof that, whatever gratitude we owe him for his eminent military services, he is not fitted for the office of first magistrate of a free people and to administer a government of laws."

As a diplomatist he was unwearied in labor, bold but courteous in temper, never pressing for the settlement of a question at an unfavorable time, and never yielding anything which he thought it essential to maintain. His most important service in this field was probably his preparation of the case of the United States with regard to the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, though it did not have the desired effect. Writing at the time of the negotiations between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton which resulted in the final settlement of the long-vexed question, he stated that he bestowed more time on the preparation of this paper than he ever did on any other subject. "I investigated it more thoroughly, I believe," were his words, "than any other individual, and, I may be permitted to add, with a pure love of truth and justice and perfect impartiality. The result has been a thorough conviction that Great Britain had not even the shadow of a claim." And he thought the equivalent which she offered in the final adjustment of the dispute was inadequate; but at the same time he was clearly of opinion that the public interests required the ratification of the treaty.

There is much in these volumes in regard to the negotiations preliminary to the restoration of peace with Great Britain by the treaty of Ghent, to the discussions at Paris with regard to our claims on France for indemnities for injury to American commerce and in regard to the differential duties, and much also with regard to his negotiations with the British government while Mr. Gallatin was resident minister at London. Though he was six years older than Mr. Adams, whose name stands first in order among the American commissioners at Ghent, he was accidentally placed last in rank. But his great abilities gave him a foremost

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place, and he often exercised a controlling influence with his colleagues. Most of the American notes were drafted by him, and his conciliatory temper found abundant exercise in harmonizing the dissensions and repressing the jealousies of his irritable and disputatious associates. Mr. Henry Adams, whose grandfather played no insignificant part in the negotiations at Ghent, does not hesitate to say that "Far more than contemporaries ever supposed or than is now imagined, the treaty of Ghent was the special work and the peculiar triumph of Mr. Gallatin." And elsewhere after expressing the opinion that Mr. Gallatin had nothing to fear from the British commissioners,—"singly or together he was as capable of dealing with them as Benjamin Franklin, under very similar conditions, had proved himself equal to dealing with their predecessors thirty years before,"—he adds, with reference to one of the numerous disputes between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, that all the American commissioners "recognized the fact that he was properly head of the mission; his opinion carried most weight; his pen was most in demand; his voice was most patiently heard. The tact with which he steered his way between the shoals that surrounded him is the most remarkable instance in our history of perfect diplomatic skill; even Dr. Franklin, in a very similar situation, had not the same success."

The years which Mr. Gallatin spent as minister of the United States at the French court were undoubtedly among the happiest of his life; they added to his reputation as an able and accomplished diplomatist; and he made the name of his adopted country more respected abroad. But he was not able to effect a settlement of either of the important questions pending between the two governments. His first duty was to press for a settlement of our claims growing out of the depredations on American commerce at the time of the Milan and Berlin decrees; and in repeated interviews with the French ministers, and in elaborate and unanswerable notes, he urged the recognition and settlement of these claims, the justice of which the French government was

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never able to deny. On one or another pretext the matter was postponed; and when Mr. Gallatin returned home, at the end of seven years, "he left the whole question at last," as his biographer admits, "to all appearance, precisely where he found it." Another question, that of the commercial relations of the two countries, as affected by the discriminating duties imposed by France on merchandise imported in American vessels, also engaged much of his attention, but he was not able to obtain a satisfactory settlement of it; and finally at the instance of the French government the negotiations were transferred to Washington.

His short mission to England showed more visible results, though here too he encountered vexatious delays, and was not able to settle all the questions which had been left open by the treaty of Ghent. But before he left England he had the satisfaction to sign three conventions,—one continuing for an indefinite period the commercial convention of 1815, which was about to expire, a second making provisions for a joint occupancy of the disputed territory on our north-western borders, and the third providing that the question as to our north-eastern boundary line should be submitted to the arbitration of a friendly power. The preparation of the case of the United States to be presented to the arbiter was the last work of a diplomatic character in which Mr. Gallatin was engaged; but he had done enough to win for himself a foremost place among American diplomatists.

It was, however, as a financier that he acquired his highest reputation, and it was to this that he owed his introduction to official life. Like Jefferson he looked upon a national debt as an unmitigated evil, and its early extinction as the only means of saving the country from ruin; and to the work of paying off the debt he turned all his energies. "The discharge of the debt," Jefferson wrote to him in October, 1809, "is vital to the destinies of our government, and it hangs on Mr. Madison and yourself alone. We will never see another President and Secretary of the Treasury making all other objects subordinate to this. Were either of you to be lost to the public, that great hope is lost." And Gallatin, who had

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thought of resigning on account of the opposition to him in the Senate, wrote in his reply: "The reduction of the public debt was certainly the principal object in bringing me into office." But the blundering foreign policy of his party sadly interfered with the carrying out of his plans, and in his annual report for 1809 he was obliged to acknowledge that the revenue fell short of the expenses of the year. However, in the first ten years of his administration he was able to reduce the debt about one-half.

Unlike most of his party he was a strenuous advocate for the constitutionality and usefulness of a national bank; and one of his ablest publications was his article on the Currency and Banking System of the United States, to which we have already referred. But he avowed himself, at the same time, to be "an ultra bullionist," and with the view of widening the specie basis he uniformly advocated the use of both gold and silver, on the ground, since proved to be erroneous, that their relative value was not likely to fluctuate much. When the banks suspended specie payments under the administration of Mr. Van Buren, no man urged more persistently or more ably the necessity, on both moral and financial grounds, of the earliest practicable resumption; and his influence with the New York banks kept them constantly up to the work. On some points his views will not now pass undisputed, but no one who wishes to understand thoroughly the subjects of banking and currency can afford to neglect Mr. Gallatin's writings, whether he is led to the same conclusions or not.

Mr. Gallatin was not merely a statesman, a financier, and a diplomatist. He was also much interested in ethnological studies; and his elaborate Synopsis of the Indian Tribes on this side of the Mississippi, which cost him eighteen months of time in the preparation, will probably be studied long after his political writings have ceased to be read. Indeed, it is the opinion of his biographer that Mr. Gallatin's permanent reputation will mainly rest on his labors in this department, to which only a small part comparatively of his time and thought were given. His early manhood and his mature

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years were passed in the turmoil of party strife or in the strain of diplomatic discussions; at an age when most men are eager to withdraw from the active duties of life he became president of a bank; and it was only in the intervals of rest snatched from other labors, or when he had passed the ordinary limit of human life that he was able to turn his attention to the congenial study of the Indian dialects. If he had confined himself to scientific investigations, either in the department of languages or in any other similar field of inquiry, it cannot be doubted that his love of facts, his unwearied industry, and his great skill in the orderly arrangement of the results of his labors would have given him as high a rank among the scientific men of his time as he held among the financiers and the diplomatists.

In his personal relations Mr. Gallatin was free from reproach, and near the close of his life John Quincy Adams bore the most unequivocal testimony to his perfect integrity. As a young man he had imbibed strong party prejudices, and he looked upon the Federalists as enemies of their country, and he seems to have shared in the dislike of Mr. Jefferson's followers for Washington. It was not to be expected that he should do justice to the preëminent abilities and the disinterested patriotism of Hamilton. But as he grew older he became less of a partisan; he was forced by the pressure of circumstances to give his adhesion to practical methods of government which he had formerly opposed, and to recognize the necessity of having a navy and of entering into commercial treaties with foreign powers; and he found his least honorable opponents within the bosom of his own party. Though often assailed with great asperity he seldom or never indulged in personalities, and under strong provocation he preserved a dignified and manly tone. It was no small annoyance to John Quincy Adams that Gallatin did not infuse into his notes in reply to the British commissioners at Ghent a more sarcastic spirit, and answer reproachful words in the same temper. But it may be deemed fortunate that Mr. Gallatin, and not Mr. Adams, held the pen at that critical period.

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To sum up in a few words the impressions which a study of the life and writings of Gallatin is suited to produce, it must be recognized that he was one of the foremost leaders in the political party of which Jefferson was the acknowledged head, and that his name must be forever associated with the history of that party. As he grew older the pressure of circumstances which he could not control and his own better judgment made him modify some of his earlier notions, and to give his assent to other theories of government. But it was a natural outgrowth, and no charge of inconsistency can rest on his memory. As a legislator, a financier, a diplomatist, and an ethnologist, his rank must always be high, though not so high probably as it is placed by his biographer. C. C. SMITH.

COMMON SENSE.

By Common Sense I mean the faculty of seeing things as they are. It can exist in its broadest and fullest exercise only when associated with moral integrity. In practical affairs, the man of sound judgment is one who honestly endeavors to put himself into true relations with things as they are. As an upright judge, he puts aside whatever is not essential, and makes up his mind from a knowledge of the facts in the case. It is remarkable how a man of sterling integrity of mind, by the force of an honest purpose, penetrates to the very core of a subject, while another person, of vastly more learning and intellectual activity, but without his simplicity of heart, is deceived and misled by appearances. These men of substantial honesty and common sense are the persons whom we go to for counsel when we are really in difficulty or doubt. We know that they are to be trusted. It is so in private life. It is so on a larger scale in public affairs. There are men before the public — men of brilliant accomplishments and large intellectual attainments — who have not a hundredth part of the influence which they would have if the community had as much confidence in their honesty and good sense as in their intellectual capabilities.

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The integrity of mind which is connected with an honest heart, and which is the parent of wisdom, though it may seem to be a very homely is a very rare possession, and, like true reverence, it is an attribute of the highest order of intellect in the department where that intellect accomplishes its grandest work. It is a very uncommon thing to find a man free from all personal bias, ready to accept facts precisely as they are, and, without doing them the slightest wrong, to draw his conclusions from them and decide upon his duty in regard to them. Most of us, even in our intellectual pursuits, live in an atmosphere of personal feeling.

Men do not meet facts honestly, face to face, and see them as they are. They deal less with facts than with appearances. They allow themselves to be carried away by their personal wishes or by the tide of popular sentiment, or they settle down into their own one-sided prejudices. Hence the illusions which impose so often upon men of strong natures, and mislead them in regard to matters of the most serious interest. Hence it so often happens that the show and outside glitter of society are more valued than the peaceful satisfactions of home and the resources of a well-furnished mind. Hence it so often happens that the passion to be rich or distinguished in some other way absorbs into itself every higher sentiment, and views with a constantly diminishing respect the homely and substantial virtues which are the only sources of happiness to the individual and the only safeguards of society. Fortune is more desired than holiness of living. Social pleasures are more sought after than inward enjoyments. Things near and visible are magnified into the most exaggerated dimensions, and things unseen and eternal dwindle away like distant stars, and have no perceptible influence upon us. We half recognize the truth of this. There are moments when the illusions are lifted up, and we catch a glimpse of things in their true attitude and relations. But habit, passion, prejudice, selfishness, or the love of ease returns, and we see, not with our own eyes, but through the discolored medium by which we allow ourselves to be surrounded.

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More than half the illusions and extravagances that make such havoc with the fortune, character, and happiness of men arise from an unwillingness to deal honestly with facts as they are. It is so in business. The rage for speculation spreads abroad. The whole community is on the alert. Reports of immense fortunes suddenly made by bold operations goad the public mind into a state of almost frenzied excitement. There are sensible, prudent men who have gone on laying up year by year the slowly accumulating but certain gains of an honest and wisely-directed business. They listen to these reports with doubts and remonstrances. They see plainly enough that according to the principles of common prudence and common sense, by which they have always conducted their affairs, these new methods of doing business must be unsafe. But the epidemic begins to get hold of them. They make at first a small venture,— under protest in their own mind, so as to quiet their doubts. Then they go a little farther. And thus little by little they are drawn in, the passion for becoming suddenly rich inflaming their minds, and for the time blinding them to the true condition and relation of things. When the time is past, and the labor of years is lost, and with broken fortunes and almost broken hearts they come to themselves, and, seeing things as they are, think over what they have done, it is a matter of amazement to them how they could have been so taken in,— how they could have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by such persons, and by statements which must have borne on their very face marks of deceit to one looking at them calmly and clearly.

How many false judgments have we all of us made when under the illusion of some strong excitement! — catching the tone of the most excitable or the most dogmatic persons around us, without sifting their statements or looking through them into the facts of the case. Where we have made extravagant mistakes, probably in nine instances out of ten it is because we have allowed ourselves to be governed by our feelings and wishes rather than by our judgment. And when the illusion becomes an epidemic, whether

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in business, in politics, or religion, the most unsafe men in the community — men whose passions are stronger than their intellects, or whose prejudices are stronger than their judgment — are the men who take the lead, and for the time carry with them not a few of those who at other times are reckoned to be among the soundest and most practical men in the community.

The great difficulty in Christian morals lies precisely in this direction. Our minds are warped by self-interest or passion so that we cannot or will not see things as they are. Conflicting interests arise between us and our neighbor. But why shall we not look at the facts precisely as they are, and of ourselves judge what is right? Even where the point of difference is a delicate one, and requires a very nice perception, why can we not carefully, deliberately, in our retired and thoughtful moments, put ourselves into our neighbor's position, examine the matter from his point of view as well as from our own, and, by a careful comparison of all the facts and the Christian principles bearing upon them, decide what is right, even though the decision should be against us? This is the way in which a Christian character is to be formed, in which a wise perception of right is to be cultivated, in which the habit of perfect impartiality and fairness in our dealings is to be established. The man who shows himself always ready thus to act, in honest simplicity and singleness of heart, acquires the power of correct moral judgment. Because his eye is single, his whole body is full of light. His mind, not less than his character, is respected. His opinions come with the weight and authority of judicial decisions. Such men are the safeguards of society. They are the natural conservators of the peace and morals of the community. Their very presence is a rebuke to the selfish thrift and cunning of those around them. They help to place public sentiment on its right foundation. They are divinely-appointed teachers, helping by precept and example to form the rules of conduct and to enlighten the consciences of others. They are divinely-appointed rulers and judges, ruling within the sphere of men's inward

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convictions, and helping them to sit in judgment on themselves.

The prevalent idea is that common sense is a good thing in our every-day, practical affairs, but that its province is a very limited one, and that it is the attribute of a commonplace cast of mind. The higher class of subjects and the most gifted order of minds, it is thought, are wholly beyond its reach. But this is altogether a mistaken view of the subject. Minds of the highest order are remarkable for nothing more than for their substantial good sense. They are gifted above others with the faculty of seeing things as they are, and this is the one essential characteristic of common sense. Without the substantial groundwork of common sense, the inventor would be only a schemer, the natural philosopher would be only a theorist, the metaphysician would be lost in distinctions without a difference, the social reformer would be only a dreamer of impossible dreams; poetry would run wild in its extravagances, and religion would be the province of the visionary and the fanatic. The men who have left their mark most decisively on the thought and the institutions of the world, on its physical and social progress, its literature and its religion, have been the men who were gifted with the keenest and largest insight into the laws and relations of things. They dealt with facts and not with theories or opinions.

Of the great mechanical inventors,—and they are men of a high order of mind,—this is eminently true. They dispense with the false opinions that are current, and find their way into the living facts of Nature, and by obedience to those facts accomplish their purposes. The life of George Stephenson, *e.g.*, is hardly more than the laborious and painstaking exercise of an extraordinary amount of common sense in its application to the steam-engine and the railroad. What he sought as the groundwork of the immense revolution which he has wrought in the world was an exact acquaintance with all the essential facts bearing upon his subject.

This was the remarkable gift of Howard, who carried his

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large common-sense endowments into the prisons of Europe, so as to ascertain on reasonable grounds what might be done for their improvement. Without this, his wide-reaching benevolence and fervor would have exhausted themselves in impracticable schemes, and his name, if known at all, would be known only as that of an amiable enthusiast. So with Clarkson and Wilberforce. In what seemed their wildest measures for the removal of a great national evil, there was always a careful, conscientious regard to the facts. The Duke of Wellington attributed all his success to the faculty of seeing things as they are, and acting accordingly. And the same might be said of General Grant, and still more emphatically of Washington. So even in poetry, men of the highest order of mind, Homer and Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dante, and Milton, are as remarkable for the soundness of their judgment, and their exact and faithful adherence to the facts of Nature, as for the variety and extent of their genius. So the greatest artists are those who have carried the largest amount of common sense into the regions of art, and who have been most true to whatever is great and beautiful in man and in Nature. The highest poets and artists only carry into the purest realms of thought and life the power of recognizing and presenting to the soul, through words or forms, the great and beautiful and sacred realities which there live and move and have their being. They see more clearly and farther than others into the order and beauty of the universe.

So the greatest religious teachers of our race, preëminently seers, are those who carry this divine gift of seeing things as they are up into the great, essential facts which constitute the highest laws of our moral and spiritual being, and bring those facts down to educate the consciences, to inspire the souls, to guide, elevate, and enrich the lives of men.

So Jesus, as he said, revealed to his disciples what he had seen and known with the Father. There was nothing visionary or fanciful in his instructions. He saw and revealed the great and substantial realities which are at once the law and the life of all spiritual beings. Living, as he said, in the bosom of the Father, he took up into his own soul the

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great spiritual facts of the divine nature, and, unfolding them in his life and his words, would draw us by their infinite sweetness and power into union and harmony with the mind of God. Whatever is holy, whatever is beautiful, attractive, and life-giving, in the divine nature is thus brought down into the sphere of our human perceptions, sympathies, and affections, if our eyes are only open to see, and our hearts are willing to recognize and obey them as the great, essential conditions of our moral and spiritual well-being.

The appeal of Christ is constantly to the souls of men, their own native perceptions, their own power of seeing and judging of themselves what is right. He appeals to our common sense in its largest and healthiest development. The Gospels, therefore, while they are the highest, are also the weightiest and most practical, instructions ever given our race. As in the development of our natures we rise into higher realms of life and thought, as our spiritual perceptions reach out into new spheres, and lay hold on the powers of higher worlds, and see things as they are in their spiritual affinities and relations, we begin to comprehend something of our Saviour's insight into the central facts which are the laws of God's spiritual kingdom. There is nothing visionary there, nothing which borders on extravagance or fanaticism. Everything commends itself more and more to our judgment. Sentences which had seemed to us disconnected are bound together in the expression of the same great thought. Facts which we had not recognized at all, or had recognized as having no relation to us, are found to be of the gravest importance and intimately associated with us. The purest and highest life of heaven stoops, in infinite majesty and grace, to impart to us of its own divine and boundless stores, and so lift us up into fellowship with itself.

It is thus that Christ appeals to the common sense of man, while he enlarges the sphere of its activity. We are no longer bound up within the facts of the material world and of a material prosperity. All the finer sentiments and

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affections are recognized as realities. The laws which bind us to God in the highest development and experience of our spiritual faculties are to enter into the account not less than the conditions of our temporary and worldly success.

The Gospels appeal constantly to our sound judgment and our sense of right and wrong. Religion, as it is taught by Jesus, comes home to our bosoms and our daily lives. Like the telescope it opens before us larger and higher fields of thought; but it demands that we should use our faculties to judge of spiritual as we do of earthly things. We must see them as they are in their true attitude and relations so as to give them the place which their comparative importance reasonably asks. It points us to the momentous realities of our spiritual being and to the all-seeing eye of God, that, calmed and subdued by such thoughts and such a presence, we may free ourselves from every bias of passion or worldly inclination, and of ourselves judge what is right.

The soundest wisdom, even here, is that which reaches above the stars. The highest inspiration of the artist and poet, that which does the most to dignify and adorn even our earthly lives and enrich us in the use of our earthly treasures, is drawn from a divine source. The sound judgment which would guide the philanthropist and statesman in their most successful labors for the improvement of human institutions and laws must look, not only to an elementary and material prosperity, but to the highest instincts of man's nature and the all-embracing Providence and laws of God. There he finds his surest guide, his strength and hope when all inferior aims and motives fail.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

BRAHMOISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

The foremost man of the new theistic movement in India, known as the Brahmo Somaj, is, without doubt, Babu Chunder Sen, whose eloquence, devotion to the religious interests of his country, and profound mystical piety have given much of its significance and success to the growing movement of which he is a recognized founder and leader. Unlike many of his countrymen who have thrown off the old superstitious ideas and idolatrous practices of the religion of the country, Chunder Sen has not embraced nescience nor secularism in religion. On the other hand he is not a mere devotee, interested only in pietistic exercises. He recognizes at something like its value the whole active, aggressive side of Western civilization, and appreciates the practical and philanthropic side of modern Christianity. No other Hindoo, few even among European civilians, have so highly estimated the work and influence of Christian missionaries; to whom, rather than to English rule or the indirect agency of commerce and social intercourse, he ascribes the uplifting, and through whom he hopes for the regeneration, of India. Our readers will remember the high estimate of the value of the Bible and its influence, which he expressed in an address while in England some years ago; and his whole course for many years has shown him to be thoroughly penetrated by the ideas and spirit of Christian civilization.

Two remarkable addresses of Chunder Sen have been published in the course of the last few months in the *Indian Mirror*, and in whole or in part have been reprinted in several English and American newspapers, and called forth a great variety of comment. One explains his own relation with the Somaj, and is largely personal. He has sometimes been called the prophet of Brahmoism; and notwithstanding his emphatic rejection of such a claim, he has been charged with making too much of what he calls a "singular" call to a work which he recognizes as providential and of divine obligation. His organ, the *Indian Mirror*, has earnestly disowned for him any superstitious or supernatural sense in words which were doubtless too indefinite and unguarded. The truth seems to be, that, being called to speak of

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himself and his religious convictions and purposes, he used language concerning them which the majority of Christian believers are accustomed to use, and in the same sense. He believed in the reality of communion with God, in the Divine guidance, and in his own providential work, and said so.

The other notable utterance to which we refer, is his answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?" Though disclaiming the name of Christian, he reveals himself as Christian in all but the name. And not only that, but he expresses a warmth of devotion to the spiritual Christ, and a deep, even mystical, sense of his own relation, and that of the best elements of human civilization, to that ever-flowing fountain of Divine life and power which had its historical rise in the personality of Jesus, which marks him as a student and disciple of the Gospel of John. Judging from this address, we should say that Chunder Sen is a Christian quite after the heart of our late saintly friend, Dr. Sears. Indeed, all our hearts must warmly respond in large part to his exposition of the life and work, as to his confession of loyal trust and grateful and reverent love, of him he calls kinsman, brother, friend, and master.

We copy below large portions of this address, believing that our readers will find it of interest not only as significant of certain present tendencies of Indian theism, as of theism everywhere, but specially as showing how the Asiatic mind approaches Christianity, and seems even peculiarly fitted to deal with certain portions of its records and literature which sometimes prove stones of offence to our more prosaic and matter-of-fact Western understandings.

I am not a Christian; none of the numerous sects into which the Church of Christ is divided would allow my creed to be identified with its own. I have not been nursed on a Christian lap, nor have I been brought up under Christian teachers. The country in which I dwell is not a Christian country, nor is my home a Christian home. I am deficient in Biblical knowledge, nor am I skilled in exegesis. Yet must I speak of Christ. My love of Christ constrains me to speak of him. My loyalty to Jesus is my apology. If any other apology were needed, I would invite your attention to India's earnest and impassioned solicitation. Most eagerly and most earnestly she asks, Who is Christ? . . .

But why should you Hindoos go to England to learn Jesus Christ? Is not Christ's native land nearer to India than England? Are not Jesus and his apostles and immediate followers more akin to Indian nationality than Englishmen? Are not the scenes enacted in the drama of the

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Christian dispensation altogether homely to us Indians? When we hear of the lily, and the sparrow, and the well, and a hundred other things of Eastern countries, do we not feel we are quite at home in the Holy Land? Why should we then travel to a distant country like England in order to gather truths which are to be found much nearer our homes?

Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory, and in the fulness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. Why do I speak of Christ in England and Europe as the setting sun? Because there we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. But if you go to the true Christ in the East, and his apostles, you are seized with inspiration. You find the truths of Christianity all fresh and resplendent.

Recall to your minds the true Asiatic Christ, divested of all Western appendages, carrying on the work of redemption among his own people. Behold, he cometh to us in his loose-flowing garments, his dress and feature altogether Oriental, a perfect Asiatic in everything. Watch his movements, and you will find genuine Orientalism in all his habits and manners, his uprising and downsitting, his going forth and his coming in, his preaching and ministry,— aye, in his very language, and style, and tone. Indeed, while reading the gospel, we cannot but feel that we are quite at home when we are with Jesus, and that Jesus is altogether one of us. He is our Christ. The outward Christ is certainly an Asiatic, and, as such, he comes to us and rivets our national sympathies. . . .

In the very outset of the inquiry, we find the ethics of Christ asking us to accept it, and give it a place in our hearts. And we readily acquiesce in it. The sublime and marvellous ethics of Christ,— who can condemn? who will not honor? The rules of forgiveness and love, meekness, humility, charity, justice, sincerity, and simplicity, the rules of property, self-restraint, asceticism, constitute the highest standard of true ethics, which must find acceptance in all parts of the world. Though we are Hindoos, we cannot help admiring the superior and exalted ethics which Christ brings to us. You cannot deny it; you cannot set it aside. It is from God. Your consciences attest it. Ancient philosophy bows before it. A greater than Socrates has taught us this lofty ethical code, and we are bound for truth's sake to accept this legacy from Christ. We are all agreed, irrespective of differences of creed and caste, as to the supremacy of the ethical law embodied in Christ's teaching and character.

If you Indians hesitate or refuse to accept Christ, it is not because you dislike Christ's ethics. It is not Christ's humanity that is a stumbling-block in your way, but his so-called divinity. His heavenly spirituality, not his human morality, stands in the way of your accepting him.

It appears to me that Christ believed earnestly and consistently in what I should, in the absence of a better expression, call the doctrine of divine humanity. Christ not only believed this, but he carried it, theoretically and practically, to the uttermost logical sequence.

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But what was this doctrine? Christ struck the key-note of it when he announced his divinity before an astonished and amazed world in these words: "I and my Father are one."

He lived, moved, and had his being in God. Not a breath he drew, but it was from the Lord. Not a drop of life-blood was there in him, but it came from the very fountain of life and vitality in heaven. He said, he heard, he touched, as we see, hear, and touch. But he always felt that the root of his being was God himself,—a fact of which we are not always conscious. He had his life rooted in divinity. He felt always that the Lord was underlying his whole existence. And, therefore, without equivocation, and with all the boldness and candor of conscious simplicity, he proclaimed unto the world that he was one with God.

But he asserted the doctrine of spiritual oneness, not only with reference to the Godhead, but also with regard to those around him. He was present, not only in God, but also in the hearts of his disciples. What was his prayer to his Father regarding his people before he allowed himself to be crucified? Some time before that event occurred, Christ went to his Father and said, "As thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Thus, in comprehensive unity, he sought to include God, himself, and all mankind. . . .

Where, then, is Christ now? He is living in all Christian lives, and in all Christian influences at work around us.

Of the dead Christ I speak not. Of what use is a dead Christ to us or to our nation? Put the living spirit of Christ into your hearts and affections, your daily life and character. Do you not see Christ existing throughout Christendom, like an all-pervading leaven, mysteriously and imperceptibly leavening the bias of millions of men and women? You cannot resist his influence; you may deny his doctrine, you may even hate and repudiate his name, but he goes straight into your hearts and leavens your lives. He does not care to inquire what doctrine you believe, or what dogma you accept, nor even what sort of a life you lead. You may be the basest of sinners. You may be intellectually opposed to many of his doctrines. The truth that is in Christ will, perforce, overcome and penetrate your souls in spite of your perverseness, and secretly influence your character.

In all Christian literature, laws, and institutions, we see Christ's living influence as a reality. The Christ that is advancing in all directions has touched India; and hence the question she asks,—Who is Christ? The genius of the nation has asked this question, and you are bound to answer it. In the interests of the country, in the interests of truth, the question must be answered one way or another, now or hereafter. To India's solemn and thrilling cry you must some day return a response.

Meanwhile, I must beg your acceptance of the truly national solution of the problem I have presented to you. You will find on reflection that the doctrine of divine humanity is essentially a Hindoo doctrine, and the picture of Christ's life and character I have drawn is altogether a picture

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of ideal Hindoo life. Surely, the idea of absorption and immersion in the Deity is one of those ideas of Vedantic Hindooism which prevail extensively in India. From the highest sage to the humblest peasant, millions of men in this land believe in the Pantheistic doctrine of man's identity with the Godhead. The most illiterate man is heard to say he and the Lord are one. The doctrine of absorption in the Deity is India's creed, and, through this idea, I believe, India will reach Christ. Will he not fulfil the Indian Scripture? I am reminded of the passage in the Gospel in which he says: "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." The Mosaic dispensation only? Perhaps the Hindoo dispensation also. In India, he will fulfil the Hindoo dispensation.

The religion of our ancestors was Pantheism from beginning to the end; and what is Hindoo Pantheism? Essentially, it is nothing but the identity of all things with God. I do not mean that you should retain Pantheism as it exists in Indian books. Oh! there are mischievous errors and horrid ideas mixed up with it which you must eschew. Christ's Pantheism is a Pantheism of a loftier and more perfect type. It is the conscious union of the human with the Divine Spirit in truth, love, and joy. The Hindoo sage realizes this union only during meditation, and he seeks unconscious absorption in his God, with all his faults and shortcomings about him. But Christ's communion is active and righteous; it combines purity of character with devotion. Hindoo Pantheism in its worst form is proud, being based upon the belief that man is God; it is quietism and trance; Christ's Pantheism is the active self-surrender of the humble servant and the loving son.

In the midst of activity, Christ was absorbed in God. Eating or drinking, preaching or going about doing good, his spirit was enjoying serene communion. There is no pride in him, for he is dead to self. There is no dreamy mysticism in him, for he is ever doing the will of his Father. In Christ you see true Pantheism. And, as the basis of early Hindooism is Pantheism, you, my countrymen, cannot help accepting Christ in the spirit of your national Scriptures. You have already seen how, in his outward form and appearance, with his flowing garments, he is acceptable to you. Now, you find that even the spirit of Christ draws you through your national instincts. You have a national affinity to the invisible, as well as to the visible, Christ. Can you deny it? . . .

Behold! Christ cometh as an Asiatic in race, as a Hindoo in faith, as a kinsman and a brother, and he demands your heart's affection. Will you deny it? He comes to fulfil and perfect that religion of communion for which India has been panting as the hart panteth after the water-brooks.

Let all people in this country who bear the Christian name remember that it is not by presenting a Western Christ to our countrymen that they will be able to regenerate India. If you like, present the English side of Christ's many-sided character to the English nation. If you wish, present a German Christ to the Germans, an American Christ to the American people. But if you wish to regenerate us Hindoos, present

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Christ to us in his Hindoo character. When you bring Christ to us, do not bring him to us as a civilized European, but as an Asiatic ascetic, whose wealth is devotion and whose riches prayers.

That horrid form of asceticism which prevails in this country in the form of mere self-mortification is, indeed, most harmful and pernicious. True asceticism, as indicated by Christ, means simply this: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." . . .

One word more, and I have done. The time is coming, and now is, when India shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. Say unto Christ as unto your best friends, Welcome! I say, emphatically, and I say before you all, that Christ is already present in you. He is in you, even when you are unconscious of his presence; even if your lips deny Christ, your hearts secretly accept him. For Christ is "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." If you have in you the spirit of truth and filial devotion, self-sacrifice, that is Christ.

Though often defiled and persecuted by the world, I have found sweetness and joy unutterable in my Master Jesus. Jesus is to me not a hard doctrine. He never was to me a doctrine. I am thankful to say I never read anti-Christian books with delight, and never had to wage war with my Christ. The mighty artillery of his love he levelled against me, and I was vanquished and fell at his feet, saying, Blessed Child of God, when shall others see the light that is in thee? Therefore, I say, countrymen, be not as the unbelievers are; do not throw yourselves into the vortex of materialism and scepticism. Christ, your friend, is walking through the streets of this country, carrying the banner of God the Most High. He exhorts you to renounce self. My countrymen, throw off the scabbard then, unsheath the sword and cut down this abominable self, and establish this kingdom of heaven in your lives. Achieve the triumph and rejoice, for the Bridegroom cometh.

HOW WE READ THE BIBLE.

The company of liberal German scholars who united some years ago to issue a critical edition of the New Testament, with careful introductions and notes, still continue their joint labors, and are just putting forth a third edition. It is published, after the German fashion, in parts (forty-eight pages in each), and may be said to contain the latest views and results of liberal biblical research and scholarship. The names of Hilgenfeld, Holzmann, Lipsius, and Pfleiderer, and of the editors, Drs. Paul Wilhelm Schmidt and Franz von Holtzendorff, are assurance enough that the work is thoroughly and intelligently done; and the present edition is carefully revised, corrected, and somewhat enlarged.

The name chosen for the work, *Protestanten-Bibel*, may be

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criticised, as including at once too much and too little; but it seems to be abundantly justified in the spirit which has animated the writers, and the zeal and scholarship which they have devoted to the correction and exposition of the Bible text, and their determination to let nothing stand between the reader of the Bible and the word and thought of its various writers.

We have asked ourselves when it will happen, that the interest in biblical knowledge among our ministers and scholars will be sufficient to give us the similar work for our American public which we so greatly need; and whether the long-desired Commentary upon the New Testament which is so frequently called for might not be set about in the same way,— a company of our most able and scholarly men uniting and laboring together to produce a work which would command the respect and attention, not of our own body only, but of the entire English-speaking public. It is a project that deserves pondering.

The main, and extremely valuable, addition to this third edition is an essay in answer to the question, "How do we read the *Protestanten-Bibel?*" Those who are familiar with the earlier editions may be interested to have it, and those of our readers who do not readily read German, will, perhaps, be glad to see what is the present position of the more liberal scholarly thought of Germany upon this topic. We have therefore translated it, and give it entire. It is without name, and may on this account be presumed to embody the main positions of those engaged upon the work. Its views will be found largely in accord with those of Unitarian critics, though some of the suggestions will strike somewhat strangely the minds of many of our readers. Especially, we think, will the proposed plan of changing the order of the New Testament writings so as to open the book with the biography of St. Paul, seem to them rather the freak of a theorist than the sound judgment of a Christian historian or interpreter. The change would involve, we are sure, a false principle of classification. The biography of Him who was the founder as well as the central figure of early Christian history properly occupies the first place in its records. His life and acts are the earliest facts in the history of Christianity, both logically and chronologically; and any other arrangement than the present would be rather documentary than historical,— a history of the authors of the book, rather than of the great movement in human thought and life which the book unfolds. We are glad that even the courage

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of the authors of the *Protestanten-Bibel* took counsel of discretion, and waited for a more "opportune" period of time to make a change which would have been a serious mistake of judgment.

How do we Read the Protestant Bible?

There is much truth, we think, in what Goethe has somewhere urged in his *Sentences:* "I am convinced that the Bible always becomes the more beautiful, the better it is understood; that is to say, the more clearly it is perceived and recognized that every word which we commonly conceive as of general import . . . has yet its own peculiar and directly individual reference and significance, according to the circumstances in which it was uttered or written, and its special relations of time and place."

It was thus that Goethe himself read the Bible, and commended a similar method of reading it to those who, striving after the beautiful in his sense, should endeavor to understand and appreciate it. In vain. Ardent readers of Goethe are seldom ardent readers of the Bible. Is there, then, a "great gulf fixed" between our culture and our Bible? Certainly there is, if the Bible shall be made a bar to human thought, or a statute-book arbitrarily prescribing its limitations. But the poet evidently meant that it should be a greatly more desired and helpful fountain of quickening and enrichment for our spirits,— the source whence we might draw the profoundest convictions of the most important creative epochs of religion, and, at the same time, find worthy incitements for our deepest spiritual life. He meant, evidently, that the heroic characters, as the fundamental religious ideas of the Bible, when regarded and really comprehended in a purely historical way,— as they were, and not as the later Church has portrayed and wrongly portrayed them,— are well adapted also to instruct and to form the modern man, although his comprehensive view of the world, and in part his general outlook on life, may be widely diverse from those individual characters and ideas. Only so can another passage from Goethe's *Sentences* be understood: "There is much bandying of argument to and fro concerning the help or harm that comes of the wide diffusion of the Bible. To me it is clear: dogmatically and fantastically used, it will harm, as heretofore; it will be useful, as heretofore, when used for moral instruction and the training of the sentiments." In other words, the Bible becomes profitable when read Protestant-wise.

Yes, in content and good conscience the *Protestanten-Bibel* remains true, in its third edition, to the name which has been much reviled, and which yet its opponents very clearly understand.

We read the Bible as Protestants. That is, in the first place, not as Romanists. The Romish Church declares to its adherents (at the fourth session of the Council of Trent): "In order to restrain headstrong spirits, the synod ordains that no one, relying on his own understanding in

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matters of faith or morals, which belong to the establishment of Christian doctrine, shall receive or explain the Holy Scriptures according to his own thought, in opposition to that sense which the holy Mother Church has held and holds. To her it belongs to judge concerning the true sense and interpretation of the Holy Scriptures," etc. It was otherwise with the Reformation. While it followed the contemporaneous march of classical investigation, going back everywhere to the earliest sources, it cast away with religious violence the bonds which might keep the inquiring Christian from the earliest and most certain testimony through which Christianity bears witness to its own historical reality. That which it sought for the wholesome satisfaction of the sacred hunger of the heart, as it turned with weary disgust from the nauseous Romish tables, presented itself to individual apprehension in the storehouses of the Bible word, that men might take from them the bread of life freely. "If the holy Scripture," so exhorted Luther, "were a great tree, and all its words were boughs and twigs, then should I have knocked at every bough and spray, and tried to find out what mighi be upon them, and what they might possibly bear; and yet every time could I have knocked down a couple of apples." Surely, too, the newest "Catholic" movements against the incense-offering sacrilege of Rome should only be considered as a half-ecclesiastical, half-political episode, in comparison with the great movement whose march conducts through the "old" Catholicism of the Tridentine Council, of the Middle Ages, of the Church Fathers, back to that oldest Catholicism of the simple scriptural religion of Jesus, and its living waters,—not again to the "hewn out" fountains which, according to the long-established tradition, are "broken cisterns which hold no water." If the figure of Luther at Worms, and the Book in his right hand, speaks not significantly enough, the curling flames which, in the year 1877, at the papal jubilee in the cathedral court of Spezzia, mount from the Bibles there solemnly burnt should make clear to the dullest eye what Rome fears, and with what weapon it is possible to beat down her dazzling shield.

We read the Bible as Protestants. That is, in the second place, not with the eye-glass of so-called "evangelical" dogma. Often have the common evangelical interpretations of religion, and the text-books and primary catechisms belonging to this system, rendered great masses of Protestant people incapable of really reading the Bible; that is, of reading it without prejudice, and without putting their own thought in the place of the sense intended by the various authors. When they read in the Fourth Gospel, "I and my Father are one," they think that the Bible teaches, as the Church teaches, the equality of Jesus with the Father. When, likewise, the Holy Spirit is mentioned with the Father and the Son, they suppose that they have before them a sufficient biblical foundation for the church doctrine of the Trinity. When Jesus asks, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" they think that Jesus—"the Bible"—affirms of himself an absolute

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moral perfection, as the endowment of his divine nature, although elsewhere the same Jesus rejects this perfection with emphasis, and ascribes it to God alone. But when Jesus says that his kingdom is not of this world, they forget that it is yet for this world that it was to "come," that his disciples were to "inherit the earth," and they then fancy that the Bible refers to a far-off future and wholly spiritual judgment,—as though the Christianity of the Bible were not precisely that religion which is strenuous to make every emotion which springs from the communion of the soul with God immediately fruitful in conduct and condition. Or even when the Bible speaks of the general sinfulness of human nature, they consciously or unconsciously put into it the Augustinian doctrine of hereditary sin as the essence of human nature. Indeed, Anselm's mediæval dogma of God's injured honor and the necessity of an expiatory sacrifice to satisfy it, procured through the voluntary death of the God-man, tinges all the contents of the Bible to them whenever they read of the righteousness which is of faith, and of reconciliation with God. Finally, when they see in the Bible all these doctrines, and others corresponding with them, they imagine that they have the Christianity of the Bible before them, and many so expound it — only to be utterly vanquished before they are aware.

The "Christianity of the Bible"! as though the Bible were a book in which we had a right to look for a definite, consistent, universal system of doctrine concerning all things human and Divine!

We read the Bible as Protestants; that is, in the third place, not superstitiously. Not as the completed bestowment of Divine Revelation has the Bible come down to us. "*Biblia*,"— that is the most ancient name; which means "Writings"; and denotes the manifoldness of the separate books which were gradually joined together to make our present "Holy Writ,"— the collected records of two distinct religions. We should never forget this: not only is it true that Abraham and Moses knew nothing of our Old Testament, not only had David only the slightest hand in its formation, not only was the Old Testament completed in the destruction of the Israelitish nation; but also through the whole first Christian century there were known only separate writings of the New Testament as private documents, and for the first time in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries was our New Testament, as a permanent collection of the sacred writings of Christianity, finally closed and universally recognized by the Church.

But as the collection of the "*Biblia*" was not a transaction supernaturally directed, but was due to historical development, so also with the individual books of the Old Testament and the New. It is the latter of these that we specially consider now. How a "Gospel" arose, the author of the Gospel of Luke, for instance, gives us most definite information, when he writes: "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us, even as they delivered them unto us which from the

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beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word, it seemed good to me, also, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, to write unto thee, in order, most excellent Theophilus, that thou might know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."—Luke i., 1–4.

So simply, purely naturally, the writing of the New Testament annals went on; and if in the Fourth Gospel an interest, not historical but doctrinal, shapes and governs the representation of the person and life of Jesus, still at the conclusion of this book the peculiar quality and individual tendencies of its author appear with the utmost artlessness. How also the "Epistles" and "Revelation," even to their separate points of view, and the peculiar expressions which characterize each writer, growing out of marked personal or ecclesiastical interests, and out of peculiar aims in their conflicts and reconciliations, in instruction and in discipline, in consolation and exhortation, are the outcome of the purely historical, purely human conditions which the Introductions of this book point out in general and in particular!

That the Divine Spirit quickened the minds and hearts of the authors of the New Testament, who would deny who has caught even a breath of the spirit of early Christianity, or who has rightly conceived that it is of God's grace that we all are what we are? But that the Bible is "God's Word" in such wise as if God himself had uttered it or dictated its contents, and committed to the sacred penmen only the office of copying his permanent and eternal truth,—that is a conception of it, unworthy alike of the spirit of God and the spirit of man. The early appearance of this representation of the Scriptures at the period of the Reformation we can explain and excuse; but there is not the slightest justification for it in the Bible itself. When critical investigation overthrew this method of regarding it, and the stiff and unnatural uniformity of the asserted supernatural authorship of the Bible was exposed, it was then that men were first able to see the many-tinted, living representations of the first Christian personages and ideas, the conflicts they passed through, and the faith in which they rested. Here was opened a productive mine of historical knowledge,—knowledge in the strict sense of the term, much similar to the interpretation and history of the classic literature, following the same laws of linguistic and historical research; only, that the subject to which they were now applied called for a yet higher consecration, and was marked by a more universal human significance. But there is one thing which we regard as being in this way settled:—

We read the Bible as Protestants, in the light of modern knowledge, and precisely on that account *not in a modernized sense.* Even with the dominance of the so-called Rationalism, is that sort of Bible-reader not yet extinct, who, in order to escape conflict between the Bible and his own religious convictions, has forcibly twisted the primitive thought of the biblical writers into accord with the thought of the eighteenth or nineteenth century. These lawless perverters of the language of the Bible have hitherto stood

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partly under the ban of superstitious reverence for it, and have, for that reason, striven to deck their own notions of nature and miracle, of human reason and God's spirit, with the authority of Scripture affirmations. But what should we say of the expositor of the Homeric poems who should undertake to interpret the naïve poetical expression of the early Greek view of the world and of human life in accordance with the view of them that is prevalent to-day? So the men of the New Testament conceived another earth, another heaven than we: the Protestant reader of the Bible leaves them their own, while he contemplates reverently their spiritual life, and keeps his own proper independence. Enough, if the same impulse drive us, too, to the same almighty, all-wise, all-loving Spirit to whom they devoted their hearts and minds,— then have we the same religion as they. The Christians of the New Testament gazed on Jesus glorified, beatified in peculiar manner, with other eyes than we. Enough if we, with the same zeal, walk the way of the highest religion, of which his life was the illustration,— then have we the same Christianity as they. The highest religion, we say; for higher than the doctrine of the spiritual oneness of man with God can no other religion rise,— and this doctrine is the peculiar doctrine of Christianity.

With such sentiments and purposes, we read the *Protestanten-Bibel.* The following observations seem to us of special importance: —

1. For the promotion of a just historical method of regarding the New Testament, it would be of primary and decided value, if the collection of writings composing it should henceforth be arranged to begin with the biography of him who was undoubtedly the earliest Christian author, *i.e.*, of the Apostle Paul; whose various letters would then follow in their proper places according to their historical order. Next should be placed the remaining books, which were written later, including the Gospels, about as indicated in our Introduction. The editors of the *Protestanten-Bibel* have however regarded the present point of time to be not opportune for making an arrangement hitherto so unfamiliar to the readers of the Bible. For the present, therefore, we abide by the arrangement heretofore adopted, according to the contents of the various books. (History, Doctrine, Prophecy.)

2. With respect to the text, we do not use as a basis the so-called "revised" text of the Bible prepared at Halle, since this, in spite of well-purposed and diligent revision, has not, on account of its deference and veneration for the old, advanced to rectify thoroughly, once for all, the real faults and unintelligible passages in the text. The extant private translations to which scholars are indebted, and the inaccessible ones of Prof. Weizfäcker, serve rather the learned interest in accuracy than the popular demand for information. The new translation of the Bible which we need, will hardly be, indeed, altogether the work of a single scholar, but will rather spring up in the Evangelical German Church, prosperous and peaceful to a degree for which we have hitherto only hoped and striven afar off.

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3. Also the suggestions made by us to correct the text of Luther, we leave for the present in their former places. That these shall be carefully regarded, is frequently the necessary condition of a correct understanding of the text.

4. The same is of importance in regard to the parallel passages cited in the explanatory remarks, from synonymous sections of other books of the Bible. The simple comparison of such parallel passages may, and frequently does, make any further explanation of the related passages superfluous; and for this reason there are many notes to passages marked as parallel, in the earlier editions, which are in this wholly omitted. A great many questions the subjoined notes will not wholly meet. Given the text of the New Testament and the aim of its complete interpretation, and it is much more difficult than is generally understood not to bury it wholly beneath an ocean of notes; so that one must content himself with explaining succinctly the difficult and unintelligible passages, and for the rest simply indicate to the reader the right course. If the *Protestanten-Bibel* should attempt to answer every question entitled to answer, it would have to say with the Gospel of John, "The world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

5. Of the portions which our lately-deceased co-workers, Prof. Bruch and Pastor Lang, have contributed to this work, the editors have believed that nothing should be changed. They have preserved exactly the corrections in the Epistle to the Philippians, concerning which controversy has just now been active, and with the more assurance because the questions in dispute are not yet settled.

6. Also, in this third edition, the *Protestanten-Bibel* directs itself especially to a circle of readers of more complete education. Another edition is in preparation, which, through the united efforts of our co-workers, must make the work laid out in the *Protestanten-Bibel* accessible and profitable to all. The one book will not render the other superfluous, but, on the contrary, enhance and complete its value. But in every form we wish the *Protestanten-Bibel*, among the many in village and city, among teachers and educators, among those who are seeking the truth and those who are convinced, to justify the words of Luther: "I know not how strong in spirit others may be. But I cannot become so holy, were I ever so learned and full of the spirit, but that some things will remain dark; yet it happens to me always when I am without the Word, and think not on it nor carry it with me, that then there is no Christ within, nor any joy nor spirit in life: but as soon as I put a psalm or a saying of Scripture before me, it so shines and burns within my heart that I gain new courage and am of another mind. So among all gifts, the gift of the divine Word is the most glorious; who takes that away, takes away the sun from the world."

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

VACATION HOURS.

Dear New England! What can be lovelier than our ancestral homes, these fair villages that nestle all around among its retreats? Some of them are in beautiful valleys with grand old hills encircling them, and hiding the silvery water-fall and the silent glen made merry by the laughter of gay young hearts in picnic hours. Others are on smiling plains with gentle rolling country around clothed with ancient farms, peaceful rivers running along made bright ever by the presence of the young who dip their oars into the cool waves and push along their little boats to the music of their evening songs. Or, like the little rivers of Oxford or Cambridge, in England, their banks are haunted by the pensive scholar, the mystic, or the men and women of care, who love alike to escape from the exactions of life, its continual pressure, its conventionalities, and rest in the calm of Nature,—Nature always at work, yet breathing free, drawing deep respiration, her being never goaded to toil or thought like ourselves, but warm and pulsing with glowing life that carries with it all the elements of rest.

So should our lives be: work and rest together. So do we believe it shall be in the heavenly state when we are freed from the fluctuations and depressions of this body, from the demands of the moment, which prevent us often from choosing our work and adapting it to our needs.

Yet, after all, this inward harmony depends very much upon ourselves. We often vex our spirits here, not because we *must*, but because we *will*. The same laws, we believe, must apply to us in the spiritual state as here. It is a fatal thing to tell a man that he is going to be better taken care of there, and he must rub through here as well as he can. The old bald doctrine of rewards and punishments in its highest sense virtually means that on entering the other world we shall be precisely what we have made ourselves here. But, acknowledging all this, we do all have a yearning hope that our chances will be better there, that spiritual forces will gently press in upon us, earthly obstructions will be crowded out, and that we shall find it more natural and easy to aspire and grow there than here amid the imperious demands of this earthly body; for, say what we will about the

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depravity of human nature, the dulness of men, the selfishness of society, the inequalities of human condition, we do believe a large part of life's misery, or at least unfruitfulness, is caused by imperfect physical condition. Not that sick people are necessarily failures nor healthy people successes in life. We know to the contrary. We know that sick people often husband their resources so much that they have an intense enjoyment of life in their best moments and are amazingly productive, and healthy people are so improvident that they squander their physical powers and come to early death or decay. But the fact remains true still that a clear and vigorous frame carries a light, strong spirit within it, a genius that springs forward without fetters to do its God-inspired work, or a rational, healthy soul that sets itself to fulfil its task of serving the world or providing for its own household.

This talk about rest to our bodies brings us back to our subject, — vacation hours,— and to the point from which we have rambled, — our country villages. Some of them, alas! are fast losing the name, for the railroads have already carried the last fashions to every farmer's wife; and, worse still, the busy whir of manufactories has captivated the farmer boy, so that he leaves his father's lands and comes down to the village street. Here he and his fellows fill up the corners at the grocery, the post-office, and the market, losing their manhood waiting for something to do. Those of his comrades who have become rich in these manufactories put up large and expensive houses, lay brick walks, and help raise the price of rents and land, and make the lovely village a smart city. These successful citizens are not to be frowned upon. Might makes right. The Anglo-Saxon energy must have its way, only it should be better directed. These new men, fresh comers, have no association with the old homes. They have no charm for them. Progress is their watchword. But if the old proprietors and their descendants had as much energy to preserve and restore as these new ones have to destroy and recreate, we should see less desecration of venerated spots, and a more wholesome public sentiment in our city-villages.

Let the older families be careful how they unconsciously envy the new-comers while they call them the *non beaux riches*. Let these families see to it that their old mansion is kept in good order, and, if restored, restored in harmony with the ancient style. When these fine old homes are preserved and adorned,

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the new-comer will insensibly be influenced by their quiet dignity, and if one falls by the lot of destiny into his hands he will not tear it away and raise a costly suburban structure on its site, but he will touch it up as an artist does his picture, and become at length his home so well that his townsmen will forget that he did not always belong there. Let these old dwellers remember the saying *noblesse oblige*, and by the true courtesy of their manners and a fine Christian sympathy bring all classes into that true fellowship, which, if nowhere else, ought at least to be found in the Church of Christ.

We have in mind one lovely village,—village still dear to us as an ancestral home, precious to the world in the literary associations that have grouped themselves around it, and above all rich in these very homes of which we speak,—homes that have passed down from father to son, modest, cheerful, refined, and not wanting in a certain grace and dignity that seems to beckon you up the fenceless slope that runs to the threshold, and in at the door; a simple hospitality that seats you in a well-worn, honorable chair, and talks to you of true and simple things, and not the news or conventionalities of the hour; an entertainment from hosts who, may be, have seen all the splendors of life and know how good is plain truth and beauty and love. There was a school of philosophy there during our sojourn in the happy village. We were too covetous of rest to frequent its academic shades except when one peerless seeker after truth spoke in his native home,—he who in his life has set such an example of noble simplicity and faithfulness. But we strangers were all called "philosophers" by the village folk of the street, and thus we fell into the ideal atmosphere, and bore ourselves like philosophers, getting all the credit without the cost. Perhaps in the eyes of our landlady the lustre was seen to be only varnish on some youthful would-be Platonists, when she declared to us that if they did not pay their bills she should notify their fathers. What a cold blanket upon a classical youth on his descent from this cerulean height and return to his home, to have the *paterfamilias* hand him his board-bill, and say he would have none of this nonsense!

To our minds, these fair and noble homes of which we have spoken shone with more lustre than all the chairs of philosophy and conversations of the elect, choice as they might be. It is a great thing to speak eloquently of the right to fathom the deeps,

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to reach up for the eternal word; but it is another and better to live the truth, to build up homes, to rear children in grace and purity, to serve the neighbor, and, reaching higher up, the State, and to worship God in the way of our fathers. Peace be to this village with name so redolent of heavenly unity, and to all the wayfarers who have gathered there and —

> "Walked in soft white light
> With kings and priests abroad;
> Or summered high in bliss
> Upon the hills of God."

ENGLAND.— LECTURES AND BOOKS.

Professor Upton gave a very interesting discourse in a series of nineteenth-century sermons preached in St. Thomas Square Chapel, Hackney, the past season. The subject was Christianity and Paganism. We get a reprint of it in the *Truth-Seeker* for August. The subject seems rather a trite one, but it is one that is occupying the attention of cultivated men, who, in a measure as they are acquainted with ancient history and classic literature, are fond of making comparisons disadvantageous to Christianity. Many of these men are prejudiced against the visible Church of Christ as represented in forms and institutions, and in society. Their eyes are blinded, and everything classic appears in glowing colors, and Christianity is warped and narrow and petty. Undoubtedly the spirit of many of the old Church fathers has encouraged this reaction in favor of paganism, for they were too apt to exalt the Jewish records over all others, and credit all ancient religious inspiration to a Hebrew origin; but these men know very well that the best religious thinkers of this day are catholic in their tastes, and have outgrown all this narrowness and slavery to the Hebrew word. Yet in spite of this knowledge of the true state of things on the part of many thinking men, they will still cling to their prejudices against Christianity, judging from isolated cases as a traveller judges to-day of Orthodox or Unitarian preaching by a narrow bigot or a destructive progressive in some obscure church or hall in the country. These men cling to their prejudices in spite of facts, because they love them. We may argue with a fair-minded person in favor of religious institutions, and he will seem candidly to yield; but the next time we see him, he will, from the force of habit, be just where he was before. Therefore, with so-called scientific minds it is hardly worth while to argue. We must wait until the

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process of time and their own and human wants and experiences will bring them to recognize the things of the spirit.

But our young men and women in schools and colleges, with all the aroma of life upon them, should not be paralyzed with this half philosophy, if we can lift a hand to guide them.

Prof. Upton speaks with calm earnestness of what he knows, and without dogmatism. Here is what he says about the Pagan and Christian attitude of mind:—

In the youth of the individual, it is the faculties of external perception and of sensuous imagination that are almost exclusively exercised; the senses and the intellect predominate, and the moral and spiritual consciousness is only dimly wakening. Later on in the life of man, however, reflection turns inward; man becomes conscious of emotions and affections which have little relation to the outer world, but which indicate his relation to a sublime authority within the soul; and where the spiritual nature unfolds into full ripeness, our relation to this authority is felt to be of far grander interest and moment than is our relation to the external world. When the spirit of a man has entered into this stage, he has passed beyond the Pagan attitude, and is assuming the Christian attitude of mind. Supreme reverence, then, for an inner authority, the love and worship of the mysterious Being that speaks to us in our conscience and kindles and responds to our nobler affections and aspirations,—this seems to me to be the character of mind to which the term Christian is especially appropriate. In the history of the individual man, there comes a sacred time when the external world is no longer the matter of chief interest, but life is recognized as a sacred trust committed to us by a Divine Authority speaking in our souls; and the surrender of the will to this inner guidance is now regarded as the supreme interest of life. Well, what that sacred moment is in the biography of the individual, that is the advent of Judaism and Christianity in the history of mankind. Not that any sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between Pagan and Christian times, for both in Greece and Rome, and doubtless in other countries as well, there were earnest minds that had to a large extent anticipated the Christian spirit, and to whom in my sense of the word the term Christian is quite applicable; while, on the other hand, in every Christian congregation from the earliest times till now, there are a considerable proportion of so-called Christian worshippers who have never passed into the spiritual attitude which I have endeavored to describe, and who, therefore, would more appropriately be classed with the Pagan section of mankind.

He goes on to free himself from the charge of narrowness in the use of terms:—

And here I must guard myself from being misunderstood. The terms "pagan" and "heathen" as popularly used seem to carry with them a

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certain moral reproach, as though a man who was in this stage of mental and spiritual development were necessarily an unworthy man and at enmity with the Eternal. This, however, is far from being implied in my use of the term "pagan." As I understand this word, it simply indicates a stage of the soul's life in which the feeling of profound reverence and love for the Divine Presence, which is revealed within the soul, has not yet been fully awakened. Such a man is as yet a child in respect to things spiritual, but he may be none the less a good and estimable child. And on the other hand, a man may have clearly attained to the Christian stage of spiritual growth, and yet through infidelity to the Divine Spirit within, whose presence and authority he clearly recognizes, may be a thoroughly unworthy and degraded man. A man's worth or worthlessness depends simply on his choosing or failing to choose that line of action which presents itself to his consciousness as the highest and the noblest; and, of a surety, our real heaven — our harmony with the eternal and all-pervading Spirit who animates Nature and illumines our inner life — is in no way necessarily dependent on the question whether we are Christians or Pagans, Theists or Agnostics, but simply on the question whether we take what we feel to be the base or what we feel to be the upright and noble part in all the varied relations and emergencies of life. Some men seem by the very nature of their original constitution to remain inevitably in the pagan stage all their lives long, only now and then casting a wistful but distrustful look at what they consider to be the fanciful hopes and trusts of their Christian neighbors; yet they may lead pure and noble lives, and enjoy much of that inward peace and harmony which is the unfailing reward of a really virtuous career. . . .

The pagan or the secularist may be an excellent man, and derive much pure enjoyment from life; but he would have access, I think, to still higher privileges, if he cherished what we may call his spiritual nature, and felt the elevating and comforting influences of Christian faith and devotion breathing through his inner life. And, indeed, in the present day, the pagan type of mind is likely to enjoy much less emotional delight and satisfaction of the spiritual kind than fell to the lot of the earlier pagans of ancient and mediæval times; for the modern pagan is likely to be far more thoroughly pagan than was his earlier prototype; and for the following reason: It is true that the Athenian or the Roman looked for the traces of God's presence in Nature chiefly, yet he always imported into his study of Nature some spiritual light derived from the intuitions of his own inner life. . . .

Here is what he says about the gifts of education and society compared with our closer relations with God: —

The pagan of former days was thus to a large extent a Christian without being clearly conscious of it. He was continually importing into his knowledge of Nature ideas really derived from that inner revelation which the indwelling God is ever making to the conscience and the heart

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of his rational creatures. It has been, however, one of the most prominent aims of recent culture to examine into all those moral and religious intuitions which pure Christianity has ever treated as truths shining by their own light, as divine illumination kindled in our souls by the Spirit of God to assure his children of his perpetual presence, his providential guidance, his constant interest in our well-being; and now it is conspicuous that many of our most influential writers believe that they can show that the sense of Divine authority in the conscience, as well as those spiritual experiences which Christians have been wont to regard as clearly testifying to the immediate inspiration of the Father within us, are all to be explained by the action upon our minds of the external world, and of the education we have received, and are receiving, from the society amid which we live. Now there can be no doubt that our inherited constitution, our particular education, and our daily surroundings do act most powerfully in moulding and coloring our moral sentiments and our theclogical ideas; and it is well that this fact should be admitted and investigated. For my own part, however, I feel convinced that after the acutest research and criticism have been applied to man's moral and religious nature, it will be found that no satisfactory and adequate account can be given of this nature of ours which does not proclaim that our sense of duty and our spiritual affections and aspirations must be referred to the immediate action upon our spirits of the indwelling Spirit of the Eternal Father.

He respects and admires the acquisitions of learned men, but he loves the utterances of prophets and seers. He says:—

While, then, I welcome and respect the *savans* who study and unravel the sequences or laws of the external world, I value as a still more precious gift the experiences of those prophets and seers who have deeply felt and earnestly cherished their conscious relationship with the Father within them, and discovered in that relationship glad tidings of divinest import for mankind. It is on these experiences of the pure in heart that all religious belief must ultimately repose; the key to the character of the Supreme must be sought for there; and with this inner experience to guide us, the study of the external world will not, I think, lessen, but will rather intensify, our faith in the loving providence that is at the heart of all being. It is on this inner communion with the Eternal that all real faith in immortality finds its surest support; for when the soul feels itself the object of divine love, it realizes how true are the words of Jesus, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living," and therefore those with whom he personally communes may well trust that bodily death will not sever this sacred intercourse which reposes on a deeper plane of being than that of the phenomenal world.

This divine communion, this interchange of sympathy between our spirits and the Spirit of God, lies at the very core of the grandest utterances of Jesus; and if he is wrong here and our Agnostics right, then

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must all that is most distinctive in his religion be regarded as an unsubstantial dream. For myself, I believe that Jesus speaks so confidently of the presence and the love of the Father within him, not because he was misled by an uncritical fancy, but rather because he possessed in especial fulness and power the faculty which Paul terms spiritual discernment, and was thus enabled to see more clearly and to reveal more fully those deep things of God which it most concerns the human mind and heart to know. As Mr. R. W. Emerson truly declares, "Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets. He saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Alone in all history, he estimated the true greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and in me. He saw that God incarnates himself in man. He said in this jubilee of sublime emotion, 'I am Divine; through me God acts, through me speaks. Would you see God, see me, or see thee when thou thinkest as I now think.'"

SWITZERLAND.— HYACINTHE-JOSEPH VIOLLIER.

Our last number of *L'Alliance Libérale* brings us the sad news of the death of M. Viollier, pastor and associate editor of this journal in Geneva. Communications from him have in times past appeared on our pages, and we have so long welcomed the paper, bringing us tidings of the progress of truth abroad, that our hearts are made sad at the thought that we shall no longer see his words, who, as his friend says, was the soul of *L'Alliance Libérale.*

M. Viollier was born at Naples, where, as the writer says under the beautiful sky of Italy he inherited that ardent nature easily susceptible to all emotions. He was educated near Geneva, in the celebrated school of M. Naville, pastor, whose influence he loved to recall in after-life, especially the boldness of his opinions, which were far ahead of his time. After finishing his studies at the academy in Geneva, M. Viollier was ordained for the ministry in 1838, and preached in Naples and Céligny. He then was appointed to the place of the Petit-Saconnex. The people of this large parish speak of his cordiality and devotion to their interests. "It was never necessary," they say, "to tell him where there was a poor, sick, or afflicted person: he knew it before anybody else." He established many valuable institutions there,—an infant school, courses of evening lectures, etc., and changed the parish library into a public library for all the people. He had the tact and the grace to win the ear of the rich, and gained money for the unfortunate. He was thoroughly interested in the progress of the Church, and was fully equipped with the investigations of modern criticism; but the narrowness of some of his

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most conspicuous parishioners created a division among his people, who were under the influence of pietism, and M. Viollier accepted a position as pastor in Geneva. Here began his most active life in the Church. He saw that a struggle between religion and science was pending, and had perfect faith in the harmony of the two. In the contest, says one writer, he was always found in the foremost ranks. He defended with energy Coquerel, Reville, Pelissier, and Fontanes against the consistories of Paris and Geneva. He displayed great perseverance in creating *L'Alliance Libérale*, and when called to the consistory by the popular vote, he labored to remove the yoke from men's consciences and lives. He did not believe that politics were beyond a minister's domain, but exerted himself to aid the government to free itself from the despotism of the ultramontanists. The reaction in favor of this party in 1878 agitated him so profoundly that his friends feared for him. He preached earnest sermons, throwing his whole soul into the work. He became too much exhausted, and was attacked with a pleurisy of a most severe nature. All that science could do, aided by affection, was in vain. He died calmly, with a serene and perfect faith in the eternal life.

M. Viollier was loved and esteemed by those who most differed from him on religious and political opinions. The journals of Geneva and many of the first magistrates paid homage to his memory. His most noted work was a "Study upon the Resurrection of Jesus Christ." This pamphlet had a great influence on the minds of theological students, and his *History of the Genevan Version of the Bible* attracted much attention on the part of the orthodox promoters of a new translation. He was often called to the vice-presidency of the consistory, and spoke there on all important questions. His last sickness was owing to his zeal, which led him to over-fatigue himself in the last three lectures which he gave at Aula. In spite of his age, says his friend, he never refused any call. After having served devotedly and with dignity the Church which he loved, he died in its defence.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Life Questions. By M. J. Savage.

What sort of diet, physical or spiritual, men will take kindly to, is *a priori* a hard question to answer. The homely adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," holds quite as true of sermons as of dessert. Perhaps the best light that can be thrown on the matter must come from a careful study of the characteristics of the discourses published from time to time by those who have known how to gain and hold the ear of large auditories. Of such, Mr. Savage is a conspicuous example. Coming to Boston largely unheralded, and assuming the charge of a society in a broken condition, he within a year or two filled its large quarters to overflowing, and has since steadily maintained a condition of flood-tide, and with no ebb. This evinces on his part strong drawing-power. But drawing-power is of varying kinds, according as the congregation to be gathered shall consist of empty gapers after sensation, lachrymose sentimentalists, or clear-headed men and women. In the present case, at least, success has been attained through no unworthy condescension, but in a fair, square, and manly way,—stormed rather than wheedled.

The main characteristic of these sermons lies in the naked, incisive way in which they deal with "Life Questions." They take hold of themes on which every one is necessarily forced to think, and abound in shrewd practical suggestions that clear up the matter at issue to confused and groping minds. Strike into the volume anywhere, and it is evident that something positive must have been carried away by the hearer. "What," for example, "has any rational man or woman a right to expect from society?" is one question raised. Well, society is "Give and Take." A wholesome castigation is administered on the spot to the morbid selfishness that thinks to sit sulking in a corner at the social gathering, and vent itself in bitterness over the fact that those who try to be bright, agreeable, and serviceable gain friends and admiration. "Shall I try to be rich?" Good sound sense, instead of empty pretence, is talked about the value of money and the legitimate desire to possess it, about the sore evils, physical and mental, of poverty, while at the same time the idea is driven home that the very term a "rich man" involves two factors, riches and a *man.* "Shall I strive after intellectual culture?" Again does the hearer find himself treated to no mere

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glittering generalities about the advantages of reading, but confronted with the reality of the poverty of a life shut out from communion with the exalted intellects of the ages, and, more than all, shown how few, in point of fact, the really great books of the centuries are, and how entirely practicable it is that even a hard-driven man shall, with a little resolute system, make himself in the course of years at home in them all.

A large proportion of the readers of Mr. Savage's *Life Questions* will probably be ministers anxious to find out how in the world the man manages to do it, or laymen wondering how in the world their especial parsons manage not to do it. As each of these classes are after positive information, it would seem as though they might learn some lessons of practical importance from an attentive study of this book. The first of these lessons ought to be an increased conviction that the primal business of the pulpit is to deal with questions of life as men are living it; the second that the right method of handling such themes is in a straightforward, incisive way, with the enunciation of clear principles and practical suggestions that can be applied on the spot. The arrangement of these discourses is singularly clear and cumulative. Originally preached without notes, they are printed from the manuscript of a stenographer. Each separate head treated is fairly entitled to the name of a head; that is, it is doing its own thinking, and is conscious of being awake.

We do not mean to assert that Mr. Savage, in his method of presentation, exhausts the whole ideal of how the pulpit is to lay hold upon and influence men. No man does this; no score of men. But he undoubtedly does reveal in a very lucid way certain important conditions of such power, and, it may be, all the more clearly through a certain exaggeration in their use. There is, perhaps, an excess of the strictly direct, practical, and incisive in the style of these sermons; too strong a reminder of the whirl and rush of the express train without let-up from station to station. Likewise, in their vigorous appeal to the strong, healthy, and energetic, many will feel that there is insufficient recognition of the weak, crippled, and heavy-laden, to whom over-goading to perpetual action brings not help but despair. Still, it must be borne in mind that a preacher in a great city has the immeasurable advantage of largely gathering his own audience, attracting, if he be himself of a stalwart, on-rushing nature, by personal magnetism, the class most nearly allied to himself. It is, therefore, a subject for hearty congratu-

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lation that a congregation composed so largely of energetic business men and lawyers should be weekly addressed in such man-fashion, and for an hour at a time held attentive to sermons in which no quarter is given to any shape of fraud or vice, in which the advanced thought of the day is fearlessly grappled with, and religion is at least presented in the shape of an immutable divine law that will grind to powder every man or nation that dares to disobey its dicta. And yet as every position has its peril, so has this special one. An imminent danger of one-sidedness and over-balance menaces congregations aggregated by instinct around a single man of marked individuality. "Not what we wish, but what we want," is always a sound prayer to pray. If this special volume is a fair specimen of Mr. Savage's habitual vein of preaching, we should feel tempted to say that he has an order of gifts, as displayed in the concluding sermon on "The Rank of Love," to which he does not give free enough play. There is evidently a strong poetical and even mystical side to his nature, whose more frequent outflow would prove of the greatest advantage to the class of hearers he attracts. There is no danger of his congregation suffering for lack of clear enunciation of moral principle or rational law. They enjoy the preaching of such themes. But Mr. Savage is also capable of awakening and satisfying another sense in them, to which they may not be so fully alive, and yet which is needful none the less for the development of sweet, rich, reverential character. He has it in him to make large advances toward that "golden impossibility," a rounded and complete mind, intellect, heart, and will focused in the flame of an at once "burning and shining light." F. T

Life and Times of Thomas Becket. By James Anthony Froude. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

It is not necessary to open the covers of this book to know what in substance will be the positions held in respect to the merits of Henry II. and Thomas Becket in that controversy which ended in the murder of the latter in the cathedral at Canterbury. From the nature of Mr. Froude's convictions and from the structure of his mind, you can prophesy: that he will maintain that Henry was all in the right and Becket all in the wrong; that the former was a wise, long-suffering monarch, who, though justly exasperated by the treachery of an old friend, and threatened with loss of power to bring order and obedience to law into his State, yet exhausted all methods of conciliation

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vainly; that the latter was a proud, insolent, ambitious prelate, who risked the peace of the community and his own life to obtain power, and who risked them under the pretence of defending the sacred rights of his order; that these views will be strengthened by a careful search of original historical materials and by a subtle and ingenious use of them. You turn to the book, and you are not disappointed. Trusting to its representations, you are surprised that so patient a monarch and so foolhardy a priest could have lived even in the twelfth century. If now you consider the questions in debate, you see with equal clearness that, according to the feelings of our own times, Mr. Froude's positions are simple truth. A condition of things in which the whole body of priests and ministers could commit all the crimes in the calendar and not be amenable to the civil law, and in which a prelate could set up a kingdom within the kingdom, defying its legal head and visiting his friends and advisers with what were then the dreadful penalties of excommunication, is simply inconceivable to us. But King Henry and Becket did not live in the nineteenth century. And singular as it may seem, it can hardly be doubted by an unbiased mind, that, with his insolence, with his pride, and with his violence, the priest mingled a sense of duty to his order which made him, not only a martyr to his ambition, but quite as much to a misguided conscience. More singular yet, it is clear that the Church, with all its vices and errors,— and they were many,— did stand as a bulwark to the people against the encroachments and oppression of king and nobles, and that the masses condoned Becket's faults in view of his helpfulness. So Mr. Froude's truth is but a half-truth; and his book, ingenious and skilful as it is, is but an interesting presentation of one side of an historical question which can never be considered settled so long as human beings continue to hold diverse views concerning fundamental questions of politics, of ecclesiastical rights, and of the social state. One reflection is full of cheer. This book furnishes testimony, all the stronger that it comes incidentally, to the moral advance of the world during these last seven centuries. It is asserted, it is admitted, it could hardly be denied, that in the twelfth century even the ministers of religion were permitted to be thieves, highway robbers, ravishers of virgins, without receiving any adequate punishment, without being permanently suspended from the priesthood. It is admitted, it cannot be gainsaid, that Pope and primate for years pursued a selfish, crooked, false policy, promising with no intention of fulfilling, shifting from side to side with a swiftness which would bring no honor to the poorest political aspirant of our times, and that all this brought no shame upon them, and stood not at all in the way of their claim to sainthood. The world does move, not only materially, but on and up morally and spiritually. G. R.

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— OF —

THOMAS J. MUMFORD

WITH

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THE UNITARIAN REVIEW AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

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VOL. XII. OCTOBER, 1879. No. 4.

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT IN THEOLOGY.

These are the days of science, in which the cultivators of every field open to human inquiry are invoking the scientific spirit and discussing the scientific method. Theology herself, to whom all other knowledges were once submissive as handmaidens to their lawful mistress, is now compelled, by the advance of the physical and mental sciences, to question the propriety of her peculiar disposition and the rightfulness of her time-honored modes. The theological spirit and the theological method of inquiry are secretly opposed within the Church, and openly assailed without. The most popular preachers of the dominant faith win the ear and the applause of the multitude when they cast down theological formulas from the high place assigned to them in former days, and exalt the virtues of practical religion in their stead.

Every one who believes that the life is more than meat, and the body of religion of greater account than its doctrinal raiment, must be glad to see the wide reception which liberal orthodoxy to-day has. But they surely err who think that the long supremacy of theology over all other

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knowledge was a pure usurpation, to which we have happily seen the end. Not without reason, in any age, has the knowledge, fictitious or real, of the highest possible objects of thought taken precedence of every other science. The early absorption of the human mind in theological problems proves the first importance of the theme, not the rudeness and folly of the thinker. Comte's excessively overrated notion of the three stages of the human intellect must give way before the simple fact that questions of God, the soul, and immortality receive to-day far more attention and study, from the race as a whole, than in the misnamed "theological period." The outcome of this so-called "positive period" will, in all probability, be a surer theology than any yet known. The generous minds who have filed and thrown away the chains of false dogma, and who now stand in exulting naked freedom to proclaim liberty with a cheerful voice to those still in bondage, will find that even here a dress of decent ideas and seemly notions is a necessity. Between the fetters of superstition and a bare theological nudity there is a self-recommending mean in the raiment of reason. The intellect that has been poisoned must first be emptied; yet afterward, it needs only more abundant food.

We have never underrated the righteous life in comparison with the correct belief. Now, as a natural consequence, we should not be disposed to go to the other extreme, disparaging the genuine worth and the proper influence of sound doctrine upon feeling and conduct. False theological notions are far from actual life; it is easy to perceive the absurdity of exalting them above daily morality. But true thoughts in theology come home to the common round of cares, affect the feelings of the hour, and profoundly influence the tenor of the whole life. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It cannot be of slight importance to him what he thinks about greatest matters, his own nature as related to superior natures, the sanctities of prayer and sonship, the mysteries of futurity. If he values sound reasoning in every other direction, he must especially prize it here. If science is a magic word that draws him to study

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Nature with unwearied zeal, certainly he will not abandon the thoughts that haunt his most serious hours, without an attempt, at least, to reduce them to an orderly system in some degree deserving the much-applauded name.

Many signs go to show that our Unitarian body of believers is awaking to a full perception of the duty in this matter which it owes to the present hour. The foundation of the Ministers' Institute, and the increased endowment of the one theological school in America in which theology is taught as a science, are evidence that we are to remain true to our obligations as the children of thinking men, and to our principles of progress and leadership in the religious world. Let us, then, now say, without fear of being misunderstood by the wise, that he *can* be very wrong in his doctrine whose heart is in the right. Let us recognize our peculiar mission to lead the way in reconciling American thought and American life in religion, not, as others do, by pouring scorn upon righteousness, but by clearing the mind from error, creating in it an understanding spirit, and filling it with the last results of reason and science.

For this high task many will gird themselves. Many will be occupied in the next years with reducing the complicated truth and error of the present pseudo-science of theology to the just proportions and right contents of a real knowledge. Such phrases as the "scientific spirit" and the "scientific method in theology" cannot fail to be repeated even to weariness. To revolutionize a whole department of knowledge is not to be the work of a single year, or the achievement of any individual. Many must long consent, conspire, and co-operate before a tangible result shall appear.

Let me write neither of right method, nor of the form which religious doctrine will take in consequence of a faithful pursuit of the method, but of the spirit in which we should act. It is here, indeed, as elsewhere, "the highest matter"; and it may be well to distinguish, somewhat precisely, the object, the mental temper, and the moral disposition of the scientific spirit.

The object of the man of science, in whatever direction he

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turn himself, is to obtain the pure and simple truth. That truth, astronomical or geological, physical or psychological, is an exact re-presentation by the mind to itself, with reasoned order and connection, of the realities which present themselves to the common intelligence in all the complexity of Nature's infinite variety. The microcosm of human truth must always become a more and more faithful reproduction, in terms of thought, of the macrocosm of external and internal realities. "Knowledge is the double of that which is. Truth of being and truth of knowing is all one." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to enlarge upon this assertion, that the scientific theologian makes the attainment of pure truth his one aim and object. To dilate upon so obvious a proposition can but lead us into a wilderness of platitudes. Every theologian will asseverate that a sincere love of truth has attended his studies, to dictate the system which he teaches. But that which is theoretically a platitude may in practice be the most disregarded of all rules. The natural sciences will furnish us with a superabundance of illustration to show by contrast that an unmixed craving for truth has not, thus far, been the distinguishing desire of theologians. Galileo and Copernicus did not refrain from substituting the heliocentric for the geocentric theory of the solar system because the new theory would be less flattering to the self-importance of man than the old. But an unconscious, if not conscious, feeling of a shock given to human conceit by the new astronomy probably filled the minds of the hierarchy that held with such vigor to the Ptolemaic scheme. A presentiment that a science which transferred our race from the centre to the circumference of things would, in time, undermine faith in a geocentric theology,—such a presentiment, if actually in their minds, was surely not unintelligent. The papal substitution in this instance of conceit and apprehension in place of a desire for knowledge of pure reality has been a favorite subject for Protestant declamation. Whether we are pleased or displeased, the motion of the earth around the sun is a fact of science. The inquiry into the nature of the case can only be confused

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and hindered by the intrusion of irrelevant sentiments. If this be so, wherein does the mental attitude of the Protestant Unitarian divine differ from that of the Catholic priest of Galileo's time, when he emphatically declares to a sympathetic audience that he would be far more pleased to believe that the species *Homo* was a distinct creation than to think himself descended from the disagreeable ape? We have, in both instances, the same spirit with a varied application. The feelings of a Lowell Institute lecturer, sound or unsound as they may have been, were probably no more consulted in the determination of the course of animal life upon earth than the feelings of Galileo's opponents were met, by anticipation, when the earth took form out of a nebulous cloud; as Madame de Staël said that her preferences were not regarded when she was born. The intrusion of such sentiments into discussions of matters of fact is an offence against the proper scientific love of truth for itself, whether committed in mediæval Italy or modern America, in Catholic Rome or Unitarian Boston. It frequently leads to a distortion of the views controverted, and it never fails, in the speech of an eloquent man, to foster prejudice and obstruct sound reason.

The pure love of truth is so far from being a basis of practice in American theology that even the notion of a school of scientific theology where divinity shall be taught without a chief regard to the tenets of a denomination is almost universally scouted. On the other hand, the sectarian spirit has a predominance but little questioned,—the sectarian spirit, which is partisanship intensified and embittered by association with religious hopes and fears. Our Baptist seminaries allow no disbeliever in immersion to expound the New Testament; our Episcopalian schools do not welcome the defender of the Congregational polity. A strictly philological exegesis would be as distasteful in the one case as in the other. The young man who studies in such divinity colleges is under bonds to believe devoutly in the genuineness of the Gospel of John, if he wishes to have genuine food and raiment portioned out to him during his course; while not a

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future but a present punishment is his if an education society scent unsoundness in his interpretation of "aionios." The love, not of truth for itself without regard to its sectarian leanings, but of the Presbyterian truth, the Methodist truth, the Universalist truth, as the case may be, is the one passion encouraged. In scarcely a single seminary in the country is there the shadow of a scientific examination of the creed of the church to which the school belongs. The student may be deluded with the magnificent and elaborate array of a specious nomenclature, not recognizing one jot, in his pursuit of soteriology and eschatology, how airy is the foundation upon which such pseudo-science rests. But all the other influences that surround him go to make him subservient to the authority of names and sects. The passion for truth as truth is neither awakened nor encouraged in his breast. The great majority of Christian clergymen are entirely innocent of such a flame. The ordinary minister is rightly viewed by many as a man who has owed his education, such as he has, to partisans; who depends for his wife's and his children's bread upon partisans; and who, thus reared and thus led, generally ceases, about the age of forty, "to exist as a thinking being." Of the forty-three thousand American ministers reported by the last United States census, how many are guided in their learning or in their teaching by Bacon's "truth which only doth judge itself"? How many on the contrary are faithful to the end to one or another system which exalts the name of a great theologian or the belief of a past generation into the seat of supreme judicature?

If the number of pure truth-seekers in theology is to be measured here in America by the facilities afforded for complete training, and by the applause bestowed upon careful thinking, it must indeed be small. We can scarcely hope for any considerable force of recruits until the pursuit of scientific theology shall be more widely separated, in many instances, than it is now from the practice of the ministerial business,—a business in which success is so largely dependent upon the favor of the multitude. The clergy must ever con-

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tinue to make up the vast majority of theologians; but theological progress would be far more sure and far more steady were there a considerable number of scholars among us not compelled in any degree to respect the expediencies and necessities of preaching even to the most enlightened congregation.

A thorough love of knowledge of things in themselves and in their relations must be the master-passion in a scientific theology, "chastised each rebel self-encentred thought" that defers not to the eternal majesty of truth. Every help by which the mind can be brought nearer to the pure realities of existence will be called lawful. The one heresy will be illogical reasoning; the one schismatic will be the bigot. The only salvation considered at all on this ground will be salvation by the sight of truth, and as the result of knowledge. No anxiety for personal safety in another world should intrude its impertinent fears into the investigation of what is actual in this world. James Martineau may well say that "casting side glances at the welfare of his own soul" is an altogether evil habit for the truth-seeker. The aim of the scientific spirit is consolation, exhortation, and edification, just so far as knowledge of reality consoles, exhorts, and edifies, but not one whit farther. What may be excused or justified in the preacher cannot be allowed to the theologian. "The first and last thing demanded" of him "is love of truth."

This master-passion will pervade the entire mental temper of the scientific student of theology, leading him to the sedulous practice of numerous virtues which the religious world has been too prone to brand as vices. If the ultimate appeal here, as everywhere else in genuine knowledge, be to *facts*, to the abiding realities in the natures of all things and beings, then distrust of words alone and independence of personal authority will be held to be of prime importance. Pseudo-theology plants itself upon texts: the true theology will trust to no other footing than "the solid ground of Nature." Dogmatic theology patches together a theory of human nature out of ejaculations in the Psalms and false exegesis

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in Paul: scientific theology will observe human nature, Gentile and Hebrew, as it actually appears and is to-day. The ordinary method builds upon a book, forgetting that the book deserves respect only so far as its assertions are verified by experience: the instruments of the true theology can be no other than those of all the sciences beside,—observation of its subject, and verification of its hypotheses by the universal laws of reason. The Bible must have its actual meaning fixed by processes of interpretation which apply equally well to all other ancient books. The history of Judaism and of early Christianity must be subject to the same rules of historical criticism, of scepticism and belief, which obtain in treating the history of Greece or Assyria. Biblical interpretation is but one branch of the interpretation of ancient writings in general. Biblical history is but one branch of universal history. Exegesis and history are not the soul but the hands of divinity. Theology dealing with the permanent natures and relations of man and God will derive much material from the Scriptures, while it is not founded upon them. In its scientific form, it can no more be identified with simple biblical study than can moral philosophy be identified with the Nicomachean ethics of Aristotle, or inductive logic with Bacon's *Novum Organum.*

Every science rests upon the natures of things: its fundamental process is nothing more nor less than "asking questions of Nature"; its precision is in proportion to the severity with which it examines and cross-examines things themselves. If man, then, is still alive, and if God is not merely a tradition, we shall best learn of them by keenly considering them as they are. It is well to know what Isaiah and James thought or knew of God and man. As surely is it better, while using their account, to test it by all experience since, our own being by no means neglected as least important. We shall find it comparatively easy to ascertain what Moses or Jesus thought and said about the nature of the Deity and the constitution of the soul. "What does the Bible say?" is the one question of the unscientific theologian. "Is what the Bible says true to the facts?" is the

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further question which every scientific theologian must consider. To confront the words of Scripture with the realities which forever face humanity, to compare, to criticise, to reject, to approve, with the aid of unflinching logic, is a vastly harder task than that of pure interpretation. Yet if the renaissance of physical science began in shaking off the tyranny of Aristotle,—a tyranny at which he himself would have been most astonished,—so the renaissance of ethical and theological science must date from the time when men reject the supreme authority of the Bible,—an authority of which the Bible-men could have little dreamed.

To establish a so-called science upon any book whatsoever is to ignore the essential nature of science; it is to encourage credulity and submission to personal authority,—both utterly unscientific qualities; it is to exalt words above facts, opinions above realities. Here is one principal reason why theology is still more a tangle of verbal distinctions than a systematic theory of actual existences. The theologian, brought face to face with fact, thinks the worse, not of his verbal reasoning, but of the fact, if the two quarrel; he has an unfailing refuge in a text. Consider, for example, how purely a thing of words, and of words only, is the imposing eschatology which figures in every text-book of doctrine,—a science (save the mark) of things which have never been seen, of events which have never happened. The poetry of Jesus is converted into science, so-called, but impossible! Mephisto, masquerading in the dress of Dr. Faust, teaches the admiring student after this approved theological method:—

> "Here, too, 'tis best to listen but to one,
> And by the master's words to swear alone.
> To sum up all,—to words hold fast!"

The student indeed answers:—

> "But then some meaning must the words convey."

Mephisto's answer is the condensed moral of many a theological treatise:—

> "Right! but o'er-anxious thought's of no avail;
> For there precisely where ideas fail,

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A word comes opportunely into play.
Most admirable weapons words are found.
On words a system we securely ground.
In words we can conveniently believe,
Nor can we of a jot a word bereave." *

Where is there a more pungent commentary on the doctrines, for instance, of the Trinity and of Transubstantiation, held, as usually they are, in the letter and not in the spirit? The temper of the scientific spirit is, then, such that it will everywhere prefer observation of things to quotation of words, will respect every teacher according to the amount of truth taught by him, and will blindly follow none. The authority of reason is the only final authority to which it will submit. It will not surrender judgment hoodwinked to the fascination of any name, be it the name of Augustine or Pelagius, of Luther or Calvin, of Dr. Hodge or Theodore Parker.

In equal degree will the sound reasoner in theology set aside the argument of numbers as a test of truth. A rule of judgment which would rank the Christ below the Buddha because more numerous millions follow Sakya-Muni than those who confess the name of Jesus is rejected, in such a gross application, by the Christian minority. Nevertheless, the doctrine of the Christian Church has been more than once decided by the brute force of a numerical majority. With however much of philosophical insight we may hold that in such cases a literal absurdity, so voted, has sometimes covered an essential truth, and that even through "Robber Councils" the spirit of truth was working its invincible work, we can yet have but the least respect for such methods of ascertaining the sound theology. The atomic theory was never put to vote, and to count noses upon the acceptance or rejection of the new chemistry would be an absurd proceeding. None the less, if theology has in it the elements of proper science, is it absurd to take the numerical decision of the Council of Nicæa, of Chalcedon, or of Trent, as having substantial value. Interesting as a historical fact, showing the tendency of thought, the

* Miss Swanwick's translation.

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ne, thus proclaimed orthodox, cannot, before the bar of ,n, be allowed to enter the plea of numbers in its own behalf. In the progress of science, as of art, the few lead, the many follow; the actual superiority of the leaders may be the greater in proportion to the time elapsing before their leadership is universally acknowledged. If, then, we refuse to take a vote of our Congress and our Legislatures in order to determine the scientific theory of government, but look, rather, to a few eminent thinkers and statesmen, so we must expect the origination and the advance of scientific theology from the scattered thinkers, not from the thousand preachers. The one reasoner with reason behind him is strong; the thousand declaimers with unreason for their great helper are weak.

The dogmatic spirit regards doubt as a vice of vices: the scientific spirit will make the same use of it in theology as in other sciences. Belief and unbelief must come to be considered sheerly unmoral states here, as elsewhere. Pure reasoning is neither virtuous nor vicious; the assent of the understanding to evidence of the truth, whether of the law of gravitation or of the divine immanence, is altogether destitute of moral quality. To believe in predestination because of argument, is no proof of rightness of soul: to deny the total depravity of human nature because of the absence of proof, evinces no secret wickedness of heart. On the other hand, the mere energetic denial of the verbal infallibility of the Bible is, in itself, no demonstration of superior reason or of lofty virtue. Belief is not angelic, doubt is not infernal; nor, on the other hand, is doubt, as doubt, always brave and helpful, or belief always cowardly and hurtful. Belief is an instrument in the search for truth: doubt is another instrument. Neither is a virtue; neither is a vice; neither is an end in itself. Purely as a matter of history, however, it is plain that the theological world has made far too little use of the doubting spirit, and has been so totally unscientific in temper as to brand it a criminal. The theology of the future will commit no such grievous sin against the soul of inquiry; it will restore

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"modest doubt" to its proper station as "the beacon of the wise," not their goal, not their offence, but one of their lawful helpers. The right office and the large importance of the doubting mind, not too ready to believe, not too swift to be convinced, will certainly be emphasized in this generation, in the contrast to that tame disposition which assents at once, inquires but slightly, and consequently knows but little. He realizes not the full energy of belief who has never doubted, in physics or in theology.

The Church has counselled the prostration of the mind before her teachers, and has blessed him who passively assented to the creed, because the virtue of humility is supposed to be thus encouraged and increased. So far as the laity are concerned, such has been the result; the people have been kept humble and ignorant at the same time. Whether the humility was worth its necessary price of knowledge withheld is a question. But there can be no question that, on the side of the teachers, the quality precisely opposite to intellectual humility was thus favored. The arrogance which, in every age, has marked the priest, his contempt for secular learning, his scorn of reason, have been the natural accompaniment to the people's humility and utter docility. On the contrary, the free criticism and the open denial which, in modern times, have dogged the steps of every advancing science of Nature have preserved their devotees from the credulity, and their teachers from the self-conceit, that still too largely prevail in theology. That conceit has gone so far as to claim, in the knowledge of matters the most difficult confessedly with which the human mind can engage, a special exemption from the restrictions of all other knowledge and even from the necessary limitations of the mind itself. The botanist and the physiologist take no shame to themselves in speaking of the imperfection of their respective sciences. The impossibility of a complete botany, of a flawless physiology, is at once an impulse to this generation to press toward perfection, and an assurance that the inquiring mind will never lack material, in plant or animal, for research and discovery. Politi-

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cal economy has, as yet, but a disputed title to the name of science. Ethics is just taking the first steps toward a scientific form. But theology, dealing with matters far more difficult than vegetable growth, animal life, the increase of wealth, or the moral law, and scarcely touched by the breath of the scientific spirit, long since declared itself perfect. Complete assurance has been reserved for theologians alone. First declared a necessity, it was soon announced as a reality. The scientific spirit recognizes no such necessity, and is very far from perceiving any such reality. An infallible head of the Church and an infallible book are fancies far more than actual needs. A strange anomaly would it be if man could understand the Infinite Being while he knows but a small portion of the finite earth, if he should determine heaven and hell while he is not yet sure what earthly right and wrong are! The shock which the proposal to submit the perfect Pope or the perfect Bible of any religion to a process of scientific proof excites in the dogmatic mind goes far to show, of itself, that the pretended fact is as fictitious as the pretended need. No! wheresoever we turn these curious eyes of the mortal mind, we must confess the weakness of the orb, the limitation of the vision, the real and necessary imperfection of all that is called knowledge. The dream of a complete and infallible theology will go to the limbo of vanities, there to keep company with deluding alchemies and lying astrologies. Theology will never be finished until man ceases to observe and to reflect. Catholic arrogance and Protestant conceit must disappear before that wholesome humility of the teacher himself which reminds him incessantly how, in principle and in detail, he has improved upon his predecessors, has advanced upon himself from year to year, and must look to see his successors do to him as he has rightly done to others.

In no single quality of mental temper are theologians so deficient as in true humility of mind. Theories of revelation, which include that which man cannot know upon earth, because he lives only on this world and in this life at

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this time, and that which he cannot really know in any world unless he has a different set of reasoning powers from his present outfit,—such theories have been boldly propounded and widely received. The all of things is not to be known by us in any case; and in our present case certain theological statements, universally promulgated, must remain in air because we are, so far, unable to believe that effects may exist without causes, or that contradictories are equivalent.

Moreover, that part of the universe which we can know is not under the absolute rule of theology. Many sciences, abstract and concrete, of classification and of analysis, of the earth and of man, of matter and of mind, rightly divide the broad, deep, and complex world of appearances between them. They rise, one out of another, in ascending course; they rest, one upon another, in descending order; they come, "full circle," one into the other, and each into all, when we trace them out. But, however much they coincide on their borders, and leave between no ditch or abyss of division in the unity of the world, the cultivators of each science have a clear duty to mind their own special work, and respect the rights of their neighbors. The physiologist should not thrust his theory of vital force upon the chemist. Prof. Tyndall must not put forth his metaphysics, good or bad, as if they borrowed great strength from his physical researches. Theology, from the nature of her subject-matter, is the highest of all possible sciences; but she is not thereby entitled to the least dictatorial power over any inferior science. The theologian violates the liberty of the mind, and contradicts the necessities of our knowing, when he attempts to prescribe to the astronomer the true theory of the origin of the worlds, or to the geologist the exact time which was occupied in the making of our earth. Let him excuse his interference as he will, it still remains true that, so far as true theology is conditioned by a true astronomy and geology, his own duty is to listen and learn, ceasing to dogmatize about matters beyond his own field. Every other possible science will furnish material out of which a science

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of theology is constructed. But if the theologian detect the geologist in what he calls an error, it must be shown to be an error according to the reasons and processes that apply in geology. The long intrusion of the first chapter of Genesis into geological controversy is here an offence of the first order, committed by dogmatists who thus display at once ignorance of geology and lack of literary insight.

Such presumption and conceit cannot fail to produce the most irrational results, even within the strict limits of proper theology. It has been by no means an uncommon practice for theologians of high repute to begin their discussion of Revelation, for instance, with a consideration of the character we should expect a revelation to have. It is unnecessary to add that the actual disclosure in which the divine has faith is subsequently shown to possess all these desirable qualities. This "high-priori" way of regulating the actual by the imaginary is conspicuously illustrated again in discussions of the Personality of God. The clergyman evolves from the depths of his own consciousness the idea of a God who would satisfy his needs, intellectual and moral, and concludes, by an admirable process of theological argument, that God must, therefore, be such as he desires. Otherwise —well—otherwise his needs would not be met; but it is possible that his needs are more fictitious than real; that they are not permanent but transient. It is possible that God may be otherwise than such as you desire. The brutal question is, then, quite in order, "What are you going to do about it?" But if a writer, going farther than Mr. Matthew Arnold, rejects the doctrine of the personality of Deity purely because he finds, in his own private experience, no consolation in such a thought and no need of such a belief, the proceeding is as unscientific in this case as in the other. Such a man may be incomplete in the nature that qualifies us to see truth in this quarter: the other may be troubled with hallucinations and a superabundance of visions. In neither instance is it a fully rational process to infer with positiveness but one actual cause from an effect which may well have had a number of possible antecedents.

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It is not easy to realize what a change will be wrought in theology by increasing faithfulness to the pure scientific spirit,— the spirit the end of which is truth alone, and every disposition of which is reasonable. The vices of the mind that are inevitably associated with partisanship, the imagination of perfection, and the conceit of orthodoxy,— all will fly before such a breeze blowing direct from the land where reason and knowledge dwell. It brings a new atmosphere upon its wings, and reveals new virtue in the hardened soul, whose hardness it dissolves. To the winter of bigotry and ignorance will succeed a summer of sweetness and light, of reasonableness, knowledge, and charity.

Harbingers of such a consummation are not wanting; they multiply their number from year to year. Already we hear the sons of the men who contended with animosity for the text of the Three Heavenly Witnesses confessing the need of simple candor in biblical criticism. Theologians of unquestioned orthodoxy, who can, and will, fairly tell us what foundation, or lack of foundation, the Church doctrine of the Trinity has in the Old Testament and in the New are constantly becoming more numerous. There is yet very much of "science falsely so-called" in our divinity schools; there is an almost entire lack of the scientific spirit in the branches of theology proper. But criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures are taking a form which is true to the rules of universal philology. Principles of unquestioned application in the exposition of other ancient books have slowly worked their way into the exposition of the Bible. Every such advance of the scientific spirit of fairness of mind and strict adherence to principles in the study of Scripture is a pledge that in other more difficult and peculiar fields of theology the same right dispositions will yet gain the mastery. When a doctor of divinity ceases from the vain attempt to "reconcile" the two genealogies of Jesus in the New Testament, we have a token that he, or his sons, will, sooner or later, desist from "reconciling" science and religion on the ground of Genesis or elsewhere, and let the facts of the universe reconcile themselves.

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The spirit of the man of science, indeed, is devoutly inclined to a belief in the unity of this universe, and in the sacredness of every fact; but if facts, real and undoubted, seem to conflict, he will not force them to kiss hands under threat of the ban, but will wait for further knowledge to fill the gaps in his theory and give solidity to his faith in unity. He will desire, first of all, the most perfect view of the two facts in all their aspects of likeness and unlikeness. As a theologian, acting in this spirit, he will conceive it to be the prime duty of the ecclesiastical historian, for example, as of all historians, to reproduce the past with complete judicial fairness before he begins to pass a judicial decision upon the points in controversy. He will first set forth, with exactness and system, the doctrines of Athanasius and Arius, to go on then, if he will, to compare Athanasianism and Arianism with each other and with the truth of things. In this direction, as in the interpretation of Scripture, the light is breaking and increasing. Such a historian as Gieseler, such a critic as Meyer, cannot fail to increase, in the minds of those who study them, the genuine temper of the truth-seeker. Clearness, gained by distinguishing with exactness the subject-matter of each branch of theology from every other as these men do, is a positive good in itself, and such trespasses as that of the doctrine of total depravity upon the purely philological and critical exposition of the third chapter of Genesis will be thus wholly avoided. Scientific method must be invoked to draw these dividing lines, but the desire for them and the will to make them issue from the scientific spirit.

If we must, in obedience to the character of theologic science, renounce the dream of infallibility and the satisfaction of orthodoxy, we shall find more than a recompense in the hopefulness that accompanies all imperfect knowledge on its process toward perfection. Delight in the positiveness of what we do know, and an equal delight in the rejection of error, will be ours. For the past, however, in theology as in natural history, the *savant* has neither a reverence that blinds nor a contempt that deceives; he enter-

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tains for it a respect that is impartial. He cannot find how much of truth was actually known by our foregoers until he has studied them with patience and appreciation. He never can feel that nothing has been left for him to do in farther discovery or fuller statement. Neither radical nor conservative, he will be content to be judicial. Never a partisan, patient of contradiction upon grounds of reason, open to conviction by logic, he may seem to many a cold-blooded and repellent being. The enthusiasm of the dogmatist, indeed, may never be his. Partisan ardor is in astronomy absurd, in geology vain; in theology, as in every other science, it is the sign of an immoral disposition, of a spirit that has not even recognized by sight its most needed virtue.

The zeal which the wise condemn in politics sins against light and against charity, and in theological controversy the passion which the tender-hearted chiefly, thus far, condemn as an offence against love is as great a crime against the sacred face of truth. The scientific spirit ostracizes with rigid justice the *odium theologicum* and the *odium philologicum* alike, as mental and moral sins. It is displeased, with strong indignation, at Mr. Richard Grant White and Mr. Fitz Edward Hall bandying personalities under the cover of linguistic discussions. Its righteous sentence of condemnation will fall no less surely upon bitterness and the clamor of wrath in the treatment of doctrinal issues, manifest in Luther, in Calvin, in Milton, in Lyman Beecher, or in Theodore Parker. It will preserve with jealous care the peace of its hospitable realm against all who carry the weapons of violence. "Controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity," says the great forerunner of modern science, "if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose."

The violence we deplore in theology issues in too many other quarters to be stigmatized as a peculiar vice of theology; but in no other quarter does it veil itself under the plea of the highest motives. Religion freed from unnatural

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closeness of union with dogma will, let us trust, make thorough work with the "theological hatred." That unworthy passion has flourished too violently within the limits of dogmatic Christianity. The vital Christian spirit can only abhor it. The Christian theologian should write its epitaph rather than its eulogy, and strive to redeem his practice from its least taint. The temper of Origen, of Hooker, of Channing, was "the love of truth and the truth of love,"—an omen of the science that is to be. It cast out in them the contracted feeling, the vicious disposition of the old Adam, and welcomed the broad catholicity and the self-chastising mood of the man from heaven. In us it will destroy Partialist and Universalist bigotry, Congregational and Episcopalian conceit, Unitarian and Trinitarian limitations. From the unhappy origin of the *odium theologicum* in the Christianity of antiquity until now, the fury has been a blinder of the eyes, a sealer of the understanding, a hardener of the soul. Opposite by nature to the spirit of truth, where this has languished it has prevailed; where this advances it recedes; where this conquers with a complete triumph it dies. May it die the death of the vile,—this malignant temper, unhappily distinguished as the one unworthy passion of theological men. Its root of life will certainly be cut away when we recognize that theology is indeed a science, and subject to the limitations of all human knowing,—that it is imperfect and fallible because we are even such.

In natural science there is no moral distinction between believers and unbelievers in any of the doctrines. The defender of phlogiston may be spending his strength vainly in behalf of an outgrown hypothesis, but the advocate of the mechanical equivalent of heat has no recourse to the terrors of an orthodoxy of physics to convince him. The difference between the two physicists is one of intellectual rightness and wrongness, not one of virtue and vice. The day must surely be near when there shall be as little room, as little toleration, in theology for the imputation of bad motives and vicious lives because of erroneous opinions, when the doc-

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trine of total depravity shall not be claimed to be proven in the case of every one who rejects it, and when the zealous Universalist shall no longer inwardly incline to a belief in the damnation of all who do not believe in universal salvation. A portion of intellectual coldness and severity, a little of that fearful logic without heart or soul, of which we hear so much and know so little, should be welcome if they help to destroy the prevalent bigotry. "In calm of mind, all passion spent," we shall face disputes in theology as, for the most part, we face them in geology, with reasonableness in our thought and the loving spirit of truth in our heart. Angry geologists and fiery theologians pronounce alike their own condemnation.

Thus have I endeavored to indicate a few mental and moral qualities that characterize the scientific spirit in its application to theology. This science, if it indeed be such, is, like all others, a knowledge of natures, not of words or texts. Its subject is the relation of human nature to the divine nature; its method is reasonableness; its sole aim is the reality of things. It will not hearken to the authority of great names, or follow the multitude of the uninstructed. Its faith is in the God of truth making himself known in the intellect of man. Its temper is candor; its disposition is peace; its inspiration is the sight of truth more and more revealed. Its enemies are all the idols of the mind, all the vices of the malicious heart. Its friends are found in every science and in every generous intelligence. Its reward is the increasing happiness of that glorious union which Bacon foretold,—"facility to believe, impatience to doubt, temerity to answer, glory to know, doubt to contradict, end to gain, sloth to search, seeking things in words, resting in part of Nature; these, and the like, have been the things which have forbidden the happy match between the mind of man and the nature of things, and in place thereof have married it to vain notions and blind experiments; and what the posterity and issue of so honorable a match may be, it is not hard to consider."

NICHOLAS P. GILMAN.

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THE PESSIMISTS.

*III.—The Philosopher of Pessimism,—Von Hartmann.**

Fichte, in his bold enterprise of explaining all things by thought and thought alone had struck out a new path for speculation. For fifty years after the publication of his *Wissenschaftslehre* the current of German philosophy ran in this direction. It was crazy to see how far it could push its progress on this novel path. Everything that promised to carry it a step further in this line charmed and captivated it. For that which would turn it off of this path it had little interest. Now the philosophy of Schopenhauer, as Janet has noticed, was essentially a reaction against this current. It would introduce again the realism which Fichte and Hegel had exorcised. It found the substantiality and the essence of things at the opposite pole from the transcendental *idea*,—*viz.*, in the will-force,—and it brought down thought from its supremacy, not merely to a level with other phenomena of life, but even to a secondary and derivative rank. Various as were the forms that the critical and transcendental philosophies took, yet, with all their successive masters, some worthy end was assigned to the movement of the universe. The order of the historical evolution, the final syntheses towards which all its rhythmic changes and struggling antitheses are tending, is (in these systems) not only necessary and divinely appointed, but more than enough to justify Providence through all the temporary evils by which it ascends toward its final goal.

The generation in which Schopenhauer brought out his system was one all of whose tendencies were optimistic. The spirit of the time was that of confidence in human reason and limitless hopes of man's destiny. The general tendencies were religious; the faith of the age was more or less vague, perhaps, but it was sincere. The dignity of man, the excellences of Nature, the perfection of the universe, and the

**Philosophie de l'Inconscient.* Par Edouard de Hartmann, traduite de l'Allemand et précédée d'une Introduction par D. Nolen. Paris. 1877.

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perfectibility of the soul,—these were the favorite sentiments, as well among the freethinkers as among the orthodox of the day. A philosophy atheistic, pessimistic, and misanthropical—a philosophy which issued finally in the annihilation of the will, which placed supreme happiness in Nirvana—had little chance of finding a sympathetic hearing.

But after 1848, on the contrary, the current changed. The disenchantment had come. *Pure thought* had shown itself a will-o'-the-wisp. Hope deferred and roses turned to ashes had paralyzed enterprise and given a bitter taste to life. Cynicism, iconoclasm, despondence, were spreading their gloomy shade over European thought. Pessimism found its opportunity. Schopenhauer's sarcasms and diatribes were read with sardonic satisfaction. Disciples gathered about him, chronicled his humors and freaks, spread abroad his cynicisms and *bon-mots*, expounded his system and introduced it to the popular mind. Most prominent among these followers are three names,—Frauenstädt, Taubert, and Bahnsen. Frauenstädt, with another equally fervent admirer, Lintner, has given us a memoir of his master whose solemn and garrulous record of the most petty and often ridiculous details supplies a very amusing picture of the great pessimist. They have involuntarily made one thing certain: that the philosophy of despair will never commend itself to mankind by the attraction of its prophet's example. If Schopenhauer's own life and character may be taken as a sample of the practical results that may be expected from it, the world may be considered already well warned.

Taubert devoted himself to defending pessimism against its critics and opponents. His book, *Pessimism and its Adversaries*, is said* to be worthy of notice mainly by the essay it exhibits towards softening down some of the harsher points of the system. He recognizes with Schopenhauer that progress brings about a more and more profound consciousness of the suffering attached to existence and the illusions of life; but he expresses the hope that we may triumph over it by the combined efforts of the human race

La Maladie du Pessimisme. Caro.

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in suppressing the evil *will-to-live.* Even the *melancholy* of pessimism, it is maintained, is transformed into our greatest *consolation* by making the actually experienced pleasures of life stand out the more prominently by the frame of universal illusion in which they are set.

But if to some of his own disciples Schopenhauer seems to have gone too far, to others he seems, strange to say, not extreme enough. In Bahnsen's work on the *Tragic as the Law of Life*, no gleam of hope is left for man, no trace of sense or good is vouchsafed to the Eternal Reality. For Bahnsen, as for his master, the world is an uninterrupted suffering which the Absolute Being has imposed upon itself. But he goes even farther than Schopenhauer, and denies that there is any purpose (not even an unconscious or indwelling purpose) in Nature. All existence is a blind, illogical necessity, not simply unreasonable in itself, but unreasonable in the order of phenomena. And to escape from this net of misery and nonsense, is hopeless. Bahnsen will not allow even the dream of a final annihilation, which is the sovereign remedy proposed by Schopenhauer for the unhappy world. He declares this, also, to be pure illusion. Nothing pleases him but an absolute despair, an endless and irremediable misery.

So black a picture of the world could find but few to accept it, even in Germany. It needed, in order to make pessimism popular, some one to tone it down to a less unreasonable color, to leaven it with a certain amount of plausible argument, and bolster it up with some of the new science of the time, to whose authority those bow who reject all else, keeping in the mixture just enough of the paradoxical and *outrè* to dazzle the philosophic eye of an *ennuied* public.

Since the stalwart voices of Hegel and Schelling had ceased to be heard, metaphysics, on its native German heath, had been almost sent into retirement, and the public had ears for little else than the sciences of Nature. The grand discoveries of physics, zoölogy, physiology, appeared exclusively worthy of the curiosity of intelligent heads, and

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philosophy beyond the Rhine confined itself mainly to writing the eulogiums or elaborating the minor points of the great systems of the past.

Here was the opportunity for a grand metaphysical and literary *coup*, and it was not long before a bright young German saw it, drew his ready long bow and put a shaft from his intellectual quiver into the very centre of the target. It was in 1869 that Edward Von Hartmann, then only twenty-seven years old, and quite unknown to the general public, flashed upon the philosophical field of Germany his book, *Die Philosophie der Unbewussten* (The Philosophy of the Unconscious), which was destined in such an astonishing manner to break up the general indifference, inflame the speculative curiosity of some, brave the raillery and scepticism of others, and provoke, in short, a renaissance of metaphysical activity. It produced, at first, universal astonishment. Then, to the surprise, succeeded, here admiration, there passionate criticism. What was most remarkable, was, that the impression was not limited to the habitual public of the metaphysician, the universities and the small circle of philosophic inquirers. The public at large, men and women, devoured the new book with equal enthusiasm. The clearness and ease of its style, the boldness of its speculation, the delicacy of its observations, the vigor of its argument, and the richness of its learning won the praise of all. The Protestant, the Liberal, the Catholic, the conservative theologian and the radical politician,—each found something in it to flatter and propitiate him. Every philosophic school could claim that it had contributed something to this new literary success. And when the first furor of applause had passed, each party found that it had some criticism that it *must* make. A shower of pamphlets assaulting and defending the new work flashed out in the track of the intellectual comet, and drew increased attention to it. Already, large and solid as the work itself is, seven editions of it have been published in Germany.

The man whose work made such a ferment in German thought was born in Berlin in 1842, and was the only son of

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a general of artillery of the same name. His inclinations as a student were toward mathematics, physics, music, and drawing. For history and the classics, however, he had little taste, and for many parts of the academic curriculum, a positive distaste and contempt. On graduation from the gymnasium, therefore, he preferred to enter the army at once, rather than to enter on a course of university study. In a few years a rheumatic disposition, complicated with other physical troubles, disabled him from active military service; and after a two-years' furlough, finding his bodily powers unameliorated, he was compelled to retire from the service. He dabbled in novel-writing. He sought to make his way successively as a musician and as a painter. He recognized quickly, however, that while in these departments he could criticise easily and delicately, he had not the creative faculties that would ever win him distinction. The bankruptcy of his ambitions seemed complete. There remained only one thing — philosophy. Here he found consolation and employment for his faculties. He discovered soon that this was his true vocation. As early as 1858 he had composed an essay under the title "Considerations on Spirit," where he showed a strong leaning to a monistic pantheism, and at intervals in his garrison life had refreshed his mind with philosophic speculation. He now, in 1863, seriously turned himself to philosophical researches, and after a year of preliminary studies began in 1864 the composition of his famous work, the *Philosophy of the Unconscious.* For a year after it was finished it remained in his desk, until a fortunate meeting with an intelligent publisher secured its *début* before the literary world.

Since the success of his book has been recognized, Hartmann has lived quietly in Berlin. He is married and the father of a family, and passes, according to his own testimony, a serene existence in the bosom of his home.

It is evident from this brief sketch of Hartmann's life that he has not, like his predecessors, been driven to his pessimism by the unalloyed bitterness of his life. It is no irresistible cry of agony from a bruised and bleeding heart that we

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find in his pages, but a calm survey of life, a philosophical interpretation of the universe, from which his pessimism issues as the only logical deduction which, as he holds, the facts permit. His attitude is no contortion of overwhelming pain, but one deliberately chosen, and for every detail of which some syllogism or scientific fact or metaphysical analysis is offered in justification. No coarse misanthropy, no disagreeable grumbling at life, is allowed to prejudice us against his theory. He is careful to dress it in robes both tasteful and cheerful. He warns his readers not to think pessimism necessarily a philosophy of desolation. Nothing delights him more than to show how quite compatible his system is with a due enjoyment of the good things of life; and he proudly closes the brief autobiography which he has published, with the testimony which a philosophic friend has lately given of him and his family, "If you wish to see once more contented and cheerful faces, you must go among the pessimists."

Hartmann's philosophy, then, must be discussed purely on its own merits. It cannot be dismissed as a mere protest against the blows of misfortune, or the expression of a mental malady, but it must be weighed deliberately as a carefully-reasoned system of thought.

What, then, are the essential points of the system?

Hartmann takes as his motto, "Speculative results obtained by the inductive method from the sciences of Nature." German philosophy before him had proceeded on the *à priori* method, and amazed the world with its ambitious ideology. Hartmann, as the first reform, proclaims that philosophy must adopt the experimental and analytic methods by which modern science has won such victories. Philosophy in the past has threshed over and over the old straw of conscious phenomena, has tried directly to discover the nature and origin of the mind, and has ended only in an interminable wrangle. Is there not a better way of approaching the problem,— a field in which a rich harvest, hitherto untouched, awaits the explorer? Hartmann believes that in the varied

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and curious phenomena of unconscious intelligence there is such a field. From the time of Leibnitz, the existence of what were called *latent* ideas has been admitted. Here and there, thinkers have felt the need of having recourse to unconscious ideas as the only cause capable of explaining certain phenomena of thought; but no one before Hartmann had thought of making a special study of this interesting domain, and generalizing its laws and using them as a basis for the interpretation of consciousness and being in general. This is the aim of Hartmann in the first two parts of his work; *viz.*, to reunite all these phenomena, to make them all testify to the existence of not only the unconscious idea, but the unconscious will; and by the aid of the facts thus grouped together to demonstrate the existence of a common principle which explains them all. Then the same principle is applied to special questions. It extends its consequences insensibly outside the physical and the moral world, and conducts to the profoundest metaphysical conclusions. With every chapter, as Hartmann says, a different bit of the world comes to crystallize itself about the central nodule, which becomes by these successive additions the *One and All*, the Universal Life, in which the entire universe is contained.

Hartmann opens with a detailed and subtle review of the curious manifestations of the Unconscious in the bodily life, in the spontaneous functions of the spinal marrow and the ganglions, in the execution of voluntary movements, in instinct, reflex movements, and the healing power of Nature. None of these, he argues, are to be understood without supposing a hidden purpose, nnconscious ideas, and will. The organism is inexplicable as a simple mechanism. The animal organism is a collection of partial organisms, one individual of the superior order containing in its bosom and subordinating to itself a multitude of other individuals who have each their proper life. The soul of the organism, in fine, is only the activity of the Unconscious everywhere present, and acting in the bosom of an aggregate of atoms. The reflex movements which are so often appealed to as evident effects of a lifeless mechanism ought to be considered rather as the

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instinctive acts of the lower nervous centres. All reflex actions (under which, in truth, all the functions of the nervous system and all the manifestations of our life fall) have, as their interior principle, a spiritual and unconscious principle. The same unconscious intentionality is disclosed in both the curative and the formative processes of the organism. Even nutrition cannot be explained by chemistry alone. It is necessary to go back always to a moment when the constitution of a primitive tissue was rendered adapted to nutritive functions. In short, everywhere in the organism we have to admit the presence and intervention of an unconscious will and intelligence. The old question of the seat of the soul is an idle one. Psychical activity is to be recognized wherever there are reflex actions,— that is, in all the living portions of the organism. The soul is present at the bottom of all the nervous processes. It is what produces and directs them. Consciousness is only a phenomenal manifestation of that principle, resulting from physiological conditions. In the conscious activity, as well as at the bottom of the organic processes, we find the Unconscious. Hartmann analyzes the instincts of humanity, fear, coquetry, shame, love, the relations of character to motive and will, the æsthetic and moral impulses, the formation of languages, the processes of thought, the witness of history, genius, inspiration, mysticism and its revelations,— as they variously testify to the action of the Unconscious. Everywhere he exhibits the action of an unconscious will and intelligence working constantly beneath the surface, and of which we become aware only by their effects. In this series of analyses, we are constantly compelled to admire a remarkable sagacity and penetration. No one can read Hartmann's first volume without being both highly entertained and veritably instructed by the fresh and interesting views which our author presents. His industrious collection of rare and obscure phenomena, and the new light which he here throws upon so many common and familiar facts of life, make this psychology of the unconscious a genuine contribution to science, and must do much to enrich and complete our knowledge of consciousness.

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But all this is but the foundation of Hartmann's system. He has proved by these abundant illustrations that there is an Unconscious element working everywhere in life. In the third part,—the Metaphysics of the Unconscious,—he aims to show that this is the principle and the essence of things. In the first place, he sweeps away the dualism of matter and spirit. Matter is but a manifestation of atomic forces; and the regulated action of force speaks of an end and intentionality. The manifestations of atomic forces are, then, acts of individual wills, of which the object is the unconscious idea of the effect. Matter resolves itself at bottom into Will and Representation. The world and all its phenomena are modes of Mind. Each atom is an individual, —an inferior mode of the activity of the Universal Unconscious, the eternal and infinite Unit of which the world and all it contains is only the phenomenal manifestation.

Schopenhauer had denied intelligence to his Universal Will. It went forth blindly on its path of action, an irresistible, infinite force, without conception of its end or perception of its circumstances. Hegel and Herbart had gone to the other extreme, and derived all things from the pure Idea; which, by logical unfoldment, proceeds to realize itself. But a full conception would admit and harmonize the two elements. For the idea to be able to realize itself, there is implied the force of will. And will always supposes two ideas: That of a present state from which it proceeds, and the future state to which it would attain. The will which desires nothing, as Hartmann points out, *is nothing*. All will implies ideas, intelligence.

But does will or even intelligence necessarily imply consciousness? Must the supreme Will and Intelligence be regarded as aware of itself? Which was the first, the conscious or the unconscious? Is consciousness an eternal and absolute reality, the basis of intelligence, or is it a phenomenon superadded to intelligence?

Consciousness, Hartmann answers, is not a constant state, but an act. It results from physiological conditions that put in opposition the functions of the Unconscious. Con-

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sciousness expresses the astonishment which the will experiences from an idea which it had not willed, and which yet it has been made to feel; it is the sensation of overwhelming amazement at the apparition of an idea from the bosom of the unconscious, outside of its own domain and independent of its authority. The unity of consciousness depends simply on the facility of communication between the nervous substances. Consciousness does not belong to the essential basis of an individual's being, but to its higher, conditioned, and exceptional manifestations. The basis of existence is the unconscious soul.

How is it, however, with this? Are there a multitude of souls or unconscious principles, corresponding in number to the multitude of individual consciousnesses? On the contrary, says Hartmann, there is but one and the same being, one universal Soul, the Unconscious One and All, manifested in all individual acts and existences. To the demonstration of this rigorous pantheism he devotes some of his fullest chapters. Hitherto pantheism has been advocated, as by Spinoza and Hegel, for instance, simply on *a priori* grounds. But it has for some time been evident that, if it wished to obtain many suffrages in the modern world, it must present some inductive evidence. From all parts of natural history, from the phenomena of heredity and generation, the harmonies of animal communities, the unconscious coöperations of human society, he elicits testimony to show that, however independent the acts and existence of individuals seem, they are at bottom only special exhibitions of one Unconscious Will and Mind playing through all. Individuality is only an appearance, an eddy in which the rushing stream of the One and All whirls and plays its spells for a moment. "The world," * to use his own words, "is, then, only a certain sum of actions,— voluntary acts of the Unconscious. The self, a different sum of actions or voluntary acts of the same Unconscious. . . . Let the Unconscious change the combinations of the actions or acts of will that constitute me and I should become another. *I* am a phenomenon

* Pp. 212 and 213. Nolen's translation.

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similar to a rainbow in the clouds. Like it, I am only a group of relations. I change at every second, as those relations themselves, and vanish with them. . . . And nevertheless, the sun, which but this moment was playing in the clouds, will continue to shine, and the Unconscious, which my brain has reflected for a moment, will act eternally."

But though the individual consciousness is but an elusive and unsubstantial image, is it not possible that there is in the One and All a real and subsisting consciousness? To deny this would seem to be riding one's hobby hard,— would be making, indeed, a dark and terrible plunge into the abyss. But Hartmann does not flinch a moment on the dizzying brink. The One and All, he flatly declares, cannot be credited with any consciousness at all, not even such an elusive and phenomenal one as man possesses. The One and All does not combine the conditions necessary for a consciousness. Consciousness, besides, far from being a perfection, is an imperfection, a limitation, since it rests on the opposition of subject and object. We can attribute to the One and All only that kind of consciousness, at most, in which would appear no distinction between the self and the not-self,— a vague sense of infinite suffering, but no clear self-knowledge. Nevertheless, the Supreme Unconscious must by no means be thought blind. The farthest from that. It possesses a clairvoyance, an infallible intuition, which we may call, if we wish, a supra-consciousness. All the attributes commonly ascribed to the divine intelligence, omniscience, omnipresence, absolute wisdom, belong to this unconscious intuition.

The Divine Providence which Hartmann had so relentlessly doomed, he thus seems to restore to us, and we read on towards the chapters that treat of creation and the worth of existence, with considerable hope of finding at least a tolerable universe allowed us to believe in and enjoy. But alas! as soon as Hartmann comes to the consideration of this, he puts on his blue spectacles again. It is true that he treats optimism with much more respect than Schopenhauer. Indeed, he calls himself an optimist,— after a fashion.

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He smiles assent to Leibnitz, and admits that this is the best possible of worlds. Yes, it's as good as it could be, *under the circumstances.* For you must remember, he says, that all real existence owes its origin to the *Will.* Now, Will is essentially an *illogical faculty.* It would be astonishing if existence, as such, should not be destitute of reason. Creation, in fact, was an act of the pure will, unenlightened by intelligence,—an unfortunate slip of the Unconscious One and All. The Unconscious was buried in the joy of non-existence. There was neither action nor thought in its dark abyss. Why did it issue forth from this state of supreme felicity? It was in a moment of unreason. It was through some strange, unthinking impulse that it wished to act, to reason, to appear, to manifest itself; and the world was born,—that is to say, misery.

If the Supreme had known what he was going to do, it would have been an inexcusable cruelty. But we must not blame the Unconscious. The act was never deliberately performed. It was the blind outburst of the unknowing Will,—a blunder of the Infinite Absent-Minded, the primal Ground of all. As soon as it took place, and ever since, the infallible intuition, the absolute clairvoyance of the Unconscious, has been doing the best it can in conducting the great process of evolution. But it would have been better if there had never been any creation. Existence is, essentially and inevitably, nothing but pain, grief, despair. The sum-total of misery far outweighs that of happiness. No man whose eyes have been purged of the illusions of life would choose to live it over. Of course, most people imagine that life is good, and that they are happy and have reason to be so. Instinctively, man clings to life. By similarly strong instincts, life is renewed from generation to generation. Every new life that comes on the stage of existence is hailed with joy. To multiply, nourish, foster, intensify life is our greatest delight, our daily work. But all this comes about, Hartmann tells us, through the systematic mockery of the Unconscious. Human nature is the sport of an immense organized illusion of the superior powers.

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These vital desires, these joyful instincts, are only the threads which pull these pitiable marionettes, that we are, to and fro; make us dance when we ought to cry, and cheat us into loving that life which we ought to hate.

Hartmann pitilessly dissects everything in life that has been reckoned sweet, and elaborately demonstrates that there isn't a passion, ambition, or enjoyment that is really worth what it costs. The more we experience, the more we study, the surer are we to find all things empty and deceitful. These progressive disenchantments, that Leopardi had sung so plaintively, Hartmann systematizes. There are three successive stages. First, the illusion of childhood and the ancient world, which consisted in the dream that happiness might actually be attained by the individual, and during the present life. The second illusion which replaced this was the fancy that the individual will attain happiness after his death, in a life transcending the present. The last is the grand modern illusion, that of progress, which teaches that happiness, as it cannot be gained by the individual, either in this life or another, must be sought for in the species, in the future of humanity, in the evolution of the world. The true work of the world's progress and the enlightenment which philosophy has to give is to bring men to recognize that these all alike are *ruses* of the Unconscious, and that the only true happiness is the utter absence of sensation, the return into the primal non-existence. The will by its own nature produces more pain than pleasure. The will which brought the world into existence is, at the same time, the condemnation of the world to suffering, whatever be its constitution.

What escape, then, is there for man from this eternal misery? There is no hope, says Hartmann, to be expected from the Creator, no prospect that he will ever make cease this calamity of "the will-to-live." For the Unconscious Idea, in spite of its logic and its omniscience, cannot stop it. The Idea has no initiative in the face of the Will. It must resort, then, to strategy to circumvent its other half. The Unconscious has recourse to the development of conscious-

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ness, through whose agency there is given a chance to reduce the Will to nothingness. When man's eyes are sufficiently opened, through the beautiful advance of Hartmann's philosophy, then man will rouse himself in disgust to the attainment of non-existence.

Shall the disciple of pessimism, then, send off to the apothecary's at once for a dose of poison, hang himself to a beam, or, more logically perhaps, starve himself to death? That would be, declare its apostles, but a vulgar and a selfish way out of the difficulty,—a refined Epicureanism. You might get yourself out of misery, but you would only leave the world in greater ignorance of pessimism, and therefore greater misery. The Unconscious would go on with its insatiable vital impulse undiminished, and renew the sum-total of misery in other and younger beings, who would have to go through all the disenchantments that the pessimists have already learned.

Shall the pessimist, then, mortify his flesh, suppress his desires, refrain from reproducing life, annihilate within himself this wicked will-to-live, in every way he can? All such individual efforts are as senseless, as sterile, says Hartmann, as suicide. Or rather more senseless, since at the price of long tortures it results similarly in only destroying one or two temporary manifestations of the Unconscious Will, not its essence. The Unconscious learns nothing from experience. Its power is not reduced by being shut out from any particular channel. If asceticism should, even by general adoption, put an end, little by little, to human reproduction, it would be worse than useless. Life in other creatures — the world, as such — would continue to live, and the Unconscious would soon create a new man or some other analogous species, and the misery of the world would begin afresh.

What, then, is to be done? Nothing less than this: Effect not simply a resolution of the individual to will his own non-existence, but persuade the world to determine upon an organized and simultaneous effacement of humanity, — an universal annihilation of the Will that produced the world,— a kosmic suicide so thorough that after it there will

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no longer be any activity, nor any Will, and that time itself will cease to exist! Yes; make the work so thorough that not a vital germ shall be left to endanger another evolution of life and misery!! *

Undoubtedly a mighty ambition, surpassing any scheme ever before proposed to man. But how shall this gigantic *felo-de-se*, this apocalypse of universal non-existence, be brought about by feeble man? Hartmann confesses that there are a few little difficulties attending it, and he is not sure that humanity on this earth will ever succeed in it. But it is the end we should aim at, and he lays down very decisively the conditions under which it might be accomplished,—conditions which, he thinks, are very near realizing themselves. First, the most considerable part of the unconscious spirit in the world should be concentrated in man. By the progressive extinction of other living species and the progress of chemistry, the will of man is every day taking the place of the will of Nature. The moment will come when it will suffice for the human species to will non-existence, to snuff out life all through the universe.

The second condition is the spread of pessimism everywhere, so that all humanity shall burn for non-existence. Every day the world is recognizing more and more the folly of all its desires. Soon it will be ready to resolve on annihilation.

The third and last condition is, such ease and rapidity of communication between all nations that all humanity may at some solemn moment adopt the firm resolution to labor all together for the extinction of the race. Then when at last the universal will-to-live becomes a will-*not*-to-live, the primal Zero is reëntered. Nothing any longer is left to exist. The two elements of the One-and-All neutralize each other definitely, and no germs, even, of a new vital development are left. Suffering is ended, and the highest happiness possible attained through the reëstablishment of the Eternal Divine Nothingness. †

* Pp. 494, 495. Vol. II. Nolen's translation of the *Philosophie Unbewussten.*

† See pp. 505, 506. *Philosophie de l'Inconscient.* Traduite par D. Nolen.

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Such is the consummation of all things which Hartmann tells us ought both devoutly to be wished and zealously worked for by every enlightened disciple of the philosophy of the Unconscious.

Do you think that I have been quizzing you, dear reader, in this report of the latest word of German thought? I should not blame you much if you believed so, so extraordinary and absurd is the conclusion reached. But I assure you that I have simply given a plain, unexaggerated synopsis of Hartmann's system, mainly in his own language. Is it, then, a huge joke that the clever young man has perpetrated to hoax the solemn professors of Berlin and Heidelberg? Remember that it is couched in the most serious language, embodied in a ponderous eight-hundred-paged octavo, and an elaborate system worked out with finest analyses and scientific investigations. Remember that it is declared by the author to be the great work to which he has devoted his life, and has been received by critical and philosophical circles as the most important contribution to philosophy of this generation. The author, to be sure, in the special introduction that he has furnished for the French translation, has seen fit to apologize for his work as "not the product of reflection and maturity, but the rash essay of a juvenile talent." "To-day," he says, "my conceptions of many things would be quite different from what I presented when the work was composed,"—ten years ago. Among these portions which already his riper judgment disapproves, are (we may feel pretty sure) the extraordinary chapters containing his bizarre panacea for all the ills of the world. These parts at least, I venture to say, were but youthful *jeux d'esprit*, inserted more to create a sensation and set the world talking about his book than because they embodied his earnest convictions. The Ephesian youth of classic time, to make his name celebrated for a day set fire to the grand temple of Diana. Alas, that our modern Erostratus, in his eager ambition for a little of that literary fame and worldly success which none have condemned as

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empty vanity more emphatically than himself, should not be satisfied with anything less than laying the *whole universe in ashes!*

Although, then, our author's sincerity in some of the views that he has advanced may well be suspected, nevertheless, as he has chosen to retain these views through seven editions, and as they are soberly accepted as law and gospel by the large school of pessimists that has sprung up in Germany, we must criticise them as they are offered, not as jests, but as philosophical conceptions and schemes, as serious at least as such speculations are wont to be.

To begin, then, with the conception of unconscious ideas, on which the whole system rests. Hartmann demonstrates the occurrence of innumerable intelligent acts taking place in the human organism, outside of our consciousness. Ideas come to us without consciousness of their cause; trains of reasoning run along sub-consciously, announcing themselves only when their conclusions come to the surface of the mind. Our psychical as well as physical life rests on the various reflex processes of the organism. But because these are unconscious to the Ego, why must we suppose that there is no other consciousness that is aware of them, that these ideas and volitions are unconscious absolutely and in themselves? What is the idea of volition without consciousness? For intelligent discharge of the will, it must be aware what it is doing, or some conscious mind must have arranged beforehand what it should do under given circumstances. For the interpretation of reflex actions, and the similar phenomena of the nervous system, there are several explanations, all of them quite logical. One is to say that they are purely mechanical, that they are arrangements like a spring lock or an automaton bird or a calculating machine, at present working by themselves, independent of any Idea or Will, but originally, of course, designed and started by a Conscious Intelligence. Another is that the reflex process, like all universal processes occurring under fixed laws, is the method of action, the direct, habitual movement, of the Omnipotent, Omnipresent Consciousness. A third is to say

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that all nervous processes are sentient, known and governed by a separate, inferior consciousness of the lower nervous centre which is their seat. The fact that the brain-consciousness that constitutes our Ego is entirely unaware of this inferior consciousness is no more strange than that the consciousness of one of the Siamese twins should know nothing directly of that of the other.

Why should we think that our brain is the only one of our numerous nervous centres that feels the currents that sweep through it, that is aware of the acts that it performs? When an inferior nervous centre responds to the incoming vibration as intelligently as the brain itself, and acts just as it would if it *were* conscious, why should we deny it any spark of consciousness? Hartmann's own facts, indeed, would illustrate a philosophy of universal consciousness in all forms of life better than they illustrate his Philosophy of the Unconscious. Either of these three explanations of the reflex and kindred movements that I have specified may appeal to strong testimony, both inductive and deductive, in its favor. Hartmann's is a hybrid of them all, having the merit of none of them.

Still less reason has our author in denying consciousness to the One-and-All. Had he endowed the Universal Soul of all with consciousness, then he might with plausibility have referred the varied manifestations of intelligence in the world to this Divine Consciousness as their cause and subject. But when nowhere but in man's petty brain is allowed to exist any consciousness, the innumerable marks of wisdom, deliberate purpose, and careful adaptation of ends to means that meet our eyes throughout Nature become all the more incomprehensible. This perfect knowledge, this admirable intelligence, these righteous laws, speak irresistibly of a Conscious Mind from which they proceed, by which all this is known and guided. Is this Perfect One-and-All to be reckoned lacking in that which is the choicest quality of humanity, the very crown and flower of finite existence? Is he to be thought to have been surpassed by his own creatures? Can the stream of human existence rise higher

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than its Divine Fountain? From what source could man have derived these conscious qualities, if his Creator has them not? Matter exhibits them not, and no combination of unconscious matter could bring out in the whole what was contained in no part.

Hartmann explains that he does not deny intelligence to God in denying him consciousness, and that this intelligence is not blind, but "absolutely clairvoyant and infallible." We may call it, if we choose, a "supra-consciousness." Consciousness is denied only because that is a lower attribute than this intuitive reason,—a property connected with the nervous system, and a limitation, rather than a perfection.

These are objections already many times refuted,—disowned by Hartmann himself when it pleases his purpose. These are the same objections, as Janet well points out,* because of which Schopenhauer denied to his primal will the attribute of intelligence, and which, in that connection Hartmann rejects. Will without *intelligence*, Hartmann declares, is incomprehensible; and so, though intelligence is known only in connection with a nervous system, yet in some higher form and absolute existence it must, he maintains, be recognized in the One-and-All. But why is not full intelligence without any *consciousness* equally incomprehensible, and why ought it not, because of this same indissoluble connection with the well-directed forces of the universe, to be admitted, in spite of whatever theoretical objections may be brought against it? Of course, in ascribing consciousness to God, the theist does not mean to say that God's consciousness is exactly like his; that it is no higher; that it must have all the defects of man's. He means only that God must have the essential elements of Consciousness, doubtless in a purer and higher form. Man's consciousness is only an image, a shadowing forth of the Divine Consciousness.

Would a man be reckoned more perfect if deprived of his consciousness and given instead infallible instincts, like a bee? or clairvoyant intuitions, such as the somnambulist exhibits? Why, then, in God is consciousness to be judged a limitation?

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*La Metaphysique en Europe.

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But may not God's nature have ranges of attributes far above human consciousness? Very possibly. But if thus much *more* than conscious, this does by no means prevent his being *at least* that. It rather would imply that. For all the teaching of Nature, and especially the law of evolution (which Hartmann, though sharply criticising Darwin's special theory, yet in its wider sense and principles accepts and adopts), is to the effect that that which is above ever rises from the lower, without gap in the continuity of the developmental process. The higher always includes the lower; the vegetable includes the inorganic; the animal, the vegetable; the man, the animal. And so the Divine, though infinitely more than man, will not be wanting in that consciousness which constitutes the crown of humanity and the highest attainment of creation.

Having thus lopped off from the figure of his Supreme the most essential attribute that a Creator needs, it is no wonder that the creation itself should come into existence as maimed and miserable a thing as its Unconscious Author. The bond of consciousness exscinded, the other two elements of the One-and-All, the Will and the Idea, are lamed and blinded, and blunder along in the most helpless of ways. The Will cannot see plainly enough to know what wretchedness it is begetting when it brings the world into existence, and the Idea has not the strength to suppress it when it has once got started on its million or so years of evolution of suffering. Hartmann assures us that the Unconscious possesses an intelligence higher than consciousness, an infallible instinct, a perfect wisdom. How, then, could it fall into that act of "*unreason*," as he calls it, the creation of a world whose essence is suffering? How could *Omniscience*, even were its omniscience "clairvoyant and intuitive" instead of conscious, fall into such an absurdity? Or, again, if every finite being and phenomenal act in this world is, as Hartmann asserts over and over again, only a manifestation of the One and All; if it has no individuality of its own, but is but a transient rainbow in which and through which the Unconscious shines,—how, then, can life be evil in itself?

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If there is but one Reality, and every person and creature is but this Supreme Being modified, an incarnation of the All-Perfect One, how can any life be essentially a wretched illusion?

"The basis of my existence," according to our author, "is the Absolute, the Divine." If, then, as Janet has well put it, that Divine Unconscious is a being superior to the grade of human consciousness, if it is an Omnipotent Will and Infallible Intelligence, how can Creation have been a *faux pas?* how can man's being, which is the highest work and the fullest manifestation of this superior Will and Intelligence be essentially miserable, and life be permitted to run on in continued agony?

If, on the other hand, the Divine Unconscious is a being below the grade of human consciousness,—a nature truly brutish and blind, who does not know what he does, and who produces at hap-hazard, good and evil,—then the world is neither the worst possible nor the best possible, but the only possible. All we have got to do is to endure it. To hope to put an end to its pain by a pretended Nirvana, is puerile. Man can no more annihilate it than he could have created it. As long as Nature will have force to bring forth young, it will do so in spite of all philosophy. No demonstrations of the pessimists will avail aught to prevent the animals from satisfying their instincts and renewing their young. It will not even prevent man.*

Neither horn of the dilemma leaves any rational basis for pessimism. The author's pantheism fits ill with the pessimism that he sought to graft on to it. If the world is evil and foolish, then it is not simply creation that was an act of unreason, but the Creative Power itself must be held irrational and bad; and to seek to remedy its work is idle. If the Creative Power was Omniscient and Omnipotent, then to complain of his creation is culpable and blasphemous.

But in point of fact, the pessimist will urge, is not the world full of pain, existence a series of illusions? Is life really worth the living?

La Metaphysique en Europe depuis Hegel. Paul Janet.

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That mainly depends on what we expect of existence, what objects we pursue in life, with what narrowness or breadth of view we look upon creation. There is suffering in the world, it is most true. The catalogue of human miseries is a long and dark one. Life is no Sybarite bed free from a single crumpled rose-leaf.

But the evil of the world is more than matched by its good. The bright and the useful form the staple of existence; the dark and injurious, the exceptions. Our organisms are constructed for enjoyment, not suffering. Nature never directly aims at pain. The teeth, as Paley says, were not made on purpose to ache, nor the feet to twinge with the gout. Pain is incidental to good, or to warn against greater danger. Affliction is the pruning that makes the fruit of life set. Dangers and hardships are the foil whose contrast makes life's picture stand forth in heightened beauty. The earth is dear, not only in spite of tears, but on account of them. When we look back through the golden light of memory at the hair-breadth adventures, the perplexing or annoying predicaments of olden days, into what a perennial source of comfort, delight, and amusement have they been transformed! For a brave man, personal suffering does not spoil life. St. Paul and St. Francis, Howard and Pascal and Garrison, found nothing in their personal griefs and persecutions that made it necessary for them to malign the universe. It is only a small and revengeful spirit that, when it finds a little vinegar in its own cup, forthwith proceeds to drown the whole world in gall.

To judge life fairly, we must look at it as a whole; not limit our view to the disappointment of to-day or to our personal misfortune, and paint all from that. We must remember that to-day's fortune, whatever it is, is but a bud, a beginning. Wait till the green and bitter pulp mellows and perfects itself, before you complain. Wait till you see if your trial may not be — as it is pretty sure to be — a step toward some higher good.

Again, to estimate life by setting over against one another its pleasures and pains, its advantages and disadvantages, is a very superficial way to decide whether or not it is

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worth living. We can never understand life until we recognize that it is given, not for pleasures of the body or gratifications of self, but for an end above itself, by and through which it is to be interpreted. It is a school of experience and work. The task that is to be learned in it is that of noble manhood,—fully developed personality. For developing whatever of higher qualities, whatever magnanimity, truth, charity, devotion, a man is capable of,—what better field could there be than this compound world of flesh and spirit, storm and calm, good and evil? What experience is there that can come to a man—adversity or prosperity, grief or joy, temptation or victory—that he cannot, as long as he struggles faithfully, turn into material for spiritual growth? True, there is much that is coarse and dirty in life. The vase of existence is of clay; the Mosaic of our earthly career fashioned of very petty bits. But shall we condemn it at the outset because of this, or not rather ennoble all the materials and processes by working them up into a grand result? What life is, depends on the spirit with which we go to it. If a man, like Schopenhauer, will do nothing to make himself agreeable or even tolerable to his fellow-men, but, on the contrary, demands that they daily throw some sop to the insatiable maw of his vanity and conceit, if he will do nothing but curl himself up in his private corner and growl over his little philosophic bone and bark at every passer-by, no wonder that he finds the world bringing him little happiness. If a man, like Leopardi, has abandoned faith and hope, and with them lost the power of loving or working earnestly for anything, well may he cry out at the misery of existence.

> "We wither from our youth, we gasp away.
> Sick, sick, unfound the boon, unslacked the thirst.
> Love, Fame, Ambition, Avarice,—'tis the same:
> Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst.
> When we have made our love and gamed our gaming;
> Dressed, voted, shone, and, may be, something more;
> With dandies dined, heard senators declaiming;
> Seen beauties brought to market by the score,—
> There's little left but to be bored, or bore." *

* Byron.

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Yes! If such be a man's aims in life, if such his use of it, no wonder that he is wearied and disgusted with it. When a man sees nothing to do in life, or will do nothing in life, but to look out for the satiating of his appetites and his lower desires, and beyond the grave beholds only a blank, no wonder that he soon finds that the sparkling wine of life is drained, and he loathes the bitter lees that alone are left in his cup. No wonder that he finds all to be

> . . . "meteors with a different name,
> And death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame."

Life was not made for such things, and of course will disappoint any one who seeks to find it full of such things. To pronounce life an illusion because it does not satisfy such low and selfish desires, is like pronouncing an armory a cheat because it is not stored with *bon-bons* and nosegays; or gymnastic exercise empty and vain because it does not turn out silken couches. Learn first what life was intended for, and then only can you estimate it aright. And when you have done so, you will see that it was not intended for a pleasure-bout, but for a battle. Its object is not enjoyment, but discipline; not contentment, but continual aspiration toward higher perfection. When men learn *that*, they will see at once the excellence of human existence for its end, how all things work together for man's training. Where the pessimist, then, sees but vanity of vanities, the man who knows what life is for can show him still, duty and work, love of man and love of God; and hid within these, the sweet kernel, his own soul's strengthening and ascension above that atmosphere of self and sickly introspection that was the source of his gloom. The thought that penetrates to the sanctuary of truth, the love that thrills the heart with pure emotion, the devotion that forgets the importunate self in an heroic deed, the convictions and hopes that defy doubt and span the abyss of death with rainbow light,— these are not vanity. Crystal and mountain, atom and star, every one of Nature's works, is solid. Gravitation, radiation, retribution, the spirit's faith, every law that goeth forth in the everlasting power of God, is trust-

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worthy, never failing. These impulses that God has planted in the mother and child, these instincts that move even the savage to raise his eyes to heaven, and to rear the altar to the unknown power,— these intuitions of the great and good in a Wise, Holy, and All-Powerful Reality in all and through all,— *these* are not illusions.

In the voluntary consecration of the self to the laws of the All-Holy One, and the faithful execution of them,— here is life, solid, noble, full of blessedness. To the attainment of this, every misery of existence may be a step, and the career of the most pitiful of earth's creatures, as giving the opportunity of such attainment, is worth all that it costs.

The sable pall, in fine, in which the pessimist would enshroud the universe proves to be only a gall-drop in his own eye. Pessimism itself establishes the worth of human existence. Can the pessimist himself conceive the possibility of his gloomy views of life spreading among the creatures below him? Can he believe that any animal species should ever become filled with disgust of life, sigh for non-existence, and plan for a general suicide of their race? It is the very worth and nobleness of man's proper nature and designed career that make his ordinary life seem so petty to him. Our capacity for *ennui*, as it has been more than once pointed out, is one of the signatures of our higher nature and greater possibilities. The insect flutters in contentment from sweetness to sweetness and from bud to flower. Had we no nobler cares, no loftier aspirations, we also might do the same. That man cannot do so, shows him the superior dignity of his being. It is just because of his dissatisfaction with all the pleasures of the sense and the world, that he comes to know himself at last, as Owen Meredith finely says,—

"A child
Set on this rudimental star
To learn the alphabet of being;
By straws dismayed, by toys beguiled,
Yet conscious of a home afar;
With all things here but ill-agreeing,
Because he trusts in manhood's prime

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To walk in some celestial clime,
Sit in his Father's house; and be
The inmate of Eternity."

What is to be the future of pessimism? Many are greatly alarmed by its rapid spread in philosophical and literary circles, and fear that with its black sceptre it may seize the kingdom of modern thought. I will not deny it a partial truth, a temporary use. Its mission is the correction of our easy optimism, our vain overestimate of the progress and happiness of modern life. Current philosophy disposes of the ugly and inveterate evil of the world altogether too jauntily. Society, proud of the victories of the past, is apt to drop the oar in a foolish contentment with its lot. That humanity may continue to go on, that it may even hold its own, it needs to be shown its diseases; it needs to be made occasionally somewhat discontented with itself.

But while pessimism may be a good medicine, it is ill-fitted for a daily food. While it is a good emetic to purge society of its indolence, vanity, and callousness, the world needs something sweeter for a steady diet. Where the popular taste craves it, we feel there must be some mental or moral disease. It is the expression of weariness; the vent-hole of the fault-finder; the protest and the refuge of those to whom the struggle for life has become too bitter; the amusement, perhaps, of the eccentric, the vain, the *ennuied.* In every case, when sincere, it is a pathological phenomena. All the songs of Nature, all the strains of normal, well-balanced life are cheerful. *Dum spiro, spero.* True life is always hopeful. Evil is always a fall, a step off from the path; not the natural gait and track of man. Universal despair, universal illusion, is self-contradictory, a mental suicide; its only truth, the illusion of the one who proclaims it. "Is all false and vain?" Then, at least, your proposition is. You cannot, my sombre pessimist, deny that. And I deny all the rest of your lugubrious philosophy.

The malady of pessimism, like all other isms, will have its day; but it will be only a brief one. The healthful instincts of man will reassert themselves. The experience of every

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wholesome natural life, the intuitions of the clear mind, the logic of consistent philosophy, the ever-ascending road up which modern progress is leading our race, the purer and more penetrating light illuminating so many of the old enigmas which a devout science and an enlightened Christianity are in these days giving,—all combine to limit the spread of pessimism to narrow quarters and exceptional ground.

JAMES T. BIXBY.

THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

History and biography require to be reread and readjusted perpetually to meet the wants of an advancing age; for new facts and data for rejudgment are yielded by further researches, and questions once supposed to be closed are again brought into court. The new attitude of the public mind also, and the rising standard of civilization and the quicker Christian sensibility, yield a new point of view from which to discriminate the good and evil of the past. These fresh rereadings of life and character may be for better or worse; the presumption is that they are better, but at any rate they are necessary. We should be inclined to say that the changed judgment in the case of Cromwell and the Puritans was for the better, and in the case of some other characters, say Richard III., Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth, was for the worse.

Important changes have taken place in the estimation of the character of Christ. If no fresh documents bearing upon his life have been disinterred from the mouldy chests of the past, at least the old ones have been scanned with a newly-couched vision. The study of the ethnic religions, and the sages and saints which figure in them, has no doubt enlarged our materials of comparative judgment; and though it may have sometimes disturbed its equilibrium, yet in the end we have come to more true and candid conclusions. Then the altered views of the nature and personality of Christ, as being not God but the Son of God, not Creator but created and subordinate, as in the Arian, humanitarian,

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or divino-humanitarian view, necessitate an altered diagnosis of his life. But above all, the means which his own religion, in its deeper hold upon the hearts and consciences of men, affords for forming truer conceptions of that moral quality out of which this very heightened power has itself largely sprung, must be taken into the account.

We may concede at the outset that no other evidence of the truth and authority of the Christian faith can for one moment compare with that afforded by the character of Jesus. None is so vital, persuasive, enduring, as this proof. None has stood the test of time so well, or come out so unharmed from the vicissitudes of opinion or the processes of criticism. When most at sea upon other points, even the most unbelieving have felt that in the moral excellence of Jesus Christ they have placed their foot upon the everlasting rock. As a motive force to individual minds, or to churches, or to great Christendom itself, no influence probably has equalled this personal attraction which has silently drawn mankind to the prophet of Nazareth. Less sung or preached as the crowning testimony, it is nevertheless the secret fascination which wins the hearts and commands the consciences of mankind. They may hold out successfully against other arguments, but they confess themselves conquered here. The pure spiritual life of Jesus has been the leaven of the leaven in the three measures of meal. The wonderful beauty of this life has been testified to by men of all creeds and of no creed. It has been heartily recognized by Rousseau and Renan, as well as by Leighton and Channing. Warriors and statesmen, the Napoleons and Websters, have bowed in reverence before its lofty superiority. Prose and poetry have exhausted their resources more worthily to celebrate its purity and heavenly-mindedness. The fine arts have done their utmost, and have retired confessing themselves unable to give any adequate representation of "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

The primary foundation of this marvellous structure was of course the original personality which he received from his God and our God. He was richly endowed with those con-

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stitutional gifts of will, intelligence, affection, and consciousness, with those susceptibilities of a spiritual nature and that quick moral sense, which made him an extraordinary person from his birth. What in others was comparatively weak was raised to the hundredth power in him. But personality is the endowment of God; character is the formation of man. The timber, brick, stone, iron, pigments, and precious gems are heaven-created, but the gothic cathedral into which these materials are gloriously fashioned is of human device and workmanship. And as character has at the beginning this twofold combination and play of divine gift and earthly effort, so all along the line of its developing and maturing power it holds in solution and appropriates to itself the providential environment of circumstances and events and the influence of the spirit of God combined with the free agent's own volitions, acts, and habits.

We cannot get away from the fact, however we may classify it, that Jesus was divinely endowed and commissioned for a great career. His personality was large in volume and fine in texture and quality, and touched with the Holy Ghost and with fire; for he could not baptize others with these transcendent elements until he was first baptized with them himself. But to the ample gifts of a great and heaven-enkindled nature, which men have willingly in varied phrase called godlike, he superadded the fidelity and fructifying use which multiplied the five talents of inheritance into the ten talents of a perfect manhood. This fact of the work which Jesus did upon himself as well as upon the world, his exertion and faithfulness in ripening the fruits of holiness and love in his own life, in self-culture and self-discipline, is constantly spoken of in the New Testament, and we should plainly read it there, did we not by the predominant teaching of the Church read between the lines what blurs the record,—that he was God himself, and needed no effort and no culture. Thus we are told that "he was tempted of the devil," and resisted his machinations; that "in all points he was tempted like as we are, yet without sin"; that he "learned obedience by the things which he

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suffered"; that "he was subject to his parents"; that he prayed, that he strove, agonized; that "he went about doing good"; that he watched, worked, wept; that "he was among men as one that serveth"; that from a child "he grew in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man"; that "he took not on him the nature of angels" but of men, and that he was not therefore one that could not be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

What were the results in the character and spirit of our Lord of this endowed personality and this educated development, may be traced in various directions and from different sources. We read first his own words: "Who is he who convinceth (convicteth) me of sin?" "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." "It is finished."

Then his deeds are evidences of the beauty and reality of his internal qualities. He healed the sick, comforted the afflicted, rescued the lost, befriended the friendless and outcast, taught, labored, suffered, died, that he might save mankind, and raise them to virtue and happiness. These acts speak in trumpet tones of the purity of his motives, of his all-conquering love, of his sublime disinterestedness and faithfulness unto death.

The heavenly voices added their all-commanding emphasis to human praises. Angels sang his advent, angels strengthened his faintness. The founder and the reformer of the ancient faith glorified his transfiguration. The approbation of God set its seal to his mission. "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him." "If I had not done among them the works that none other man did, they had not had sin." "I and my Father are one." "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son."

The conversations and discourses of Jesus also bear intrinsic evidence of the highest and purest qualities. The tree gives its character to the fruit, the fountain to the stream. Where truth, love, justice, meekness, courage, tenderness,

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devotion, abound in the speech, they must have their antecedents in the mind. The words of the great Teacher have an honest ring. He spoke whereof he knew, and testified of that which he had seen. His utterances all carry the most unmistakable evidence of a mind upright with itself. His beatitudes, prayers, parables, and conversations were but the expressions in language of truths and sentiments which had already taken effect in his own heart, and were living and reigning there supreme. Thus pure and true in the last recesses of the mind, was it wonderful that his word was with power, and even gainsayers exclaimed, Never man spake like this man, and that he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes!

So likewise the general character of Christianity, its aim as a mission of good to mankind, its lofty note of moral excellence, its uncompromising righteousness, its atmosphere charged and surcharged with love, its tender sympathy with the fallen and zeal for their recovery, its challenge to perfection, its self-sacrifice to do all and suffer all for mankind,—these royal sentiments and commandments bear proof that its great Light-bearer was not himself behind in appropriating and practising such excellent doctrines. Long since would these chapters of the holy Gospels and Epistles have faded into respectable commonplaces, and, like so many other precepts of Grecian sages and Roman moralists, have lost all living hold upon human society, but for the intrinsic and vitalizing power which was ensphered in them by the holy and self-sacrificing lives of the Master and his apostles. These give them, by an inward spell of sustaining and ever-renewing energy, their victory over the world. Men may come and men may go, but these go on forever.

And not only so, but the expansion in Christendom itself for eighteen centuries, and throughout the range of many nations, of the aims and attributes of Him who set in motion its mighty machinery of truths and agencies, suggests conclusively the moral dignity of his character. Nothing out of nothing comes; and the reverse is true. Saints, confessors, and martyrs, the fathers of the Church, the cloud of wit-

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nesses, the great company of the preachers, the churches that have exhaled a life-giving moral atmosphere in the world, are but so many testimonies that He to whom they all date back as their great original and inspirer bore in his own hand the sceptre of this unique and victorious righteousness. He has created a new and loftier standard of character, widened the conceptions of moral excellence, and raised to a flame in myriads of minds the desire for holiness, by his own incalculable force of will and aspiration. He has touched to finer issues of motive and life whole nations and generations of our race. No ordinary form of character could sit at the centre of energies like these which have operated for ages, and which still operate unspent and inexhaustible. If the echo has been so grand, what must have been the magic of the original voice? If the reflected and multiplied image has been so beautiful, what must have been the moral loveliness of the Christ himself? Well might Paul speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ, when all down the track of Christian history since his day are scattered the golden ingots from this great treasure-house.

The question of the sinlessness of Jesus has been much discussed by theologians, but not always with reason or discrimination. If by sinlessness we mean absolute and uncreated perfection, Jesus himself disclaimed it when he deprecated being called "good," and said "there is only one good,"—that is, infinitely and absolutely good,—"God." To say that Jesus himself was that absolutely good God would render null and void all the reasoning of this essay, and do away with the moral argument from Christ's character. For if he is and was God, all perfection is of necessity and eternally his, without degrees or efforts. But the discussion is really on a lower plane. Was Jesus exempt from intentional wrong-doing or transgression? It is not even whether he was tempted or not. For, as Milton says:—

> "Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind."

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It is not therefore in discussion, Was he tempted or not? for that fact is admitted; but it is, Did he, being tempted, yield to the temptation, and consciously and purposely do wrong? That he had imperfect knowledge in some things, he himself testifies; and that he held his powers as a created and dependent being, he repeatedly testifies. But deficiency is not sin. So that we conclude, with the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that though "in all points he was tempted like as we are, yet he was without sin." It is but a poor and unworthy criticism that peers microscopically into this or that act or word of his to detect some flaw, or prove how it fell short of the absolute and godlike standard. He has already anticipated and disarmed such petty cavilling, when he said there is only one absolutely infallible, infinitely perfect being,— God.

It is a new hint of the grandeur of the truths which Jesus taught, that they took practical form and reality in a personality so resplendent with spiritual beauties and graces as that we are now considering. For we are to remember that the religion *of* Christ was also the religion *in* Christ,— that is what he himself lived by; that it was not simply a faith he required others to have, but a faith of his own, one that he had tested and incorporated in his own life and conduct. If he taught that God is a Father, he had already experienced the power of that truth in his own prayerful and devoted love and obedience; if he recommended men to practise on the rule that they are brethren, not enemies of one another, it was that very rule which he had made doubly golden by making it the measure by which he tried his own motives, and bent all his powers to serve, bless, and love all mankind, even his enemies.

Again, we get a new suggestion of the difficulty and improbability of such a character when we remember that it was a public, official, exposed, exceptional, miracle-attended life which was assigned him. It was to be a great Prophet, Saviour, the appointed and anointed Messiah of his people and religion, doing deeds such as none before or since have done, performing the works which the Father gave him to

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do. How shall perfect harmony exist between this extraordinary office and sphere, and those graces and virtues which naturally and modestly spring from the deepest spirit-life? Yet we discern no break between the two,— between the natural and the wonderful, the private and the public, the actions of Jesus as a man and those of Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God. No flaw is detected at the junction. His spiritual like his bodily garb is seamless. Pure love, glowing zeal, entire disinterestedness, all-absorbing devotion, tenderest sympathy bridge over every chasm.

Again, the word *character* is too hard and set a term to be used with full justice to the life of Jesus. For we are prone to associate with that word a string of qualities and traits which we can enumerate, a compound of virtues which can, as it were, be taken apart piecemeal and put together. Whereas, character as applied to him should signify a flowing forth in lovely acts and forms of one profound and harmonious spiritual life, pure and exhaustless,— to use his own figure, a well of water within him, springing up into everlasting life. What we mark off and label as separate and distinct excellences were blended in him as one indivisible and glowing image. His piety was but another name for benevolence, and his service to mankind another way of loving God with all the heart. His love was only justice in one of its regards, and truth in another, and righteousness in another, and pity and forgiveness in still others; ever beginning, never ending; always old, always new; ever flowing in from the Infinite Life, ever flowing out in thought, word, and deed. In this, as in so many other aspects, he was the brightness of God's glory and the express image of his person; one, harmonious and inseparable; life in full circle; "the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

The leading impression which we get from the New Testament of the character of Christ is that he was pure, holy, free from sin and evil. The mouths of his enemies declared it as well as those of his friends. Pilate expostulated with his persecutors, "Why, what evil hath he done?" conveying

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by implication the challenge to show that he had done any whatever. Pilate himself said, "I find no fault in this man." What gave poignancy to the remorse of Judas was that he had shed "innocent blood." Even his bitter enemies, the Pharisees, confessed, "We know that thou art true and teachest the way of God in truth." The testimony of the Roman centurion was, "Certainly this was a righteous man," "Truly this was the Son of God." The language of the multitude who heard his words and witnessed his deeds was, "He hath done all things well"; or even stronger in the original,—he hath done all things beautifully. His life was not hid in a corner. As he said, "I spake openly to the world." He had no esoteric doctrine for his special disciples, and an exoteric doctrine for society at large. "In secret," he says, "Have I said nothing." And the result was that those who knew him most intimately testified that "he went about doing good"; and the people that crowded around him, his eye and ear witnesses, exclaimed, "He hath done all things beautifully."

There are two strongly contrasted classes of human beings. One consists of those who have a vigorous personality, but a shrivelled character; great natural powers, but poorly cultivated. Nature has done much for them, but they have done little for themselves. They have passively followed the bent of their genius, but have never equipped and matured the great faculties they have inherited, and rounded them out to the perfect proportions of a complete manhood. If it is a powerful will they were endowed with, then that has ridden dominant and tyrannized over the life. If it is a burning imagination that was their gift, they have followed its lawless soarings, though, Phaeton-like, it has set the heavens themselves on fire. But there is another class of men of limited personality, but painstaking character. They have built themselves up to the best of their ability. They have made the most of their powers; but they never rise above a certain mediocrity. It is the solitary and unsurpassed glory of Christ that he united to the mightiest personality the most finely wrought and perfectly balanced character,—the

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five talents of culture and self-growth to the five talents of original endowment.

As we cannot specify any act of wrong or word of evil of Jesus, so we cannot detect any lack or deficiency in conduct or life. All was rounded out and complete. If holiness may by its derivation be regarded as suggesting wholeness, Jesus by excellence was the holy man, the perfect man, no link wanting in the golden chain, none flawed or broken. Pass over the catalogue of good and beautiful qualities, whether in the sturdier form of virtues or the finer type of graces, and can we select one that did not find an exemplification in some deed, tone, or teaching of the Master? Is it his own test, supreme "love to God and man"? Is it the enumeration of Paul, "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"? Or that other one of the apostle, "truth, honesty, justice, purity, loveliness, virtue, praise"? Or that summary of a noble life in the twelfth chapter of Romans? Or that distilled essence of the whole as "charity" in the thirteenth chapter of the first of the Corinthians? Or the striking phrase of the Prophet Micah, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God"? Or that criterion of James, "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeping oneself unspotted of the world," as constituting "pure and undefiled religion"? Of what one of all these excellences, or of whatever other traits of character men have consented to mark as noble and praiseworthy, did not our Lord give a living example, "not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing"?

One of the difficult problems of character has been to unite in the same person opposite qualities, as masculine energy with feminine gentleness and sweetness, the active with the passive virtues, the self-assertive with the humble graces, practical habits with deep meditation. This balance and equilibrium which comes from the harmony of opposing traits was beautifully exemplified in Jesus. His was the most powerful manhood, merged in the sensibility and gentleness of womanhood. "Had the gospel type of character,"

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says Goldwin Smith in his "Lectures on History," "been stamped with the peculiar marks of either sex, we should have felt that there was an ideal free from these peculiarities beyond it." But in Jesus the marks of both were united. Thomas Carlyle said that a distinguished commentator had shown Jesus as the dove; now some one must present him as the eagle. Was there not a hint of this contrast in the Hebrew images of the "lamb of God" and the "lion of Judah," both essential to the complete and comprehensive character? The life we are reviewing exhibited the most varied activity of body, mind, and heart, in travelling constantly from one end of the country to the other, in healing the sick, comforting the poor and afflicted, and at the same time in teaching the sublimest truths, and investing them in the graceful garb of parables and simple illustrations. To meet these widely different exigencies required a peculiar power of adaptation. But if he had failed in either direction, as teacher or worker, as bold to assert or patient to endure, as authoritative Master or meek Sufferer, as true to the conception of his world-wide and eternal kingdom, or faithful to the humblest duty of the day and hour, it might have been claimed that there was a height of character which he had not attained. But we are not able to see any such defect. The range of his powers has been such that while he has commanded the reverence of the great and mighty, he has been loved by the gentle and humble of the earth. He has attracted men, women, and children by a like attachment. He advocated a mighty cause, but he did not on that account fail of the lowliest duties or neglect any of those little things which sweeten and beautify life. He spoke words of eternal life, but his blessing was on the heads of little children. He died on the Cross of the world's salvation, but he tenderly remembered his mother and disciple at its foot. His character was full of points, positive, incisive, and uncompromising. His yea was yea, and his nay nay; but "he did all things beautifully." He added to Hebrew righteousness Grecian grace.

Most characters, even great ones, are copies; Jesus was

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sublimely original. If he copied from any one, it was not from a mortal, but from the glory of the divine perfections in obedience to his own precept, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Great generals imitate other generals. The laurels of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep. Alexander carried to his career of conquest the Iliad of Homer, and fired his warlike zeal by the deeds of Achilles and the heroes of Greece. Napoleon was always measuring himself with Cæsar and other great warriors. Poets catch inspiration from the masters of the art who have gone before them. Homer lighted the torch for Virgil, Dante, and Milton, and he speaks of those who went before him. There were kings before Agamemnon. The lineage of saints, too, has been handed down from generation to generation.

But the life of Jesus is unlike that of any of the worthies of the classical or biblical record. Perhaps those most like him were his two leading apostles, John and Paul; Paul as a type of his energy and enterprise, and John as the embodiment of his sweetness and love. Yet how very unlike in many respects they were to him! He gave a type all his own, transplanting divine qualities of mingled mercy and majesty into his life, because he lived and moved and had his being in God, and was one with him in a holy and tender sympathy. Prometheus, in the old mythology, was fabled to have brought down fire from heaven to warm the habitations of men. Jesus brought us the true and living fire from heaven,—the love of God, the Holy Spirit.

There are peculiar qualities in men of certain tendencies and combinations of gifts, and certain moral temptations and weaknesses arising out of the possession and use of such gifts. Thus the philosopher is apt to be cold and unsympathetic. Engaged in the contemplation of immense themes, pondering truths and principles in their naked and abstract reality, he seems to have little fellow feeling with the mass of his fellow-men, with the toiling, suffering multitude who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. The poet, on the other hand, rapt away in visions of the true, the beauti-

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ful, and the good, throbbing with sensibility at every touch of human distress, keenly alive to every joy and every sorrow, is tempted to yield too much to imagination, and wreck his happiness and reason in over-wrought sympathy and melancholy. The reformer, different alike from the poet and the philosopher, intent upon urging forward some great improvement in human affairs, and regardless of minor obstacles that may stand in the way, is prone to indulge in a degree of will and self-reference, and an impatience and impetuosity of disposition, not consistent with the highest form of excellence. Our Saviour was not a philosopher, poet, or reformer, in our common acceptation of these terms; yet he had much in common with them all. He announced great principles with a majesty of emphasis, and an abstract concentration of statement, worthy of the greatest philosopher. At the same time, he had none of the coldness and remoteness from human sympathy and association indicative of such pursuits. He clothed, too, his great truths in forms of parable, simile, and parallelism, Hebrew usages of speech, with exquisite beauty of imagination and language, not inferior to the most poetical genius, but without "the fine phrensy," the passion, the visionariness, the morbidness, or the misanthropy which have so often been the fatal heritage of the sons of glory in poetic art. Jesus had in hand the most stupendous reform ever undertaken on earth,— a reform fundamental to all other reforms, and encircling them; but he fell into none of the weaknesses incidental to this class of the world's great benefactors. He was patient under opposition, calm in action, inflexible to his purpose, without obstinacy of temper or perversity of will, energetic without being headlong, and mingling with condemnation of sin, pity and mercy for the sinner.

His intellectual character has not always been seen in its wonderful strength and beauty, because the effulgence of his moral and spiritual characteristics has been so dazzlingly pure and bright. "The mind which was in Christ," to use an apostle's phrase, has yet to have a just and comprehensive analysis given it, and to be recognized in its monu-

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mental elevation, and its superiority to what men have been pleased to call great. With increase of power in any direction comes increase of temptation. It invests Jesus with a new glory to know that his was a nature of the chiefest of intellectual gifts and powers, a range of thought, imagination, and feeling known to none of the most elect of our race, yet that he controlled and subordinated all these principalities and sensibilities of his imperial nature so meekly and unblamably to the service of God as really to conceal often from men his possession of them. In truth, the weight and calibre of his mind can only be fairly estimated by the extended scale on which it has left its impress, and the depth of its influence upon the greatest and best of our race so that —

> "They who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
> Toil by the light, life, way, which he has given."

Most men when they become great isolate themselves from their kind, and withdraw seemingly into a selfish dignity and grandeur. In proportion as they are more wealthy, powerful, famous, or learned, they become more feared, but seldom more heartily loved. They are approached with awe and dread. Like the tops of vast mountains, they love to hide their heads in mystery and sublimity; the higher they rise the colder they grow, until common men look upon them with shuddering fear, as if they were demigods, not kith and kin with themselves. How very few even good men attain distinguished success in life, that do not part with something of modesty, reserve, and gentleness of manners and speech, and humility of spirit! The down of the peach is rubbed off. It is a caution.

But it is beautiful to see how winning the person of Jesus is, how sweet his name on the lips of men, how affectionately he has been clung to by the Pauls who have only seen him in the spirit, as well as the Johns who beheld him in the flesh; as he said, "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." For he gave the touch which makes all nature kin. He did it while living, he has done

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it since his death. Thus a good part of the strength of his religion lies in his fine personality and charm of character. When he has said, Come unto me, it has not seemed hard to go to the Master, because he is so gracious; as Dekker said,—

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

Looking unto him, virtue has seemed not hard to his disciples, but easy. Why should we not, men and women have said, flock to him, as did the multitudes of old, for his blessing? He is so kind and merciful, he will turn away none. Has he not loved us? Has he not died for us? We have followed him in spirit while living: we shall murmur his name when dying. A personal relation thus springing up between "Him whom having not seen we love," this becomes the surest pledge and attraction to a better and nobler life. For we thus look upon him not as God, not as rapt far away in a nature wholly unlike our own, but as our elder brother, as our dear and sympathizing friend, tenderly regarding and loving us, and ever silently and powerfully drawing us nearer to himself and thus to God. In him we see what we may, what we must, become in eternity, if not in time. This must be the meaning of that doctrine of "imputed righteousness," if it have any meaning that is rational,— a doctrine that clings so tenaciously to the skirts of the Church. It is that he has already become what we in our best moments desire to be. He is our representative, he is we ourselves in advance and by anticipation, a prophecy of our manhood to be, as we may humbly hope at some day it will be. That perfect righteousness we take to ourselves now, and in a sublime hope call it our own, though none has ever actually worn it in the flesh except Jesus Christ. The great aspiration shall not be defeated; somewhere, somehow, the purpose of God's moral creation, as of his physical, shall be fulfilled. He who would not let go the erring Peter, or the denying Thomas, or the fallen woman, has given a pledge of restoration and salvation to the uttermost.

The spirit of a life is more than any of its words or deeds.

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For the spirit is an essence, a fragrance that flies free, so rare and exquisite is it, of all embodiments or manifestations. So was it with our Master. Besides the enumeration of the many noble characteristics which we find in him, we must enter into the tone and temper of his life, see what gave vitality to all his excellences, lighted them all up with a glow, as a transparent vase is lighted and glorified by a fire placed within it. It was that indwelling spirit which made him seem so godlike, and which has strangely identified him with God himself.

It was an African chief in the heart of the Dark Continent who said, comparing Christianity with Mohammedanism, "The best is best"; and the practical result was to adopt and follow the best. This is the course we adopt in science, in government, in education, in business: why should we not in religion? Eclecticism is always weak and incongruous,—at best a patchwork. It would be an unfortunate result of the comparative study of religions, if it weakened our sense of the value of the best, Christianity, as it would make science worthless to go back from chemistry to alchemy, or astronomy to astrology, though both alchemy and astrology may have discovered some valuable truths. Having been caught up into this vision of the perfect man in Christ Jesus, we cannot consent to come down from this pattern shown us in the mount, and take up with mediocre excellence. "The best is best"; and by a law of our nature strong as the principle of gravitation we must follow and obey that. We can give no divided loyalty to Him whose right it is to reign.

And here we behold the ever-renewing hope of our civilization and the progress of the world. It is not, it cannot be, in any of the arts, fine or practical; in any of the sciences that deal with matter or with material interests; in external forms of social arrangement and government, though they may be cried up to the skies as the sure panacea for all the evils of the world. That hope still lies, in spite of all our boasted systems of human amelioration, substantially and necessarily in man's moral regeneration.

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This only reaches the root of the matter. And that power of moral regeneration is lodged more than anywhere else in the vivifying power of the life and character of Jesus upon the hearts and consciences of mankind. There it takes its purest form and breathes its holiest spirit. Men may reject Christianity: they cannot reject Christ. They may reject dogmas, theologies, moralities, which have been stamped as Christian; they may give up creeds, they may run away from churches: but they cannot give up Christ, or run away from him. He holds them with too mighty a spell, he has given them too many reasons to love and follow him. What makes Christianity weak, if it is weak, is deserting Christ. What makes the churches thin and poor, if they are thin and poor, is the substitution of human devices and sensations for the Word which cometh down from heaven and giveth light unto the children of men.

The Resurrection of Christ it was of old that brought back the faltering disciples to their heaven-commissioned work, and sent them forth conquering and to conquer. May it not be the moral and spiritual resurrection and return of Christ now to his faltering and faint-hearted followers that is needed to re-empower the Church with fresh life and courage, and make Christianity for centuries to come, as it has been in centuries past, the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation?

A. A. LIVERMORE.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF HEBREW LITERATURE.

The growth of literature can, least of all mental phenomena, be explained on the theory of a continuous development from primitive to modern times. More properly should we view it as a web, woven from the characters of the human races, and showing in its grain the mental conditions, tendencies, and limitations of the various historical tribes. Its onward movement through the ages has not been the steady, widening sweep of a river. Rather has it resembled the ocean, with its tides and currents, its tempestuous outbursts and irresistible gulf-streams of intellect, pouring through the stagnation of surrounding seas. The winds of thought have blown from every quarter upon the mind of man, stirring to life new births of mental conception. From it have arisen alike the grand swell of the Grecian imagination, the exuberance of Indian speculation, the wild fruitfulness of Northern mythology, and the torrent of Arabian fancy. And hundreds of strange products have floated to our times upon the sea of books, as odd and *outré* as any of the abnormal forms which the ocean casts upon her strands.

But under all productions of special minds and special influences, the mental constitution of each race is clearly stamped upon its literature, in unmistakable marks of distinction. We may take the three great families of civilized mankind,—the Semitic, the Aryan, and the Turanian,—and it will be easy to discover such marked differences in modes of thought; while less-declared differences are traceable between their separate branches. We can, indeed, best appreciate the special characteristics of Hebrew thought by a preliminary brief comparison of the various ancient literatures.

The Chinese may be taken as the literary race of the Turanian family, the other tribes of this great race having made but few and unimportant steps into the world of thought. Abundant as is Chinese literature, it is everywhere stamped by one mental brand; namely, that of a

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thoroughly prosaic mental condition, into which the element of the imaginative scarcely enters. Yet the valuable practical results which we might at first thought expect from this phase of mind are limited by the lack of that speculative vigor to which progress, even in the practical, is so largely due. In moral philosophy, in history, chronology, geography, and similar branches, the Chinese have made important advances. In sciences in which theory is the handmaid of discovery, in mythology, and in language, they are almost utterly deficient. Their spoken tongue, indeed, is but a step beyond the most primitive form, probably from their lack of employment of metaphorical imagery, to which development in language is so greatly indebted.

In the Aryan nations, as marked a mental strain is observable. They are exuberant in imagination, having the speculative faculty so strongly developed that it has resulted in the production of a populous new world of ideal creation. In India, this tendency has yielded an extraordinary growth of strange divinities and wild figments of fancy, literature scarcely touching the boundaries of the practical, but wandering, almost at random, in the field of speculation.

In Persia, the unitarian system of religion, which came to them from some source to us unknown, restrained them from the god-making fecundity of the other Aryan tribes, but not from the production of swarms of inferior supernatural beings, nor from surrounding their Ormuzd with a web of mythologic fiction which leaves him in strange contrast with the severe and solitary grandeur of the Hebrew Jehovah.

In Greece, a crop of divinities as numerous as those of India grew out of the Aryan imagination. Among the Aryans of Northern Europe also, appears a most exuberant mythology, which forms, in its wild imaginings, the whole of early Scandinavian literature. In fact, the most valuable feature of the literary products of Greece is their imaginative fervor, and the beauty and grandeur given them by the artistic restraint of the Hellenic mind. Thucydides and Aristotle may be offered as almost their only examples of

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rigidly practical thought, the works of almost all others — historians, orators, and philosophers alike — teeming with poetic ardor.

Descending through Aryan history, the same rule holds. In the Middle Ages, even under the strong restraint of the Christian faith, there sprang up a mythology of saints, only less extraordinary in character than the earlier pantheons. With it existed a literature in which imagination ran riot, and into which sober reason scarcely entered.

In our own day, this imaginative fervor continues to exist, though confined within a strong fence of logic and scientific precision, expending itself in fiction, in poetry, in metaphysical and theological speculation, in hypothesis and invention, and occasionally in wild outbursts of religious delusion. As a whole, it is now brought into its true field, having become the efficient servant of sober thought; while capable of soaring, on the wings of idealism, into the broadest fields of the universe of the abstract.

The remaining great family of civilized mankind — the Semitic — is less easily reducible to a single origin than the Aryans. One of the most important of its supposed branches — the Egyptian — is only doubtfully a member. In language the conformity is not close, while in mental strain there is a marked distinction. In the Egyptians, indeed, the imagination was as active as in the Aryans, and resulted in a mythology from which the Greeks seem to have borrowed to as great an extent as they created for themselves.

The remaining Semites are, so far as we may trust the evidence of history and tradition, traceable to a single point of origin. This central point of Semitic expansion is formed by the broad plains about the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Thence, on the evidence of Genesis, came the fathers of the Hebrews and the Arabs. Thence, as Herodotus tells us, came the Phœnicians. Over these plains Babylonia extended. This region was reverenced by the Assyrians as their native land; their dead were carried thither as to a holy locality, their slipper-like clay coffins

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yet filling the ruins of many of the ancient Chaldean cities.

Yet there is reason to believe that an infusion of foreign blood made itself felt in several of these tribes, and that possibly they may, in part, consist of a Semitic graft upon a Mongolian trunk. Such an origin must have strongly influenced their mental characteristics. The most actively imaginative of them is the Arabian, but it is an imagination markedly distinct from that of the Aryans. It approaches, indeed, the form which we now distinguish as fancy. The work by which they are best known to the modern world, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, is unapproached in its display of active fancy, while the Koran is almost as deeply marked by the same phase of thought.

In the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Phœnicians, we find stronger indications of community of origin, in an imagination more restrained than with the Aryans, and a spirit of repression of the speculative to the practical, which displays itself in various well-marked directions.

With the Phœnicians it ultimated in a commercial activity which, while devoting itself to the strictly practical purposes of trade, manifested a daring enterprise that opened up new worlds to their ships, and planted the foot of these Venetians of the pre-historic past on shores then marvellously remote from the outposts of civilization. Best of all the old nations they knew the value of peace, the strength of full hands, and how most wisely to avail themselves of the follies of their neighbors.

In the Babylonians and Assyrians this same mental tendency showed itself in a decided scientific progress, at a period in which the Aryans were yet busy with their deity-making fancies. Callisthenes, who accompanied Alexander the Great on his expedition, found Chaldean records of astronomical observations extending back one thousand nine hundred and three years before that period. In Assyrian literature we find a strongly marked devotion to subjects of a practical character, such as geography, history, grammar, zoölogy, botany, topography, and astronomy. They devised a system of natural-history nomenclature analogous to that

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yet employed; while their farms were surveyed and exact records of them kept, with a diligent attention unsurpassed by any modern registry of deeds.

These nations had their legends, their theological works, their mythologies, but they nowhere displayed the unrestrained extravagance of Aryan conception; showing much more strongly the tendency to material progress and to scientific research than to speculative fancy.

There remains to be considered the Hebrew, a race of whose origin in the region alluded to, and of whose descent from the early Chaldeans, we have more direct evidence than in the cases of the other Semites. In this outgrowth from the Chaldean stock we find a people who stand almost alone in mental character, and form one of the strongest, most intellectually vigorous, and most remarkable of human races. Exposed, as they were, to powerful mythologic influences, both from their long sojourn in Egypt, and from their close relations with the idol-worshipping Syrians, we perceive them, alone of all peoples exposed to such influences, strongly resisting them, and retaining the form of their Deity in all the awful simplicity with which the Mosaic teachings had invested Him.

Only a race of the most vigorous mentality could have borne the strain thus put upon them; and only strongly marked and unusual mental characteristics could have produced their earnest clinging to a faith so remarkably different from the beliefs of all the other ancient nations. That there was an occasional yielding to a worship of strange gods is, of course, to be acknowledged. But it was a surface movement only. In the heart of the race dwelt that unmoved devotion to the God of Abraham which, far more than the voice of their priests, restrained them from idolatry.

Such a fixed, vigorous, and earnest devotion to a single, abstract divinity, so strangely different from the worship of the surrounding nations, necessarily produced its influence upon their literature. In the written thought of the Hebrews, indeed, we should naturally look for a reflex of their special animating spirit, and for mental products of a

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literary value distinct from and superior to those of any of their contemporaries.

The strong mental strain derived, perhaps, from their Chaldean ancestry, shows its controlling influence through their whole history, holding them back from the imaginative figments of the Aryans, impelling them forward beyond the barren practicality of the Turanians. Throughout their literature this force of a restrained imagination asserts itself, bounded on one side by an innate sense of logical consistency, on the other by the earnestness of a settled religious faith. They differed by marked features of character from the neighboring Semites. They had none of the commercial spirit of the Phœnicians, none of the scientific energy of the Assyrians, none of the architectural vigor of the Egyptians; yet they possessed a strength of religious enthusiasm and a literary genius into which all their energies poured themselves, and which have exalted them to the loftiest position among all the nations of antiquity, the Greeks themselves having had less vital influence upon the history of mankind.

We are making here no question of the inspired origin of the books of the Old Testament, but are simply considering the channels through which their inspiration flowed; not the embodied truths, but the form of their embodiment. That the utterances of Moses and the prophets took form from their individual intellects, is everywhere evidenced by the stamp of the individuality of each writer deeply impressed upon his work. Celestial though the waters may have been, they hardened into the form and breadth of the vessels into which they flowed. The stamp of the Hebrew mind is on all its work: practical consistency, logical restraint, a poetic imagination flowing in the constraining channel of reason.

There has been no people upon the earth so specially adapted by mental constitution for the revelation of the unity of God. It needed not the voice of the prophets to keep the Hebrews as a nation from lapsing into idolatry. Their whole nature was identified with the truth to which they gave utterance. They alone of ancient nations were fitted, by their hereditary mental nature and by the influ-

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ences which affected their national growth, to bear downward through seas of idolatry the image of the one omnipotent Deity, to whom the world was eventually destined to bend the knee in worship.

After reading the cosmogonies of the other primitive nations, the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, even the Chaldean account of the same events as are related in Genesis, with what relief do we come back to the moderation of language, the definite chronological succession of persons and events, the restrained description, the toned-down imagination, the consistency and condensed vigor of style, of the Mosaic record! We have not here the vapid wanderings, the mythologic obscurity, the unbridled extravagance of language, the confused flow of thought, which mark the literatures of contemporary nations; nor yet the wearisome baldness of the Chinese annals: but a plain story of wonderful events, concise in manner, clear in meaning, yet with a vigor and poetical elevation of tone which show that the imaginative force was present, but was not permitted to hide beneath its flowery wealth the thought and purpose of the author.

This strength, conciseness, attention to the practical aspects of the subject, and clear simplicity of style mark alike the books of the Pentateuch and the succeeding historical annals of the Hebrew race. It is not to the authors of these works alone, but to the literary genius of the people as a whole, that these qualities are due. The national pride, of which we must expect some display, is less declared than is usual with primitive nations, and does not extend to the suppression of many unpalatable truths. It displays itself most strongly, indeed, in a minute attention to Jewish affairs and a lack of interest in the concerns of the surrounding great nations, which takes from these annals much of the very valuable historical interest they would otherwise possess.

Apart from the historical works, the remaining books serve to heighten our conception of the literary genius of the race. We have the sententious, homely wisdom of the

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Proverbs,—the condensed poetry of a nation with a genius for the practical. We have the Psalms, with their elevated tone, their lofty poetical diction, their freedom from mythologic views, their sublime leaning on the one great Deity, which places them in such strongly declared contrast with the Rig Veda, the Psalms of the Hindoo Aryans. In the works of the prophets the same power of bold, concise, clear, and earnest expression appears, joined with a frequent poetical force and sublimity which is unsurpassed, if equalled, elsewhere. Indeed, the condensation of expression, the lack of superfluous words, and the vivid boldness of personification give to these works a fervid, animated force, and a frequent sublimity, in which they stand unrivalled.

Particularly to Isaiah do these remarks apply. His dignity and grandeur, the majesty of his style, his elevation of tone, render him the most sublime of poets. In this respect he surpasses all the poets of his own nation. Jeremiah, indeed, is inclined rather to the tender and gentle than to the forcible, his works ranking with the most perfect of elegiac poems extant; while Ezekiel replaces sublimity by a style of unusual ardor and energy.

Chief among the remaining works is the remarkable book of Job, that sinewy and vigorous poem which stands almost alone in the field of literature, in sublimity of diction equalled only by Isaiah, in metaphorical vigor of expression without a rival.

We scarcely need repeat here the well-known fact that many of these works were written as poems, being couched in a peculiar versification of which there are no examples outside of Hebrew literature. This feature consists in dividing every period into correspondent numbers, which answer to one another, both in sense and sound. The first member of the period expresses a sentiment; the second amplifies this sentiment, repeats it in different words, or sometimes contrasts it with its opposite, but so that the same structure and nearly the same number of words is preserved. It is for this reason that our prose translation re-

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tains so much of a metrical cast, following the original as it does word for word. Thus in the ninety-sixth Psalm: "Sing unto the Lord a new song—sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, and bless his name—show forth his salvation from day to day. Declare his glory among the heathen—his wonders among all the people. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised—he is to be feared above all the gods."

This amplification of thought, however, does not enfeeble the style, as might be supposed. Their conciseness and energy of expression; their frequent yet never lengthy employment of metaphor, allegory, and personification; their intense earnestness of purpose; and their powerful, serious, and restrained strength of imagination gave to the Hebrew authors a literary strength never attained by a people moved solely by desire of glory as a maker of books, and saved them from the weakening overflow of words which is the greatest fault of primitive literary styles.

It would hardly be amiss to class the Hebrews with the Greeks as the two peoples of high literary merit in the far past. We are accustomed, indeed, to speak of the Greeks alone in this sense, placing all the other literary nations so far below them, that we only include with them their pupils, the Romans, under the generic term classic. This view certainly well applies to the Chinese, Indian, Persian, Assyrian, and Egyptian literatures. We would scarcely think of comparing their epic strains with the ring of Homer's verse, or their lyric with Pindar's lofty muse; of placing the Ramayana beside the Prometheus of Æschylus, or the Chinese chronicles in contrast with Thucydides. These nations do not even approach the art, taste, skill, poetic genius, and lofty range of thought of the Greeks. But in regard to the Hebrews we must ask a different verdict. They are as original, as lofty, as poetical as the Greeks; and, while more archaic in style and less varied in subject, may safely bear comparison with them as one of the two great literary races of the extreme past.

Nor was this vigor of thought in any sense a reflection

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from the Grecian splendor. The culmination of the Hebrew kingdom under Solomon antedates by one or two centuries the birth of Homer; and all their principal works were composed ere Greece rose into literary glory. They have, then, all the merit of originality,—a merit which places them in proper contrast with the Greeks alone, the Roman literature being in great part an echo of the Hellenic.

It is from this point of view that we wish now to consider them, and to point out that, while lacking in a measure the grace, skill, and diversity of the Greeks, they surpass them in a certain grandeur and grasp of thought, and in one respect may be classed above them, and, indeed, above all literary peoples of antiquity.

We refer to what we may call their spiritual insight, which they possessed certainly in a higher degree than any other ancient nation. In comparison with the Greeks they rise in this respect to an elevation never attained in the loftiest strains of the Hellenic muse. The Grecian thought was, indeed, on a strikingly lower plane than that of the Hebrew. Keen as was the stroke, clear-seeing as was the eye of the Hellenic mind, it thought not and moved not above the level of the earth. Through all their literature we find their conceptions bounded by visible nature, their imagery that which flows to the mind through the senses. They stand upon the earth and look out only over its level. Their gods are but men invisible; their heaven a mountain-top; their hell an underground cavern. Take all their authors, all their grades of literature,—Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, Demosthenes, Plato himself: the same criticism applies. For even the great author of the system of the ideal looked on the idea only as a substance, on God only as the personification of the good. All their philosophy was an idealization of the visible; all their art a conception of physical nature perfected, the acme of the cultivation of the eye.

With the Hebrews, a different criticism holds. The character of their conception of God shows at a glance th e

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stuff of which their minds were made. While their contemporaries were worshipping physical divinities, so heavily laden with earthly taints that the veil of invisibility scarce concealed them from human eyes, the Jews alone conceived of a Godhead existing in solitary grandeur, infinitely above the range of human vision, the stain of human frailties. It was this vast conception, this mental outreach into the infinite, which preserved them from idolatry, and kept them from falling into the defiled pit of mythology. That they escaped all contagion from the surrounding mind, that they as a people were capable of grasping in its entirety their own grand conception of deity, will not be claimed. But that they showed a power of insight into the infinite, an ideal outreach, possessed only in a much lower degree by their contemporaries, cannot safely be denied.

The Hebrew literature shows this characteristic. It looses its hold on the physical, and moves out into the empire of the ideal with a free step. The sublimity of their similes from physical nature has never been surpassed. Immaterial nature lay open to them alone of the people of the past; alone they looked through the doors of the spiritual universe, and took bold steps into that realm of the inimitable, into which the ancient world never followed them, in which only the modern world dwells in affinity with them.

They alone were fitted to receive the mission of Christ, to comprehend the inimitable grandeur of his character and sublimity of his teachings; and to them alone of all the nations of the earth He came.

CHARLES MORRIS.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—EMANCIPATION.

Few men have had such eulogiums passed upon them as Mr. Garrison. Wendell Phillips' address at his funeral was one of the most beautiful and truthful ever spoken on such an occasion. Other addresses, hardly less impressive, were also given by time-honored veterans in the same war, who had a right to speak of their great leader. Mr. Phillips has also contributed to the *North American Review* an article less eloquent, but giving the salient features in Mr. Garrison's life and character. Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia, has published a striking and truthful sermon on the same subject. Seldom has any man gone through such torrents of abuse in his early career with such earnest and unqualified enthusiasm on the part of his friends, and still more seldom has so sharp and vehement an advocate of human rights lived to find himself honored as Mr. Garrison was in his old age by all good men. As to the man, his high purpose, his fierceness of invective and his gentleness, his courage, his fidelity, his singleness of aim, his faith and his wonderful persistency,—no word too much has been said of him by his most fervent admirers. His name is one that will always live among the foremost in connection with the greatest and most successful moral enterprise of our age.

It is natural for personal friends to attribute to the object of their admiration results which come from a combination of influences, often widely separated from one another. In Mr. Frothingham's *Life of Theodore Parker*, that stanch and able defender of human rights is placed before us as if he alone were the guiding and moving power in the anti-slavery cause. So far as we remember, no mention is made of Garrison as a co-worker in the great enterprise which, according to our eulogists, was begun and carried on mainly by him. All honor to these men, and to others who, with equal fidelity and zeal, with hardly inferior strength, and in some respects with superior gifts and accomplishments, were working with them.

No one man or one class of men struck off the chains from four millions of slaves. The time had come. The spirit of the age was ripening for it. The slave trade, like piracy, which was once

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an honorable occupation, had become an abomination in the eyes of Christendom. British emancipation in the West Indies was a standing rebuke to our nation. At the critical moment, Garrison stood forth, the fearless, uncompromising advocate of the rights of man, especially as he saw them disregarded and trampled upon in the person of the slave. His voice sounded like the trumpet which announces a day of judgment. For more than thirty years he was holding up this crime against humanity, and appealing to the consciences of men to rise and put it down. No one can fully measure the exact direction and extent of his influence.

At the same time there were other men, by different processes and in other fields, laboring for the same end, with equal fidelity to their conscientious convictions. They did not understand him nor he them. They often regarded each other as enemies. And yet these men, jurists and statesmen and Christian ministers, each in his own sphere, by methods which he believed to be most effective, were doing a work equally important, and without which this land would to-day be an empire divided against itself, and the slave in a more hopeless bondage than ever before. Garrison appealed to the conscience, but had no plan to offer. Parker appealed also to the moral sentiments, and from his more practical habits of thought was looking for some efficient methods of action. He foresaw a civil war,— not the war which actually came, but a civil war inaugurated by anti-slavery men in a forcible resistance to the laws of the United States. If he could have carried out his plan, we anti-slavery men would have been the rebels; the whole weight of the national government would have been against us, and slavery would have come out of the contest triumphant.

There were far-seeing statesmen who knew better than this. While upholding the cause of constitutional liberty against the slave power, which was the mission of John Quincy Adams in defending the right of petition in Congress,— while exposing the logical subtleties and sophistries by which slavery in asserting its supremacy would make our national government but a rope of sand, which was Mr. Webster's especial work,— these men and their associates, with an eloquence which thrilled the hearts of the people in all the free States, were laying down principles of law to guide our rulers when the conflict came, and creating and strengthening a sentiment of national honor and patriotism, which in the momentous crisis should rally our bravest and best around the national standard. Without the education which

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these men gave to the people, the war never could have been carried to a successful issue. The paralysis which fell on President Buchanan and his cabinet would have extended through the nation, and given an easy victory to the slave power.

Under the influence of all these men, acting in different spheres and by different and sometimes apparently antagonistic methods, and still more by the natural evolution of moral ideas and convictions and the consequent progress of events, the nation was prepared to meet the tremendous issue when it came.

It had been the policy of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster to strengthen the national sentiment, and with it the national government. They always regarded slavery as a moral and political evil, inconsistent with the fundamental principles of a free government. They believed that as a foreign ingredient it must work itself out of the system. They saw how rapidly the free States were gaining upon those cursed with slavery, and hoped, by staving off the conflict, to gain such an ascendancy on the side of freedom as to make civil war an impossibility on the part of the slave-holders. To secure this postponement which they knew would be fatal to the slave power, they consented to sacrifices and compromises which ought not to have been made. But it is not right for us to impugn their motives. Mr. Webster shrunk with horror from a civil war which he knew must come unless some conciliation could be secured. He was haunted by the thought of a mutual alienation,— distrust, anger, hatred, civil war, disunion, and all the horrors attendant upon them. One day, in his office in Washington, he was walking back and forth in a state of profound agitation, and then suddenly burst into tears. He had been thinking of the future of his country, unless some means could be devised by which to calm and subdue the conflicting passions of the people. The inevitable result was one, he said, on which he did not trust himself to speak, it so entirely overwhelmed him. This was his deep underlying conviction. He sought to put off the evil day, believing that in so doing the cause of freedom would be secured. The advocates of slavery saw and believed as he did, and, in order to avert the destruction of their beloved institution, rejected the proffered concessions, and hastened to precipitate the country into a civil war.

They succeeded. The war was begun. The nation seemed to be broken into fragments. We found ourselves in the midst of a political chaos. No people ever more unwillingly accepted a conflict forced upon them. What could we do? A brave, sagacious,

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single-hearted, but ungainly and untried, man was at the head of the government. He knew that he could go only so far as the people would go with him. Their courage rose with the occasion. First of all, the sentiment of patriotism roused them. Their country's flag was to them a token of inspiration and devotion. It appealed to the highest sentiments of their nature. All that was most sacred to them — home, religion, duty, honor — was bound up in that. Thence came the valor and the strength which were more than a match for the angry passions that would break a great nation into fragments. Then came in the anti-slavery sentiment as a timely reënforcement; and the work was done.

But how was the preparation of rulers and people made? Who were the men who had been laboring most ably and successfully to this end? All true philanthropists and patriots and statesmen, all preachers of the gospel who were leading their hearers to a better recognition of the rights of man, to a higher standard of Christian living, or a loftier spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice — Garrison and Phillips and Parker, Mrs. Stowe with that wonderful book of hers which entered as a new revelation into a million homes, William Ellery Channing and Albert Barnes, Lovejoy dying at Alton in defence of a free press, Samuel Hoar and his daughter driven shamefully from a Southern State, John Quincy Adams, the most accomplished statesman of his day, Daniel Webster, at Plymouth and in Washington, whose words of wisdom and of fire were declaimed in every school-house throughout the North and West, Henry Clay, too, and Horace Greeley, John Marshall and Joseph Story, Charles Sumner and that half-inspired madman John Brown,— all, in their various ways, had been preparing us for that hour. No one man did it. It was too mighty a work for that. Under the great providence of God there were a thousand leaders training themselves and their followers for the fight. As in a tannery at Galena and in a military school in Mississippi the two foremost generals were getting ready, so in many a private or obscure occupation, little known by the great world, were we educating men to lead us safely through the sea of blood and "the great and terrible wilderness" that lay before us. Garrison, alone or with his immediate associates, was only as one crying in the wilderness. Parker, the shrewdest among philanthropists, with his plan of forcible resistance to the general government, could only have led to disastrous failure. Sumner, with the forced and unnatural interpretation

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which he put upon the Constitution, could never satisfy the legal mind of the nation. Daniel Webster, in his last and fatal concessions to slavery, was severing the fundamental law of the country too much from its moral convictions to secure success in a vast moral enterprise. But He whose foolishness is better than our wisdom, used all these men as instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. Even the madness and folly of those who forced the war upon us, helped us to do what we never could have done without their help.

Once again, therefore, we say, all honor to the brave, devoted, conscientious men who labored in the cause which led to the emancipation of four millions of slaves, and the establishment of our government on a foundation of justice and freedom! Not less but greater honor to each one because he shares it with all the rest!

THE TRANSYLVANIAN TERCENTENARY.

The Unitarians of Hungary celebrated in 1868 the three-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of their church in that country,— the oldest Unitarian church, under that name, now existing in Christendom. Last August they observed, in connection with the meeting of their Synod, the three-hundredth anniversary of the imprisonment and death of Francis David, the famous court preacher at Klausenburg, and first superintendent, or bishop, of the Unitarian churches in Transylvania, and in some sort a martyr of the faith.

Francis David seems to have been a brave, honest, and thoroughly devout man; as he was an eloquent preacher and vigorous writer, the friend of Faustus Socinus and George Blandrata: and perhaps he is none the less worthy to be accounted a martyr to Unitarian principles because he gave offence to these Unitarian leaders in venturing to dispute the doctrine of the worship of Jesus in any sense, on account of which he was by them delivered up to the civil authorities. David could hardly have been severely dealt with under the tolerant rule of John Sigismund, but for the bitter opposition of these leading coreligionists, who were wary and politic, and one of whom, Blandrata, afterwards apostatized for interest's sake. So that while the early history of Unitarianism is stained by a persecution approaching in result, though not in persistent and bloodthirsty purpose, the pursuance of Servetus by Calvin, it is on the other hand lighted up by the courage of a martyr more heroic and certainly more saintly than

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the Spanish doctor and controversialist; and absurd as some of David's propositions sound, as stated by his enemies at the time, there can be no doubt that in his spirit, as in his main doctrine, he more fairly represents Unitarianism than they, and that the churches in Transylvania do well to preserve the memory of his life and death.

We regret that the American representative appointed to attend this interesting celebration was unable to be present; but from the letters of one of the English delegates, Rev. Alex. Gordon, in the *Christian Life*, we copy some extracts indicative of the services and the spirit of the occasion. Less in numbers than the Unitarians either of England or America, our coreligionists in Hungary form an extremely important and interesting body, both from the length and picturesqueness of their history and their zeal in education and social advancement, as well as from their own high characters. It seems evident that Unitarians there hold the same advanced position in regard to education and topics of public welfare that is conceded to them both in England and in this country. Thus Mr. Gordon writes that the Szeckler Association, an important patriotic society for the industrial and economic improvement of that part of Transylvania inhabited by the Szecklers, is officered, and largely led and supported, by Unitarians. A delightful feature of this celebration was the mingling of members and clergy of various churches, including the Catholic, in the exercises and festivities. This indicates a wonderful advance since the time, within a hundred years, when Unitarians were everywhere persecuted in Hungary and subjected to social and civil disabilities.

I reached Keresztúr last evening, after a wonderful drive from Maros Vásárhely, through many Unitarian villages. This beautiful little town was all astir, the whole population awaiting the arrival of the bishop and his cortège from Kolozsvár. I had time to make myself well acquainted with the ins and outs of the place before the procession made its appearance. An arch of triumph with the words, *Isten Hozott* (God has brought you to us), spanned the entrance to the Market Place; and here, after a long train of outriders in hussar costume had passed through, the carriages containing the bishop, the lieutenant of the District, Mr. Chalmers, and other leading friends, came to a halt. Congratulatory addresses were given and responded to, the bishop making a fine speech in sonorous Magyar, and Mr. Chalmers rendering an able response in German. The welcome to the English representatives was given in very good English by Prof. Benczédi. I replied in English, with a Magyar tag at the end. There was a grand supper afterwards, with many speeches. On the pro-

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posal of the healths of Mr. Chalmers and myself by the lieutenant, Gabriel Daniel, I got up to say a sentence or two in Hungarian. As soon as I began with *Tisztelt Tarsoság* (Honored Assemblage), the applause showed that my humble attempt was well received. I went on to say: "Little can I speak in Hungarian, therefore must I say much in that little. God bless the Unitarian churches in Hungary, in England, in America, and in all the world, for ever and ever." Here the applause became vociferous. Though I had intended to add a few sentences more, I felt that this was enough, and prudently sat down.

The Synod's proceedings opened to-day at nine o'clock. An opening address stating the objects of the meeting was read by Gabriel Daniel, who sat to the bishop's right hand, at the head of a long table. Prayer was then offered. The new delegates to the Synod were then sworn in, with uplifted thumb, in Unitarian fashion. The bishop gave the welcome to foreign representatives, which Prof. Kovacs interpreted for our benefit. The representative expected from the American Unitarian Association was unfortunately not present. He sent a letter of apology from Switzerland. Mr. Chalmers read a very hearty reply in German. I had three addresses to present. The Address from the British and Foreign Unitarian Association I introduced in Hungarian, and then read the English text. A translation into Hungarian was read by Dr. Gyerggai, and received with frequent applause and much admiration. The Addresses from the Irish Nonsubscribing Association, and from the Ulster Unitarian Christian Association, which were in Latin, I introduced in that language. The addresses themselves were read by the notarius, Mr. Kovacsi. Mr. Boros then read a translation of a friendly letter and resolution from the Irish Free Congregational Union. Mr. John Hajos, a subordinate member of the Hungarian Government, moved a resolution in Latin to the effect that these addresses be recorded on the Minutes, and that a suitable reply be forwarded to each in the name of the Synod. An interesting feature in the remaining proceedings of the morning sitting was the presentation of a splendidly bound Bible, in velvet and silver, to the Church at Keresztúr, the giver being Mr. John Zsako, the postmaster of Toroczko. At this sitting were present many clergy in little doctrinal sympathy with the Unitarians, including the Catholic Archdean, Andrew Demeter, a noble-looking man, in full ecclesiastical attire.

The religious service began at half-past eleven. The little church, which had been specially enlarged for the occasion by the addition of a new wing, was densely crowded. Hundreds of people were unable to gain admission. Scripture-reading forms no part of Hungarian Unitarian worship. Several hymns were sung, including one, specially written by Louis Nagy, to the favorite tune of Luther's hymn, "A stronghold sure is our Lord God." The preacher of the day was Mr. Denis Peterfi, his text being, "I have given you an example." After the sermon the bishop delivered an oration on Francis David and the Tercentenary.

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Nothing could well have been finer in manner or in matter. The three foundation-stones of F. David's character were successively dwelt upon,— his love of truth, his moral courage, his deep spirit of religion. The bishop is a noble man, in every way impressive. Till I had seen his clergy, I thought him the least ecclesiastical person I had ever met. His influence over his people is very strong, and its beneficial effect on the tone and elevation of the Church may be traced in many directions. After the oration and a hymn, came the administration of the Lord's Supper. The celebrant was John Albert, the minister of Thorda, whose acquaintance and friendship I had already made. He is a fine specimen of the older generation of ministers, a genial, cultured man, with a large heart and a goodly presence, speaking Latin with great ease and fluency, an accomplishment which is not cultivated by the younger men. The mode of administering the rite, after an earnest address, was singular and impressive. We stood in successive detachments round an open space in the centre of the church. The table, covered with draperies of various hue and material, shrouding the elements somewhat after the Greek fashion, was then unveiled. The assistant clergy went round and gave to each communicant a morsel of bread, and handed the cup. Each circle of communicants was dismissed with a prayer. The women, who sit always in a separate part of the church, did not communicate till the men had finished. During the progress of the service, which lasted a long while, a message came to the bishop, saying that the people outside wanted a word from him. He went out accordingly, and addressed an extempore discourse to the crowded throng of Szeklers, with true apostolic readiness and unction. The religious ceremonies concluded with a baptism, when I stood godfather to a nephew of Baron Orban.

After the services came a banquet, with many toasts, patriotic, religious, and sentiments of welcome. Contrasted with the spontaneous warmth and cordiality of this gathering, our own Crystal Palace meetings seem little better than a frigid formality. National music was performed by the gypsies, the professional minstrels of Hungary,— gypsies, however, who live in regular houses, and wear the ordinary garb of human society.

The Hungarian is the only branch of the Unitarian Church universal which is blessed with Episcopal organization, and presided over by a bishop. The present incumbent, Bishop Ferencz, appears to be at least in the spiritual apostolical succession. Here is the account Mr. Gordon gives of an ordination service connected with the celebration: —

After the sermon, came the bishop's address to the candidates for ordination, a noble charge, freely uttered, with uncommon fervor. One of the candidates said to me afterwards that he never felt so much moved in his life as when the bishop was speaking. The bishop having from the pulpit put a query to the candidates respecting their intention of

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entering the ministry, the ancient Register-book, dating from 1634, was produced. Eight candidates signed it. The oath of ministerial fidelity was then administered to them in a body, Rev. Joseph Derzsi reading the formula, and the candidates repeating it after him, with uplifted thumb. It may be interesting to your readers to learn that the clause which Mr. Tayler noticed in 1868, enjoining the ministry not to deviate in their preaching, even a hair's-breadth, from the language of Scripture, has been omitted from the ordination diploma. This clause was originally intended to bar the introduction of theological phrases not found in Scripture, such, *e.g.*, as trinity, substitution, and the like. In the new form, the ministry are enjoined to study Scripture and preach its truths according to their conscience and learning. The ceremony of ordination closely resembled the form prescribed in the Anglican rubric, and actually in use among Presbyterians. In place of the communion table, a square of carpet was laid in the central open space of the church. On this carpet each candidate successively knelt. The bishop and clergy all placed their hands upon his head, while the bishop read a short ordination prayer, using a different selection for each. Another address by the bishop, and a prayer by Archdean Michael Kiss, brought this very impressive occasion to a close.

THE ISHMAELITE OF TO-DAY.

Among the established fictions of literature is the character given even in encyclopædias of the tent-dwellers of Asia,—that they are Mohammedan, fierce, depraved, treacherous, superstitious, inhospitable; that they inhabit caverns, feed on milk, and are fanatically inspired by Marabouts,—that is, Moslem monks. Now, it is refutation enough of these stereotyped stories that Lady Blunt and her husband, as described in her late book, the *Bedouin Tribes of the Desert*, who lived for weeks among the Bedouins of the Euphrates, without any body-guard and without any official position, never required any passport, never had to pay their way along, never lodged in any caverns, never were feasted on milk, never detected any superstitious practices, and never were grudged food, shelter, protection, guidance. Having shared the Sheik's tent, been warmed by his fire, fed with his "succotash," and protected day after day gratuitously by a Syrian tribe whom the Blunts did not visit, the present writer would offer another tribute to their hospitality. Really, patriarchal life may be seen to-day in the patriarchal lands. The unchangeableness which distinguishes Oriental life is wonderfully witnessed in the descendants of Ishmael. Their limited "length of days" probably is an exception. Physicians are unknown among the Bedouins, nor is there much knowledge of herbs; while they are

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sometimes stinted for food, and listlessness breeds indigestion. Only the "young bloods," that have their spurs to win, make any marauding expeditions to give a stir to their blood. And once seriously sick, the half-fed frame of the Bedouin speedily surrenders. Besides, Lady Blunt found that when a tribe was on its march, no rest was given even to the suffering mother or child. With a sort of savage insensibility, the drooping woman was dragged along on a camel's back, very much as calves are carted in our neighborhood to Brighton market. And the absence of old people is suggestive. Many of the Sheiks are young and childless, so that patriarchal longevity is a legend of olden time.

But their hospitality is absolutely unchanged; is rendered as a sacred duty, without stint of time or number of guests, sometimes with the sacrifice of what they need for themselves that they may not be suspected of meanness. All Arab tribes are merciful to the stranger who asks their help; never accepting more than a package of tobacco or a dressing-gown at parting; never offering such meagre fare as milk; never in time of famine withholding a share of what their own families may need on the morrow. One Sheik is even said to have killed a noble mare because the tribe were starving, and he had no other meat to offer his distinguished guest, the ambassador of an emperor.

Men are wont to call this "wild man" of the desert superstitious. The Blunts could detect no trace of the kind, no fanaticism even, save about horses. They have no altars, no churches, no hermitages. Yet, exactly like the patriarchs, they attach supreme moment to their plighted troth. Their chief religion, the dread of violating an oath or abusing a trust, it might be well for Christians to imitate. The solemnity is very striking with which they raise the hand to heaven and invoke its blessing upon their fidelity to these unwritten engagements. It seems a custom entirely of their own, belonging to their out-door life; and, as they rarely enter a mosque or make any acknowledgment of Deity even at their one daily meal, they cannot be numbered as living members of any religious body. Besides keeping their covenants sacredly as their forefather Abraham "the faithful," besides banishing swine as unclean, abhorring profanity, and abominating intemperance, they often say, "God is God,"—they bow to his will as little children,—they seem absolutely without any care for the morrow, even for the morrow of another world. Is not this too an inheritance?

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Of course they are "birthright" polygamists. Mohammed borrowed it from them more than they from Mohammed. The wife is protected by the right of returning to her father's tent whenever she feels aggrieved, and no force can drag her back against her will.

Hard-working, homely, and ignorant, Lady Blunt found these tent-women to be, but contented, simple-minded, and devoted to domestic duty. As profligates of either sex were unheard of in the frugal life of the desert, and gluttons or drunkards unknown, it was pleasant to find the poor man as well protected as the rich, not by written law, but by public sentiment, interpreted in every tribe by its Sheik according to the general conscience; when that failed to satisfy, instead of the Emir of the books a jury of not more than twelve men settles the matter beyond appeal.

Among the tens of thousands whom the Blunts visited, travelled with, and pledged brotherhood to, only a single tribe had a Mollah, and he the chaplain of a former Sheik, utterly destitute of function or authority. The largest tribe encountered by these fearless English travellers — the Anazeh — was never seen at prayer, never asked the divine blessing at parting, at table, in time of battle, or in any case other than in public ratification of their engagements; and then without any hint of future penalty,— simply to proclaim their inviolable honor. Layard found out how they kept this pledge, when a Nineveh Sheik returned two lost camels after a fortnight's search, and refused any compensation, because he had guaranteed their safety. Rassam, the English wool-dealer, never lost any of the thousands of pounds he had confided to Bedouin purchasers, though the money wandered far beyond his reach into the heart of the desert, and was gone for months.

This unfettered, ungoverned, horse-breeding, sheep-raising life of the Asiatic deserts will go on until changes come over their land, of which there are faint foreshadowings now; and when at last the Ishmaelite fades away before the approach of Western civilization, he will not be supplanted by any honester race, though it may well be by people more religious in observance, more refined in manners, and more artistic in culture.

F. W. H.

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IN MEMORIAM.—ELIZABETH D. LIVERMORE.

The wife and beloved companion for forty years of our revered President of the Meadville Theological School has passed away. We cannot allow this dear name to fade from the records of the living without saying a few words in recognition of a noble life.

We remember her in our early youth, when impressions are stamped indelibly upon the memory. We call to mind the pastor's wife in her first parish among the beautiful hills of New Hampshire. We see her calm dignity, her mild-beaming eye, her benignity so tranquillizing to the fretted spirit of youth. She loved and magnified her vocation,— that of shepherdess of the souls of men,— and faithfully did she perform her work in all the details of a life more exacting than is the life of a minister's wife in these days. Living on a small salary, where the only luxury was a wood-lot from which the pastor was permitted to draw at liberty, she yet contrived not only to keep within her means, but to maintain a hospitable home, where the poor lecturer, the retired pastor, or the theological student always had a seat at her table. Her catholicity of spirit was remarkable, and still more her perfect justice. She would converse freely of her friends and acquaintances, see their faults, and not attempt to cover them; but she would also see virtues in the most unlovely. No one who has not experienced it can estimate the wholesome effect upon the young, of the conversation at table alone in a circle of people who indulge in no intemperate words, no heated criticism, but keep the mind on a serene height where it sees things as they are, yet under the stimulating freshness of religious and intellectual culture. Behind that calm countenance, there was also a fund of humor that enjoyed keenly a simple joke, and the laugh often went over all the lineaments of her face, and would not be restrained until it had had its fill. Her toleration of "all sorts and conditions of men" was surprising, when she had so close an eye to see their weak points, and so much sensitiveness to the ludicrous. She had a sound intellectual culture, read the best books, conversed with much ease and elegance in general society; and her executive ability in the management of her household

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and the affairs of practical life in a parish, must have done not a little to save her husband's hours in his study from interruption.

This noble and useful pastorate must, like all things, come to an end. Her husband's health required a change, and, painful as it was, there must be an uprooting. She went through it all with her accustomed activity and serenity, and removed to the Unitarian parish of Cincinnati, O. Here she had the constant companionship of a beloved sister, and a delightful social circle of the best New England people, transplanted to the West. The parish was there a great contrast to the former one, where the church traditions and usages were held in great respect. This parish was already somewhat divided and eaten into by that form of negation which simply declines venerable sacraments, but does not substitute anything spiritual in their place. The minister and his wife must have felt the change; but they worked on bravely, striving to build up rather than to pull down, yet "offending no man's conscience." She felt and enjoyed the elastic air of the West, the freedom from conventionality, its activity of mind, and the love of the fine arts so conspicuous in that city, and was making the best of the opportunities that surrounded her, when there came upon her the stroke of a disease which destroyed for a time the fine equipoise of her being. It is hard to understand how the laws of transmission can be allowed to impair a finely-balanced nature without any fault of its own. We must only bow in submission to the will of God, and believe that he will make good come out of all these evils. Under considerable excitement of mind she wrote and published an interesting novel, which displayed the same critical judgment, fine culture, and power of expression which she possessed in health. If it had had a more even poise, it might have won for her a brilliant reputation. As it was, it showed a richness and warmth of nature which was not always known even by her best friends and acquaintances. It was deemed best for her to make another change, and her husband removed to Yellow Springs, O., where they resided for some little time during her illness. They afterwards removed to Yonkers, N.Y., and her husband accepted the editorship of the *Christian Inquirer*, and also fulfilled parochial relations in Yonkers.

She gradually threw off the influences of her disease, and when her husband was appointed to the position of President of the Meadville Theological School, she was so far recovered as to be

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able to aid him in his work. The students, professors, and people of the Meadville parish can bear testimony better than we to the elevated spirit which has so long presided among them. Some of the happiest years of her life appear to have been spent in that beautiful place, where the atmosphere of a university and all the surroundings were of a nature to satisfy her best aspirations.

We must not forget to mention that, being without children, she made it her duty as well as pleasure to adopt from time to time into her family her nieces and other young girls, who might, if we asked them, give us loving tributes for one who reared them so faithfully from youth to womanhood, thus casting into shade those silent households where there is every luxury, but too much selfishness or constraint to welcome any new-comers.

Although of a reserved and retiring disposition, she early accustomed herself to take an active part in all good enterprises, being reared in a large family circle where the members were remarkable for moral and intellectual activity. Besides presiding in the Benevolent Society at Keene, she served in the Relief Union, and the Women's Art Association at Cincinnati, aided to build the Unitarian church at Yonkers, was President of the Woman's Temperance Union in Meadville, Superintendent of the Temperance Home, assistant in the Public Library, and during the war devoted herself to the relief of the soldiers.

During the last year or two she suffered much from the hydra-headed torments of dyspepsia. She came East this year to renovate her system, but her frame was so much debilitated that she was easily overcome by the disorders of the summer season; her strength left her wholly, and she sank gradually away. She was in the home of her beloved niece in South Boston, so near the ocean that the salt breezes must have often refreshed her weary spirit. She was aware of her condition, "longing to go to her Father's bosom," and passed away in the early shadows of the morning to the land of immortal life and peace.

VINEYARD HAVEN MISSION.

Our readers are probably aware of the work that is going on at Union Bluff, Vineyard Haven, through the reports that come in occasionally to the American Unitarian Association, or the Channing Conference, from Rev. D. W. Stevens, who is the devoted leader of this mission to seamen. But reports of that nature are necessarily brief, and we have so much faith in this work that we

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have desired to bring it more vividly and personally before the minds of the readers of this *Review*. For this reason we have written to Mr. Stevens asking him to favor us from time to time with a letter, keeping us informed of what most interests him, and awakening in us the same enthusiasm which fires him in his loved work away there where the salt foam dashes against the rocks, and the little haven welcomes to its retreat the weary or the gay and rollicking sailor, dropping the good seed into his soul.

The reading-room is well supplied with daily and weekly papers, religious and secular, and near by is a museum containing curiosities of the deep, fossil remains, and especially Indian relics connected with the early history of Martha's Vineyard. The library contains over eleven hundred bound books, and all the conveniences for writing and mailing letters free of charge to all seamen and yacht clubs. The citizens and visitors to the Vineyard are also invited to take out books. Public worship is held there on Sunday mornings and evenings.

We will hear, however, what Mr. Stevens writes, hoping that he will pardon us for quoting from an informal letter, because, although facts of this kind are always interesting to hear, yet when they are lit up by personal contact with the spirit of the leader who moves among them all and wakes them to life, we are no longer willing listeners merely, but warm sympathizers, converted heart and soul to the work by the magic power of one man's faith. Mr. Stevens says:—

You ask what most interests me in connection with the mission. I will tell you. I place a far higher value upon Christian work than upon Christian preaching. I derive great pleasure from applying the principles of the Christian religion to the unfortunate in every way in my power. In my judgment the only true way to establish liberal Christianity in any community where it has not existed is by personal contact rather than by mere preaching. This of course takes time, and by time I mean several years of patient endurance of both hardships and sectarian impositions of various sorts. While here I have endeavored to carry out my theory, and I believe some good has grown out of it. At any rate, my position here is very different from what it was ten years ago. At least, Unitarianism and the mission here are respected now,—which was not the case years ago.

Notwithstanding what I have said in favor of patient yet earnest Christian work, for years past, a good part of the time, I have held three religious services a week in the seamen's chapel here,—a regular preach-

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ing service Sunday forenoons, and conference meetings Sunday and Thursday evenings, at which all present are invited to take active parts in the services. Sometimes several Christian denominations are represented by the different speakers at one meeting, yet no controversy has ever arisen in the chapel. I think facts can be adduced to show that the mission here has exerted a liberalizing influence all over Martha's Vineyard from Edgartown to Gay Head, though the mission is nominally one to seamen.

You may get some idea of the nature of my work here from the enclosed circular. Thousands of copies have been carried to various parts of the world. According to the report of the agent of the "Associated Press" in this place, five thousand eight hundred and nine vessels entered our harbor in 1876, which may be considered a fair average of the number of vessels entering our harbor every year; thus affording a good opportunity for disseminating Unitarian views by means of tracts and otherwise.

As collateral work to the mission proper, I act as agent for the "Shaw Asylum for Mariners' Children," Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, President. By means of this agency quite a number of poor children are aided, to make them comfortable. I have no pecuniary compensation for this work, and I do not wish for any. I also act as chaplain for the Marine Hospital here, as a gratuity. As chairman of the school committee, I receive about enough money to defray the expenses of the work. To my mind, education is the pioneer of Unitarian Christianity. All I can do for the education of the young adds greatly to the utility of the mission here, to say nothing about the salutary influence of such work on the community. Friendly outside influences are very important to the welfare of any mission.

This reminds me that the free library connected with this mission is of great utility to the rising generation in this community, besides being useful to seamen.

We have been allowed the privilege of seeing some of the letters from sailors and captains which Mr. Stevens is in the habit of receiving continually, and we quote a few lines here and there just as they come fresh and plain from the honest seamen's heart.

Here is what a captain says in a letter to another:—

Well, I went to meeting; and I must say, if that man means what he says, there is more religion in what he is doing, or trying to do, than in all the tall steeples and nice churches in New York. I did enjoy his meeting so much. . . .

Here is another, addressed to Mr. Stevens:—

Dear Sir,—It inspires feelings of the most profound gratitude to know that there is one man on the face of God's green earth that is

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inclined to remember the sailor in that loving and Godlike spirit which we all stand so much in need of.

I believe your free reading-room and free meetings will do more good to the sailor than all the sectarian societies in the land.

Here is another: —

D. W. Stevens: *Sir*, — I write you this letter on behalf of myself and the rest of my shipmates from the schooner ——. We are very thankful to you for your kindness in letting us have the tracts and papers. We found them very good, for all the leisure time we had we were reading them. . . . If we call at Vineyard Haven on our way back, we shall come to see you. . . .

An Irishman writes in this way: —

I write you a few lines to express my opinion of the Sailor's Free Reading-Room at Vineyard Haven. I express my opinion candidly when I say it is of much benefit to seamen. . . . Seamen get very little on shore without paying for it, and as a general thing they have to pay more for the necessaries of life than any other class of people; for when they arrive in port at the end of a voyage they are besieged and persecuted by sharpers and "land sharks," who cheat them out of the proceeds of their voyage. Now seamen should be very thankful for such a place where they can find all kinds of reading, a stove with a good fire in it to keep them warm, writing materials to notify their friends of their whereabouts, and a worthy man (the chaplain) to give them any information they require, and books and papers to take to sea with them. . . .

A captain writes: —

I was much pleased to meet you in your reading-room, and was surprised to think that there could be such an institution got up. I think it would please any one that had any feeling at all, and hope you will progress in your institution. My crew talked much about the kind treatment they had from you, and thought they never were used so well in any place before.

Another says: —

On the 20th of last month, the schooner —— went into your place, and the mate and two seamen came on shore to your reading-room, and were warmly and heartily received. Hoping your institution will grow and prosper, I remain yours, etc.

Another: —

I have derived great benefit from your room, for it was there that I got the word of God distilled into my heart.

Another: —

We arrived at Boston last night after a successful run from Holmes'

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Hole. The reading-room is a great blessing to all, and is also highly appreciated by our captain.

Our readers will recall the old name of "Holmes' Hole" which has now been changed to Vineyard Haven. We are usually in favor of retaining the old names, as our English brethren do, in spite of their uncouthness and rudeness, especially when they have a flavor of the place. But in this case the flavor was not desirable. Too many sailors were apt to make a "hole of iniquity" of the little place where seven thousand vessels are known to have taken shelter some years. Our good missionary saw how this very place, with such capacities for evil, had great capacities for good also; and so he started his work in the little retreat now called Vineyard Haven.

Nobody can estimate the amount of sectarian hate which he has endured for many years, as he hints in his letter. He has, however, lived it all down now; and from what we can judge from his own modest recitals, we should say that as chairman of the school committee, and a leader in benevolent work, he is recognized by all denominations as one of the most influential men on the Vineyard.

The letters of these seamen—and we could quote many more—do honor also to our sailors, and show us that dignity of character, intelligence, and fair education are to be found among the sailors of our trading vessels.

The prettiest tribute which we have seen is that by a lady, probably Baptist, who wrote and published a bright story-book for her children, describing the summer wanderings of a family, and winding up with an account of the Sailor's Reading-Room and Bethel.

A LADY VISITOR.

On the fair green knoll, that rises gently from the water's edge, stands a long, low, white cottage. Before it float the stars and stripes, and above waves a flag both good and true. Its ground is as blue as the vaulted skies, and upon it are six white letters—Bethel. On the lawn in front of the house is a small cannon, the report of which calls the attention of the seamen. They look toward the cottage and see this sign: "Sailor's Reading-Room." In this room, which is free to all, are files of the Boston and New York papers, and writing materials, that a sailor may drop a line to a distant wife or mother; while at the garden gate is a letter-box, and all letters intrusted to its care are faithfully forwarded to their destination. Connected with the reading-room is a small library

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containing many choice volumes. Leading from this room is a chapel, where services are held on the Sabbath and certain evenings of the week; and it must be a good, blessed sight to see those weather-worn faces assembled to hear the word of God. A chapter is read, an earnest word spoken, prayers are offered and hymns sung. Sometimes a group of men whose bronzed faces tell the story of hard-fought battles with wind and wave and storm sing a quaint old hymn whose inspiring sentiment seems to express their feelings, for their countenances become radiant with hope and trust in the loving care of the good Father. It is contagious; and when the benediction is pronounced, and that company of men return to their ships, they carry with them the holy influence of that hour spent in religious service. There may be a thought that will calm the spirit in a night of raging storm, or a sacred promise that will serve as an anchor to the soul in the last dread hour, or even a bit of a prayer that will ring long time in the memory, as that chapel bell rang in their ears at the twilight hour. Heaven's blessing rest upon the mind which first conceived this noble mission! God's grace and bounty strengthen and sustain the hands that are laboring so perseveringly to carry on this great good! Is not this taking up and carrying on the work of Christ?

The young people went over the various parts of the building, asked numberless questions as to the work the mission was doing, looked at the cedar of Lebanon growing on the lawn, and then came back to the broad piazza and gazed out on the sea. The calm blue waters were dotted with snowy sails that gleamed in the sun. The little town, where nestled the homes of the fishermen, crept down to the water's edge, as if eager to greet the boats when the day's work was done. They lingered awhile enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene, then bade adieu to their courteous host, and turned their faces homeward.

We must not believe that our seamen's friend has an easy life all the year, untouched by the demands of the world. It is true that in the winter he is somewhat island-bound, and sees little of foreign life. But then, besides his constant attention to the sailors and his sermons for them, he is always being called upon by some struggling society in his neighborhood to give a lecture for this object and that; for his fellow-religionists have not only learned not to be afraid of him, but are very glad to get a lift from his friendly hand. So much for the winter; but in the summer all is different. The camp-meeting carries crowds there, who, if they do not attend the meetings, are glad to avail themselves of cheap excursion tickets to a delightful and cool retreat. The little chapel is often full with these strangers on Sunday mornings. The good missionary does not covet the attendance

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of the lawyers and judges and professors and men and women of culture who will go to hear him in spite of himself. He is, however, not unprepared for them. His scholarly and fresh sermons show that he is not ignorant of the world in his snug haven, nor indifferent to the tendencies of modern thought. In the evening, his services are of a different nature, expressly for the sailors. An informal sermon and social singing keep their attention, and before they close any one is requested to speak; and the sailors often tell their experiences in simple phrase.

We have always wished to make our Note-Book, from time to time, a medium of communication between our missionaries and the people of our churches; to create a throb of sympathy from the heart of our fellow-Christians which shall awaken new courage and zeal in the breasts of those whom they choose to carry on their work. We know of no mission more interesting than this. If we cannot boast of the quantity of our missions, we may at least be proud of their quality. When we remember Mr. Dall in India, Mr. Douthit and Mr. Jones at the West, Mrs. Cogswell of La Platte, and Mr. Stevens of Vineyard Haven, we feel that it is the men that make the work and the place.

There is plenty more such work, there are many more such places, if we have men and women to find them out; and if they will go in search instead of waiting for occupation to come to them, we believe the money will be given freely to uphold their steps.

ENGLAND.

We have received a letter from an English friend, and as we have begun our Notes with correspondence, we will continue in the same vein, only transferring our reflections from the good works going on here to the other side of the water. We can hardly know how much our sympathies, our hopes, and our fears are one until we have been among our English brethren, or at least come in contact with their minds enough to see the working of their institutions and the color of their thought.

We quote a portion of the letter: —

Curiously enough, we have a few months ago received back from America an English book, forgotten here, though not much more than fifty years old,— Forrest's little volume on the Trinity. The writer lived at Devonport, in the West of England, and compiled this useful little hand-book on the history of that doctrine. It seems to have utterly fallen into neglect in England, and now comes back to us as an American

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reprint,—the ninth edition. Our British and Foreign Unitarian Association is ordering a number of copies for sale. Do not these two publications form a sufficient proof to us that you are doing some definite and pronounced Unitarian work; in fact, that you have cast off that disastrous fashion of being vague and unfixed which unfortunately still enwraps us here, but from which some of us are trying hard to free ourselves? I am sorry to be obliged to confess to you that several of our chapels are wasting time just now in preaching a kind of philosophical scepticism which is neither really irreligious, nor yet is in the smallest degree an inquiry after truth. Some of our best families are dallying with Atheism, with Positivism, with Comptism, in a way that if there were any earnestness in it would be very fearful; but which is very grave for us, as it is certain that we are losing half a generation of time, and perhaps more,—for I can hardly look forward with any certainty to the day when we shall once again be modestly and religiously trying to do our share of denominational work in the country. This deplorable state of things is within the Unitarian fold. Outside us and all around us there is a splendid thirst for knowledge on the Bible, on doctrine, on the deeper realities of religion, on the meaning and purpose of prayer. There is a very refreshing spirit abroad, a willingness to learn, a desire to seek, which I sincerely trust our Unitarians may be able to catch a little of before they are quite passed by. Do not mistake me in what I am finding fault with. I rejoice in the most thorough criticism of the Bible, in our trying, even with unpractised hands, to separate the unhistoric from the true. I believe that as we can gradually divest our idea of Jesus' mission of all that is miraculous and hazy, we shall come at last to understand his character the better. Nay, I can see good in these questionings on prayer that meet us on every side, rough and crude though they may seem to some of us. Good will and must come out of the stir of thought and the employment of curiosity upon the most sacred subjects; but only if there is patient, persevering, long-continued, steady effort. To put aside the Bible for other books, as there is a tendency to do just now, will not bring us a whit nearer to its meaning; the condemning some branches of prayer and depreciating others, while advising a suspended judgment upon the remainder, will not help us to interpret, to weigh, to balance, and to make a proper use of those warm and delicate instincts within us which urge us to pray continually.

We are, in fact, just now passing through a moment which calls for promptness, courage, and zeal from such few of us as there are who are earnest in our desire that after the commotion is over, religion shall be found with the right side uppermost, or indeed shall be found among us at all. There is nothing here to cause low-heartedness or moroseness; quite the contrary to any one who has a little remainder of life and strength left. There is an opportunity for work, for stirring work with heart and hand too.

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DEMOCRACY.

Dr. Bayne has recently published a book in England called *Lessons from my Masters, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin.* The book, judging from the reviews of it, does not seem to be a blind eulogium of these great men. We generally prefer to take great men ourselves for what they are worth to us, rather than to see them through the eyes of others. But Dr. Bayne appears to be disposed to look upon these, his masters, as he calls them, just as they are, and to show their failings as well as their virtues. In his sketch of Carlyle, he has a chapter on democracy, some portions of which arrest our attention on account of the condition of affairs in this country, where it is beginning to be the fashion to distrust republican institutions, or at least to be doubtful about the wisdom of such unlimited suffrage. This discouragement on the part of some of our best people is undoubtedly brought about by the hordes of ignorant foreigners who have poured into this country; and when our forefathers talked about popular government, they had no comprehension of the elements which we have to deal with. Their working-classes were the bone and muscle of the land. Working-men sat in the deacon's seat, the governor's chair, on the selectman's bench. In short, they were our grandfathers, upright and sturdy as Cincinnatus himself, passing from the plow to offices of State. Yet, after all, if we study colonial history, we shall find these men had enough to do to keep the "baser sort" down,—men who wanted to eat and not work, and if allowed head-way would have thrown the young community into disorder at any time. Human nature is about the same under all conditions. They had fewer ignorant men than we, but then they had a smaller space of settled country to spread them out on. This they did: they kept up the high mark of education, gave every man a chance, and held the strong arm of the law against transgressors. They believed in letting everybody vote, but in keeping a sharp eye on everybody,—and that is precisely what we do not do. The educated classes, and even the respectable middle classes, allow a set of unprincipled demagogues to manage the ignorant masses, and then we complain because they put bad men into seats of power.

We have no reason to believe that the Irish population, under the stimulus and help of sympathetic and yet superior fellow-citizens, may not produce as good stuff as our fathers who popu-

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lated New England. We may say that our forefathers, many of them, came from the best schools and colleges of England. That is true; but their large families of descendants were often poor men who worked hard for a living and had nothing but a common-school education. We see no reason why the respectable Irishman who is settled on a little farm near a country village may not in time be as valuable a citizen as the owner he has dispossessed, only his religion is at present a bar against social fellowship with his neighbors. The second generation are, however, very different. Unless the Roman Catholic Church becomes thoroughly liberalized, which we believe will be the case sometime in this country, these young people will preserve only a formal respect for it, and be hardly distinguished from the American stock.

We quote a passage from Dr. Bayne which we have referred to; it is especially interesting as coming from an Old-World writer under a monarchical government: —

The safety of the ship, in doubling Cape Horn, depends primarily upon whether the captain understands his business or does not; and secondarily, though in an important degree, upon the loyalty and promptitude of the crew in rendering him obedience. This loyalty and promptitude may depend considerably upon the way in which the captain has been appointed; and if any gross jobbery or flagrant injustice has been perpetrated in his appointment, the circumstance may materially affect that energetic obedience to his commands, on the part of the crew, which he will want in the Straits of Magellan.

One thing also is pretty sure, though it may look surprising, that, if the captain were appointed by vote of the crew, he would be a good seaman. Nothing seems much more absurd on paper than almost all kinds of popular election; and yet it has been proved in countless instances to be practically superior to any other that has been devised. The professors whose genius spread the fame of Edinburgh University throughout the world were elected by a parcel of shopkeepers, who could give no other guarantee of choosing rightly except that they sincerely wished to get the best man. David Hume makes a note in his memorandum-book, referring to Livy as his authority, that many of the chief officers of he army were named by the people in old Rome. Lord-Advocate Young told the Social Science Congress at Aberdeen, in 1877, that he would back the verdict of a jury taken from all grades of society, "and most of them uneducated men," against the verdict of fifteen of the best-trained lawyers in Scotland. Who has not heard "fellows in buckram" descanting on the absurdity of election of pastors by their congregations? But the Duke of Argyll, having some twenty-five livings in his gift, made a

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rule of appointing men who were chosen by the people, and he publicly stated that, in many years' experience, he had never found the people err in their choice.

INDIA.

We have received a post-card from Mr. Dall, reminding us how far advanced the East-Indians are in the ways of the world; they have now these little missives which can hold so much, and burden the writer with so little care or thought of a long letter due, which often lies on the conscience, and the longer it is put off the more difficult it is to write.

These little post-cards, which have crept their way into far India, teach us a lesson on friendship and social life, as well as in correspondence. A frequent sending of these postals, warm and palpitating with the little events of the week, is better than the elaborate letter got up at the eleventh hour, full of details which have lost their freshness, and are summoned to the memory by a forced process that often betrays itself to the receiver. So the daily words of cordial greeting in our streets, the unexpected cup of tea, the friendly chat that comes in between the hours of busy workers, is vastly better than set entertainments. While we are making ready for great things, we neglect small things and do nothing.

The best and most appropriate lesson we can learn here is, not to forget our missionaries; but if we cannot give them much money or write long letters, to send them often a word of friendly cheer.

Mr. Dall sends us a little pamphlet, being an address which he delivered at the opening of a Brahmo-Somaj house of prayer in the Himalayas. It is pleasant to read the opening letter addressed to him by the members, thanking him for the five public addresses which he had given them, and for his "revered presence" among them for five weeks, cheering and encouraging them in their work.

Mr. Dall's address is pungent, crisp in its style, emphatic and emotional,—just the kind to address those Brahmos, whose faculties are keen and critical, ready to deny, and yet whose natures are so highly sensitive that they will accept the logic if the appeal is moving and picturesque.

Mr. Dall makes a fine point in regard to liberty. He startles them and us at first by saying that "liberty is centrifugal. It never was meant to unite men. There is no true living without

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variety." He thus dignifies their own divisions; for it seems that the Somaj is already divided into three schools of thought: "You simply," he says, "follow a law of life,—the same great law that has divided the Christian Church of Europe and America into many sects."

We have never sympathized with the sentimentalist who talks about there being no sects in heaven, nor, on the other hand, with the critics who argue against Christianity "because it is split up into sects which bite and devour one another." The biting and devouring is the difficulty; not the natural gravitation to places. To our minds, the division into sects is as natural as the family. We ought to sympathize with our neighbors, but love our own home best. So with the sects and our own household of faith.

Mr. Dall feels in this way about diversity of thought. He combines it under the word liberty, and then sets off union as the complement of it. "Union," he says, "is liberty's opposite. Alone, it would draw everything into a lump. It would kill and crush all in a central ruin. By God's mercy it meets liberty halfway, and the result is the orbit of a true life,—harmony, balance, equilibrium." . . .

He then goes on to speak of their society, and of their chief worker, Radha Nath Roy, to whom he says he will only apply the epithet "loved." It would appear that this man is a descendant of the famous Ram-Mohun-Roy, so much venerated by Dr. Channing and the early fathers of our Church. It looks as though this branch of the Somaj meant to return to his leadership; for although Mr. Dall speaks with courtesy and sympathy of their other leaders, Chunder Sen, etc., he evidently thinks it is the sign of the times that they will accept the pure and more positive "theism of Jesus," which this distinguished man taught to his people fifty years ago.

It is pleasant to see how one man gave the wood for the temple; another, a tea-planter, has rendered service, and the new railway has brought into the society many active men.

Mr. Dall's position is a unique one among missionaries. Instead of driving his own individual creed at the natives, and trying to reproduce in them a perfect pattern of a good Christian at home, he throws himself into their atmosphere of thought, puts himself into their places, lets them (the educated) make a religion for themselves, and then shows them Christianity and the living

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Jesus, and asks them if that is not what they are longing for. When these Hindoos have gradually accepted the gospel of Jesus—Christianity, in short—in their own way, their leaders will perhaps have the credit and not he; but what cares he for that? He knows, and we know, and the best among them will know, that his tact and energy and consecration have been a great moving power in Calcutta to give the right direction to these religious societies throughout India.

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

We have more than once presented evidence from many quarters that there is a greater activity in Old Testament research. It is pleasing to note that there is a greater liberty in accepting its results.

The *Literarisches Centralblatt*, No. 35, 1879, notices Prof. W. Robertson Smith's *Additional Answer to the Form of Libel, with some Account of the Evidence that Parts of the Pentateuchal Law are later than the Time of Moses.* This little pamphlet, it remarks, cannot be overlooked if the history of modern research in the Pentateuch is to be properly written. It finds no new and surprising results of investigation set forth, but, on the contrary, remarks that those who are familiar with such investigation will already have learned most of the facts and principles advanced. But it admits that in an admirable way Mr. Smith has presented to a larger public the difficulties with which the traditional, ecclesiastical, and in fact the most current critical, ideas of the Pentateuch are burdened. In noticing the persecution which Prof. Smith has suffered for his article on the Bible in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which persecution gave rise to the pamphlet it reviews, the *Centralblatt* encourages him by referring to the pride in which the name of Richard Simon, who has been called the father of Old Testament criticism, is now held: "In the fifth chapter of his *Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament*, Simon said, 'Moses cannot be the author of all the books attributed to him.' In consequence, in 1678, the whole edition of his work, two thousand copies, was burned. Only a few copies were accidentally saved, and now are among the rarest curiosities. This very work, since reprinted, now takes a very honorable place among the introductions to Old Testament study to which it belongs. This may be a comfort for Prof. Smith and to all those who, in the nineteenth century, must buy the right to free investigations with similar experiences."

How this Pentateuch question is viewed in England may be judged from the following. In his notes on Biblical Literature in the September *Contemporary*, Rev. W. H. Fremantle thus

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concludes a reference to Bishop Colenso's seventh and final volume on the Pentateuch: —

The work of the Bishop of Natal has extended over eighteen years. It closes in a different tone and amid different feelings on the subject from those in which it was begun. It arose in a panic about the doctrine of inspiration; and it created a panic. In the first volume, sound criticism could hardly see clearly or escape the series of absurdities on account of the clouds of controversy. In the last volume, all this is changed. The author writes calmly and in the consciousness that many of the views it propounds are no longer unacceptable. The present state of theological thought in the English Church (how far brought about by the work itself each man must judge for himself) is such that any serious criticism will be weighed quietly and without prejudice.

In its notices of current theology, the *Academy*, September 6, devotes half a column to an American book on the Old Testament already noticed in the *Review*,—*The Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews*, by Michael Heilprin: —

This is an agreeably written, and, in the best sense, popular work. It consists of the fragments of Hebrew poetry embedded in the Biblical narratives, arranged chronologically, with historical and critical introductory remarks. There is probably no work in English from which so clear and accurate a view can be gained of the leading results of modern rationalistic criticism.

Mr. Heilprin does not seem to be a professed Old Testament scholar, nor does he appear to us to have reached the centre of the critical questions at issue; but the traces of dilettanteism are few and inconspicuous. It is to be regretted that he should incline so strongly to extreme criticism; the warnings which the fall of so many hypotheses has already given should have taught him that neatness and simplicity are not the chief criteria of truth. He is, besides, not always happy in his selection of authorities. Bernstein and Seinecke do not in this quarter of the globe count for great authorities; and to read (p. 52) that Graf shares the doubt of Maspero whether a Mosaic legislation ever existed gives us a shock of surprise, as if we had been told that Niebuhr shared the doubts of Arnold as to the trustworthiness of the history of the Roman Kings. One great merit of the book is the modesty with which the author limits himself to the function of condensing the work of critics, to whose publications he conscientiously gives references. As a specimen of American literature, both outwardly and inwardly, Mr. Heilprin's work deserves a high eulogy; but the contents, valuable as (from a limited point of view) they certainly are, can hardly be said to be worthy of the luxurious and inviting form in which they appear. Truth,

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says the old proverb, lies at the bottom of a well; to read Mr. Heilprin, one would think that it floated upon the surface.

For ourselves, we cannot see why typographical art should not adorn theology as well as subjects that deserve it less.

Volume VI. of *The Bible for Young People* is thus announced in the same number of the *Academy:*—

This able work is not unknown to readers of the *Academy.* The present volume is fully equal to its predecessors, and fully as unsuitable for the "young people" for whom it is professedly intended. It contains the conclusion of the evangelical narratives, together with the story of the first propagation of the gospel (the Book of the Acts fares very badly), and some account of the circumstances of the earlier epistles. The last chapter is headed, "The Disciple whom Jesus Loved," and presents a sketch of the life of Jesus according to the Fourth Gospel.

Nothing is more characteristic of the author than the way in which his sketches of the contents of the Scriptures are pervaded by the subtle spirit of negative criticism. In spite of this, the freshness and suggestiveness of the work, and the love of truth which appears everywhere, even in the boldest critical conjectures, will recommend it to the notice of scholarly orthodox theologians. As an old-fashioned Scotch professor has said, "It's the best compensation for heresy to turn a heretic's book to a good purpose." The pages devoted in this work to the resurrection of Christ certainly require the attention of the learned defenders of orthodoxy. It is the most plausible popular attempt to explain away the resurrection with which we are acquainted.

In his article on "The First Sin as Recorded in the Bible and in Ancient Oriental Tradition" in *Contemporary* for September, François Lenormant, while rejecting George Smith's translation of the cuneiform account of the fall of man, says that a "similarity between Chaldean and Hebrew traditions on this point, as upon others, has so great a probability in its favor as almost to amount to a certainty. . . . My faith as a Christian finds no difficulty in admitting that in order to relate the fall of the first pair, the inspired compiler of Genesis made use of a narrative which had assumed an entirely mythical character among neighboring peoples, and that the form of the serpent assigned to the tempter may have had for a starting-point an essentially naturalistic symbol."

The Old Testament student must not overlook the article entitled "The God of Israel: a History," by Joseph Jacobs, in the September number of the *Nineteenth Century.* It is an

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attempt to treat the development of the religious conceptions of the children of Israel from the new stand-point of historic method reached by Steinthal and Lazarus. The author is familiar with the latest historic researches concerning Jewish history, including those of the Dutch school. He devotes most of his space to the history of Jewish thought in its original development, especially as affected and interpreted by Spinozism.

The *Monthly Journal of Science* of September, 1879, one of the best English scientific journals, publishes Dr. George M. Beard's address on "American Nervousness." If Dr. Beard's address deserves recognition in a foreign journal, it deserves much more attention at home,— especially by a large class of brain-workers who come within the scope of its criticism.

American nervousness, during the past half-century, has expressed itself by a large variety of symptoms, a number of which are so frequent, so positive in their character, and so important that they have given names to disease, and are known as such. Among these symptoms and expressions of modern nervousness are neuralgia, sick headache, nervous dyspepsia, hay fever, and, above all, *neurasthenia*, or nervous exhaustion in all its various forms. These conditions, with others that might be mentioned, constitute a family of nervous diseases that have developed chiefly during the last half-century,— at least, during the present nineteenth century, — and are most abundant and most severe and most varied in their manifestations in the northern portion of the United States, although they are found in, and are now extending to, England and the Continent of Europe.

The rise of this family of functional nervous diseases brings a new era into medicine and sociology, for it has no precedent in the history of mankind. The ancients had no nervous disease, or almost none, save a few cases of insanity and epilepsy here and there; and our moderns knew little or nothing about them until the present century.

The scientific proofs of this unprecedented nervousness of the Americans during this generation are very numerous.

First of all, there is the *increased sensitiveness to cold and heat* which is observed among all our brain-working classes. Our fathers were content with a temperature of 60° F. We must have, to be comfortable, a temperature of at least 70°; and there are many families who keep their rooms at even a much higher temperature. In other words, we are ten degrees more sensitive to cold than were our fathers. The heat of our summers is no greater than it was a century ago, but the cases of sun-stroke and heat prostration are widely out of proportion to the increase in our population.

One of the very best signs of our civilization is found in the *premature*

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decay of our teeth. Special explanations without number have been offered for this long-observed phenomenon,— such as the use of sweets, the use of acids, neglect of cleanliness, and the use of food that requires little mastication. But they who urge these special facts to account for the decay of teeth of our civilization would, by proper inquiry, learn that the savages and negroes, and semi-barbarians everywhere, in many cases use sweets far more than we, and never clean their mouths, and never suffer, except in old age, from cavities in the teeth. The cause of the decay of teeth is subjective far more than objective, in the constitution of the modern civilized man. Similarly, also, with regard to irregularities of the teeth, which, as is now known, are dependent on bad nutrition of the jaws.

Delicacy of digestion and functional disorders of the eye also give evidence of this increased nervousness. But another strange fact is also noticed, which is, that longevity has increased among the brain-working classes, and nervousness has also increased: "These two apparently opposite facts are harmonized by a third factor which those who have studied this subject have failed to reach,— namely, nervousness is not only consistent with longevity, but actually favors it, by preserving the system from attacks of acute inflammatory disease."

Dr. Beard says that nervous disease scarcely exists among savages or barbarians or semi-barbarians or partially civilized peoples, and is seldom found among the peasantry and muscle-workers. The causes of this increase of nervousness in America during the past half-century he finds to be civilization with its recent accompaniments, as the telegraph, railway, and the periodical press. They have intensified in ten thousand ways cerebral activity and worry. But after we have given this case every credit to which it is entitled, we are yet face to face with this question: Why are the Americans more nervous than any other people on this planet? The answer to this question, which has occupied the thoughts of philosophical observers for the past quarter of a century, is to be found mainly in these factors: First, the dryness of our atmosphere; and, secondly, the extremes of heat and cold. In these two respects America differs from any other civilized country.

Among various remedies suggested, electricity is placed first; then ergot, cod liver oil, *koumiss*, or fermented milk, counter-irritation. Russian and Turkish baths are also mentioned, and especially rest and work.

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When novelists, barristers, dramatists, statesmen, and the like, who have never worked for a single hour in a biological laboratory, come forward with the most charming confidence to solve such problems as the origin of organic species, the editor of the *Journal of Science* thinks "it will not be deemed unpardonable presumption if a biologist, in his turn, attempts to apply one of the most recent principles of his science to an important social question,—we mean to the treatment of crime." The writer treats the subject mainly from the stand-point of heredity, which is "a principle which cannot be rationally or safely ignored in the framing and enforcement of criminal law."

Without at all denying that a normal man may, under circumstances of temptation, transgress against the property and even the persons of his neighbors, we must admit that on the theory of inheritance the criminal class must produce its like. The murderers, the burglars, the ruffians of our day, are the sons of similar characters who infested the country some thirty or forty years ago, and are in turn becoming the fathers of a new generation of evil-doers. Surely, then, a most important point in criminal jurisprudence is the arrest of this succession. Of what use is the occasional imprisonment and the ultimate execution of the habitual criminal, if he is suffered to become a father?

Referring to the history of Spain as an illustration, the writer shows how, "by a consistent course of severity, steadily carried out, any given class of a community may be stamped out":—

No one can fail to be struck with the utter lack of mental eminence among the Spanish people during the present century. Neither in the practical nor in the theoretical sphere have they reached anything beyond mediocrity. . . .

The reason of this is not far to seek. It cannot be traced to any original want of vigor and energy in the national character. There was a time when no people on earth could surpass the Spaniards in these attributes. Nor is it, as some foolishly urge, to be traced to the enervating influence of the treasures obtained from Mexico and Peru. Britain, America, and Russia, we see, have not been enfeebled in energy and intelligence in consequence of the gold discovered in Australia, California, or the Ural. The true cause is this: That for more than two successive centuries the Spanish nation was subjected to a most careful and systematic process of "selection,"—we can scarcely call it "natural,"—by the Holy Inquisition. Every man who towered above his fellows, either by force of character, mental grasp, or by an inquiring disposition, became an object of dislike, and sooner or later was disposed of by death, by incarceration, or by banishment. . . .

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The consequence has been the condition of Spain such as we now perceive. This consideration is exceedingly significant. It is a most powerful evidence of the heredity of talent and of force of character. It may well be concluded, hence, that if, by a systematic and persevering course of action, ability, with its culminating point, genius, has been stamped out among one great nation, so, by another course of action, equally systematic and equally persevering, roughdom, with its culminating point, crime, might be eliminated quite as thoroughly in another.

The important question as to what the criminal legislation of the future will do is thus answered:—

But what the criminal legislation of the future will do, unless it be dominated by those who pander to crime, is probably this: The lineage and connections of every offender, and especially of every habitual criminal, will be carefully scrutinized, and all surviving members will be subjected to an unobtrusive but penetrating scrutiny. The younger members of the race will be as far as possible surrounded with such moral and religious influences as may most effectually check and counteract their probable inbred tendency to crime. They will be treated, *mutatis mutandis*, on the same principle as we now observe in handling petroleum, spirit, nitro-glycerine, and other specially dangerous substances. Just as we guard the latter from the approach of fire, and prevent them from being accumulated in too great quantities at one place, so will the scions of a criminal family be kept from the contact of incitements to evil. Our courts of justice will have their criminal genealogists, whose records will shed a new and most valuable light on not a few unsolved problems, both of biology and of mental science.

As for the man who has once formally declared war against society, hoisting, so to speak, the black flag, care will be taken that he shall neither repeat his offence nor, after its commission, become a parent.

When, by republication in this country, the *Contemporary Review* can be bought for fifteen cents, with all its wealth of thought and knowledge, it almost ceases to be a "foreign" periodical, and is naturalized in its new and more accessible form. There is no reason why this magazine should not be read by every thoughtful person in the country. Its accessibility renders much quotation in this department unnecessary. It is worth while, however, to indicate the bill of fare, and to characterize the monthly feast, in the hope that more may be induced to partake of the banquet. In addition to the papers already mentioned, the September number contains an article on the future of China, by Sir Walter H. Medhurst, who thinks that the days of the ruling dynasty are numbered, and that China must eventually

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come under the dominion of some great Western power. Of these, England and Russia are the "only two whose ambition or interest seem likely to impel their influence Eastwards." We are assured that "any idea that England will ever deliberately enter upon the possession of even a part of Chinese territory may at once be dismissed as unworthy to be entertained. But Russia, on the other hand, would find a glorious field for developing her political designs, and promises to be one "whose ambition and interest will probably lead her to turn the opportunity to advantage." The writer sees the dangers which thus menace the political interests of England, but thinks that no consideration of political expediency or self-preservation can certainly warrant her in interfering as yet. Prof. St. George Mivart has another in his series of essays, entitled "Animals and Plants," which is mainly confined to explaining the system of classification.

Vernon Lee writes of "The Artistic Dualism of the Renaissance." The two great factors in the art of the Renaissance were "the study of Nature and the study of the antique." Prof. Edward Caird continues his articles on "Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte." Richard A. Proctor considers "The Problem of the Great Pyramid." He utterly rejects the idea that it could have been constructed merely as a memorial, and is certain that it was constructed for astronomical observations. "Conspiracies in Russia under the Reigning Czar," by Karl Blind, is intensely interesting, but its pages make one shudder and pray that Czardom may soon meet its doom. Mr. M. Kasasis gives a faithful picture of "The Political and Intellectual Life in Greece."

The *University Magazine* for September continues its interesting and illustrative article on Greek wisdom. There is a paper on "Extra Roman Catacombs," and one on "The English Stage and Comédie Française."

The *Deutsche Revue* for September contains, among other articles, one by Hermann Schutze on "The Pilgrim Fathers and the Foundation of the New England States." It is a very elementary *résumé* of the earliest New England history; but German minds need considerable information on this subject.

The most charming article in *Fraser's* for September is one by Froude on "Cheney and the House of Russell." The accomplished historian shows that he knows how to fish for trout as

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well as for facts. Mr. Froude's *Cæsar* is reviewed in the same magazine by W. Y. Sellar, who says that "no work which has appeared in recent years is more capable of affording a high literary pleasure and stimulus to so wide a circle of readers; very few have been written with such facile power, with such vivid realizations of the actors and actions of a by-gone time." . . . This faculty, he thinks, has sometimes betrayed the author into errors and oversights, so that in realizing the past, the force of imagination has sometimes outrun the verifying process of the intellect.

The *Deutsche Rundschau* for September has, besides a story from Paul Heyse, articles by Raaslöff on "Danish National Character and the Relation of Denmark to Germany"; by Oscar Hertwig on the "History of the Cell Theory"; and a long article on "Greek Forms in German Poetry," by Fr. A. Lange. Ludwig Pietsch contributes a paper on the "International Art Exhibition at Munich." S. J. B.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated by John D. Long. Boston: Lockwood & Brooks. 1879.

We call this a very charming and a very wonderful book. It professes to be a translation of Virgil, and examination shows it to be very literally done; but it is as fresh as if the whole had just now been produced originally from the mind of the translator. How a student of the Latin language, with his mind full of its vocabulary, can have kept himself so free as we find him from all the influences of Latinity, and given us a style of to-day, passes our comprehension. The diction is simple, terse, and graceful. Opening at the pages of the volume at random, and examining the words, one is greatly surprised to find a very large proportion of words of one syllable, comparatively few only of two syllables; and on looking carefully through ten or fifteen lines a longer word may be found. And these words are almost all words wholly familiar to the uneducated reader. Some readers, accustomed to the elegance, finish, and nicety of Virgil, will, perhaps, think the style of this translation too familiar; will think the talk, in conversation, sometimes to fall below elegant colloquial expressions. But one is much amused when

> "The pilot Palinurus shouts
> Astern: 'Zounds! how the clouds are gathering!
> What hast thou, father Neptune, in the wind?'"

Or again:—

> "Bad luck!
> But let us make the best of it";

and pious Æneas answers to his pilot, "Ay, ay! I see the winds will have it so"; and when the angry captain in the boat-race

> "Forgot his rank, the safety of his crew,
> And pitched the ass [segnem] Menœtes from the stern
> Headforemost overboard,"

because the pilot was afraid of the rocky shore, and allowed the rival vessel to take the inside track and get ahead; and in many other such passages. "Misenus demens" is very happily translated, "And dared, the fool, the gods to vie with him"; and Charon, "Sic prior aggreditur dictis, atque increpat ultro," when Æneas approaches his boat, "The first to speak, he gruffly bawls at

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them." We don't quite like —"There, too, the inextricable labyrinth, The elaborate keep"; but perhaps the translator meant to trouble us with b's and p's in getting through with that difficult structure. At times, in the familiarity of the language, while it is otherwise wholly elegant, one comes across a word that makes him start from its incongruousness of association. But, on the whole, the reader will be led along charmingly through beautiful passages, especially in descriptions of natural scenery, serenity and storm of sea and sky, figures of animal life and passion, and the like. He will be struck with admiration at the reality of the talk when various characters are introduced. We like this eloquent passage: —

> "Scarce fled the stars or blushed
> The dawn, when we beheld the hazy line
> Of distant hills, low-lying Italy.
> Achates first cries 'Italy!' The men
> With glad huzza greet Italy. With flowers
> Father Anchises wreathes a mighty cup,
> Fills it with wine, and standing high astern
> Invokes the gods."

We could have wished that Mr. Long had thought his task more worthy of care; and yet the imperfections are as nothing in character or number compared to the exceeding beauty of the work. We think that novel-readers, unacquainted with Latin, will find it so interesting that they will be late to dinner or tea if they sit down to read it. Students of the Latin will be exceedingly interested and satisfied with it; and many a boy may be tempted by it to lay down the dime novel to be fascinated over these pages. Mr. Long has conferred a great favor upon the public. The book reveals the man,— his geniality and kindness. This work has been his amusement; and we believe it will give him fame a hundred years hence. But if a man's amusements do so much good, what will he not accomplish in the high and higher stations of labor and responsibility to which his fellow-citizens invite him? E. B.

On a Foundation for Religion. Boston: George H. Ellis. 1879.

This pamphlet is a striking illustration of the way in which the sentiment of religion may survive the denial, or at least the distrust of what are usually reckoned its fundamental facts. With an unfaltering hand the author sketches, in his introductory chapter, the logical results, as he sees and shares them, of the present

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tendencies towards absolute nescience in religion. God, as creator and designing intelligence, is henceforth unnecessary to the scientific mind. Things are interdependent, but not dependent on anything outside the sum of themselves. The universe is self-centred and complete. Matter is indissolubly attended with forces, is perhaps itself force. What seem adaptations are necessary forces, acting as they must. Man is in this way the product of development. Final causes are unproved and unlikely. The world is worthy an origin in intelligence, but such an origin is unproved. No seeming adaptation can prove intelligence, where intelligence is not beforehand known to exist. We only know that there is a power behind or within development, "subtler, greater, wiser almost" than our intelligence. Conscience is clearly a product of experience; immortality, a problem which science does not solve, does not even open. The conviction of a personal Deity is fading away as the ancient mythologies faded.

Under these conditions, can there be religion? Many give it up, convinced that it cannot live without the intellectual basis of faith. This pamphlet affirms, nevertheless, that it is permanent and will abide; not in some new sense, as the worship of humanity, or the effort of man to perfect himself, simply; but in its customary reverences, and in the vigor and completeness of its historic conception. With God unknown and unnecessary, immortality outgrown, and conscience reduced to the residuum of the prudences of the past, the writer hopes to retain gratitude, submission, prayer, faith and hope, as practical and saving factors in human life.

In the deep religious purpose and spirit of his discussion of these topics, he shows conclusively that these things in some cases do remain, surviving the fading out of old conviction of the reality of the intellectual basis of religion. The trust of this writer in the religious sentiments and their competency to compel a religious interpretation of life, the evident sincerity and religiousness of temper evinced in the discussion, dispose its readers in favor of the view it advocates. If man cannot longer hold to the reality of God and his personal relations to men, on grounds of reason and conviction, we should desire for him a religion of high sentiments like this.

But we have misgivings as to the likelihood that such a desire could be generally realized. For the pamphlet itself points out the serious limitations that must attend the exercise of the devout sentiments in the absence of a rational basis and a per-

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sonal Object. For instance, gratitude to the non-sentient universe, to an abstract "not-we," would seem to most minds difficult of exercise. It is, indeed, as is here well pointed out, a temper of the heart more than an address to an object; but it is a sentiment directed to a bestower, for a gift, and to identify it as this writer does with the sense of plenty and well-being, however elevated, is a new use, if not a misuse, of the term. It is easy to use personification, and to say, "Fair and good and gracious is Necessity," or great Nature; but, the poetry aside, the expression means no more than that we are fortunate and happy that things are as they are. Any sentiment that seeks warmer expression than this seems to us to belong to an order of conceptions that have been professedly discarded.

And this is our criticism throughout. The sentiments here so forcibly, often so beautifully, illustrated do not belong to, were not and have never been developed from, the idealist conception of the cosmos that is accepted in this discussion as the only established basis of established verity. We do not believe they can be so evolved, and maintained in the future. The psalm and canticle are not yet written, certainly, in which the sentient and loving soul may devoutly praise the insensate order of Nature — conceived as insensate and uncaused — for unpurposed blessings, without a sense of incongruity and utter absurdity. We may indeed appreciate what is good in life, but thankfulness to a blind necessity is stupid and stultifying when it goes beyond a figure of speech. As well ordain a ritual of homage to Jews for the blessings that have come to the world from the crucifixion of Christ! So submission, that is simple acceptance of the inevitable is without any religious quality, even if the inevitable be best; and prayer that is only soliloquy, however profitable an exercise, is fundamentally another thing from prayer that is communion.

As we understand the sceptical tendencies of the age, their logical result sweeps beyond this devout cosmism, which aims to preserve the whole subjective and sentimental side of religion, and does violence to the sentiments in denying them standing room, even, in the intellectual system of things. So that while we agree with this writer in admitting the reality and inextinguishableness of moral sentiment and religious feeling, they seem to us a necessary basis of intellectual belief and affirmation concerning the objective facts of religion. A more witty than reverent Frenchman said that if there were no God we should have to invent one.

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It may be seriously suggested whether the religious feelings and aspirations which this pamphlet affirms and illustrates, if the product of cosmic evolution, do not make reasonable the expectation that an order that has brought forth such a reality of reverence, moral order and affection, and yearning for the living God, in the souls of men, has not evolved also, or will not at length evolve, the Divine realities which alone can meet and satisfy them. But we look elsewhere for the explanation and evidence both of the soul, and of the great Reality from which its deepest life proceeds and to which it tends for its complete satisfaction.

Emotion, moral idealism, recognition of the infinite Unknown, are not then, we judge, an adequate, or a possible, foundation for a religious creed; since the emotion, the ideal, the cosmic force and order, are things of which the intellect takes cognizance, concerning which it asks questions, and must frame at least some partial answer. And we judge that the writer of this pamphlet feels this necessity, though making what seem to us unphilosophical and fatal concessions to the current nescience. His affirmation of the reality of religion consists only with implicit faith in the validity of the religious nature, and the verity of its witness for God. And, with many qualifications, this seems to be finally conceded. The pamphlet begins by asking whether the sentiments of religion can survive the abandonment of its realities, and concludes by affirming that the essential reality remains. It constantly uses personal conceptions, such as wisdom, goodness, preference, righteousness, though with an abiding, and, it seems to us, needless and illogical reluctance to accept personal pronouns and appellatives. The question of religion is larger, however, than that of the personality of God, in this or that philosophical conception of personality; it is of the reality of God,— the actual being of a benignant, purposing, and controlling Wisdom; and whether this benignity, purpose, and wisdom are precisely correspondent to human goodness, intelligence, and will, is of small consequence, considering that all possible conception of them is derived from these qualities in the nature of man. This fundamental question the language of this discussion tends frequently to obscure and confuse; but its whole spirit, and its final statements, are earnestly and warmly on the side of Christian Theism. We wish this were as evident of the general tendency of thought in behalf of which it professes to speak.

There is little to criticise and very much to approve and admire in the last half of this pamphlet. It seems as if the

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author had set out to state the inextricable difficulties of faith, and even in defining had escaped from them. A good deal of current scepticism needs only to be so serenely fronted to dissolve and disappear.

Organon of Science. Three books in one volume. By John Harrison Stinson, Esq. "*Omnibus has Literas perlecturis Salutem.*" Eureka, Cal.: Wm. Ayers, book and job printer, 107 First Street. 1879. pp. 115, 35, 48.

"It was the author's intention to have continued this book much further than its present limits; . . . but hard times, ill-health, and the great difficulty in getting the author's ideas into print at all . . . have compelled him to stop here, . . . and the present edition has been put in print under the most harassing circumstances and difficulties." This is a queer work, and it is not wonderful that the printer refused to go on. The only wonder is that he started. Probably the author's purse and the printer's good-will were "commensura" in the start; but when they "hiterated," then the press stopped. The author mistakes a new coinage of words for a "new system of philosophy." We have read just enough of the book to know this respecting it. The book is very poorly printed on still poorer paper. There is no index, table of contents, or any other clew to the subjects treated. We have looked the work over, or, to speak more accurately, we have overlooked the work, and are simply puzzled. It is impossible to illustrate the author's method by an example, for some new symbols in the printer's case would be necessary. Ah! we have found it:—

"If the homonical homon and the heterical homon be inter se similia, we may call the heterical homon with reference to the homonical homon a similical homon. An homonical homon and a similical homon will thus be similia!" That is as clear as mud. But let us do justice to the author by giving one of his syllogisms according to the "new system of philosophy." Here it is:

"The homonical homon A, in the place — B to-day, and the homonical homon — A, in anywhere a thousand years hence, are a homon.

"The homonical homon — A'; in the place — C to-day, and the homonical homon — A, a thousand years hence in anywhere, are homon.

"*Therefore*, the homonical homon — A, in anywhere a thousand years hence, and the homonical homon A', in anywhere a thousand years hence, are similia."

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We fear that the reader will think that we are making light of this work which is to introduce a "new system of philosophy to the scientific world." To vindicate our perfect judicial candor as a critic, the *Review* must grant us space for one more quotation. Here it is: —

"If we take two homonical incommensura and two heterical incommensura, and the one of the homonical incommensura and one of the heterical incommensura be inter se commensura, and the other of the homonical incommensura and the other of the heterical incommensura be inter se commensura, we will call the heterical incommensura, commensural incommensura: Homonical incommensura and commensural incommensura will then be commensura." Indeed! who would have thought it? Is not our candor vindicated?

Sarah De Berenger. A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

The novels of this true poet and gifted woman always fail by some slight and occult lack of being genuine works of art. There is abundance of what is good in plot, description, aphorism, humor, and sympathetic insight into character; but there is a want of proportion and coördination that somehow disappoints. This book is, with the usual deficiency in this respect, one of Miss Ingelow's best stories. The central idea of it seems to be that the weak things of this world are chosen to confound the mighty. It is, too, in the best sense of the phrase, a temperance tale, showing graphically the special besetments of drunkenness, and the contempt of fashionable society for the crude and sometimes coarse methods of temperance reformers. Both sides may find something to ponder in this exhibition of the shortcomings of both.

Few writers give us so many quotable sentences as Jean Ingelow. The frequently recurring theme of the story is stated in this way: "The foolish have us far more in their power than the wise." Here and there the neatness of an expression gives the effect of wit: "He was little physically, but as a fool he was great." "Felix was an intellectual man, but by no means intelligent." A good definition is the following: "A prig is one whose words tower above and seem to dwarf his actions." And a good deal of current charity needs to learn the wisdom of this declaration: "Every right and natural responsibility of which you relieve a man, taking it on yourself, makes him less able to bear those responsibilities of which nothing can relieve him." The tone of the book is eminently wholesome, practical, and Christian.

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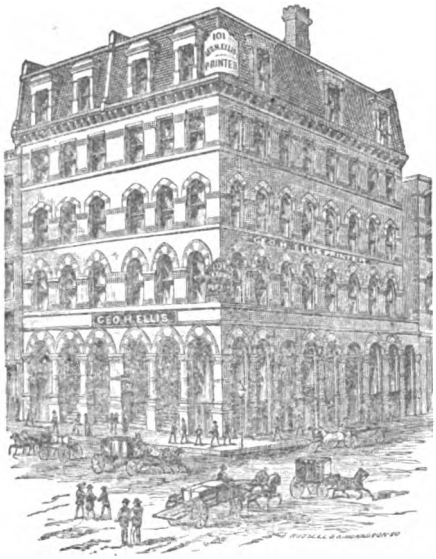

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

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VOL. XII. NOVEMBER, 1879. No. 5.

DIVINE AUTHORITY.

One of the most striking characteristics of this age is the universal unsettling and loosening of old creeds, and the growing demand for fresh ideas and forms of faith. It seems to be preëminently the age of scepticism, but of a scepticism in the interests of belief. It is a time of questioning, but it is also a time of answering questions; of antagonism, but also of reconciliation; of radicalism, but also of true conservatism; of destruction, but also of reconstruction. We are pulling down a great many old houses, but we are carefully carrying away such of the pieces as are sound and shapely,— here a plank, there a pile of stone or brick; here a pillar or post, there an ornamental mantel-piece or a bit of quaint pannelling, to put into the new mansions we are planning. The sappers and miners are also architects and masons.

Or rather, it may be said, the creeds of the future are shaping themselves in us by interior and resistless processes, the result of some impelling power which, for want of a name, we sometimes call the spirit of the age; but which

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we may more wisely term the spirit of God manifested in humanity.

But the question is forever coming up, What are we required to preserve, and what not? What is and what is not truth sanctioned by divine authority? To what must the conscience and reason owe supreme allegiance? The basis of religious faith has been for a long time undergoing a gradual change. Among rationalists and among evangelicals there are marked differences of creed. So that it becomes more and more difficult for those who are possessed with the spirit of inquiry after the main truths of life, and who are not yet quite emancipated from old dogmas, to fix upon any sure test of what is divinely authoritative; quite impossible, in fact, so long as they insist on looking for the source of this authority anywhere outside of the human soul in its relations with other souls.

All around us are signs of this tendency to a change of base. Some drop into this church, some into that, some are outside of all churches. And some, wearied out with speculation without a strong basis of natural religion to stand on, find apparent rest with the Roman Catholics, in that original sheepfold where all is peace and unity because all is passive surrender of the reasoning faculties. Authority is the great demand. Where shall we find it? In ecclesiastical tradition? In the Church? In the Bible? In any school of philosophy? In human laws? In any prevailing sentiment or doctrine? But tradition is but a second-hand or rather a thousandth-hand sort of voucher. It is like having the king's decree transmitted verbally through a long line of officers in succession, with perpetual chance of dilution or admixture or change from those who pass it along, till it reaches the remotest dwellers of the kingdom quite the opposite from what it was when it started. Shall we find it in the Church? The question at once comes up, Which church? And should we settle down upon any one sect exclusively, we still find the Church a very narrow and imperfect human institution, ever tending to change, disintegration, or corruption. In the Bible? But reason must

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judge and interpret its meaning. In philosophical systems? But philosophers proverbially disagree. In human laws? But they touch only the outward and social life. In the prevailing convictions of the people? But these are subject to change and modification. Deeper than all these sources must we go. Or rather these are not sources at all, but streams more or less impure flowing from the one primal fountain, the soul of man,—from which flowed all religions from the beginning.

"Very well," says an objector; "but where do you find your divine authority in this human soul you talk of? Will not your inner lights differ from mine, your conscience run athwart the convictions of my conscience, your reason and mine arrive at quite different conclusions? If God made the soul of man an infallible oracle and clear witness of himself, why such varying and conflicting testimony? Why do many of the best and wisest men disagree utterly as to what is essentially divine truth?"

But, it may be replied, the differences of belief among men are more in their conscious creeds than in the thoughts and actions of their unconscious life; more in their public and customary denominational colors than in their private convictions. Strip away their clothing of church creeds, and their nudity of natural religion makes them all alike. Nothing is more universally acknowledged than that there are certain old undisputed ideas, principles, convictions, moral and religious, which have held their place in all systems of belief,—

"Truths that wake to perish never,"—

that are no more to be got rid of than light for the eye, music for the ear, or food for the palate,—that are the common ground of all religions everywhere and always. Such universal convictions as God, spirit, duty, salvation by character, brotherhood of the race, immortality, can never be dropped wholly out of sight. Once recognized, they stand acknowledged, like the laws of gravitation and electricity. We instinctively appeal to them, we regulate our actions by them, we rest upon them, we move upon them,

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as we do on this solid earth beneath our feet. They involve spiritual laws as unerring as physical laws. They are only temporarily obscured in epochs of national vice, sensuality, and materialism, or seen through a false medium, as in the times when Church bigotry was rampant, and persecution for belief and opinion was its terrible logic for bringing about one form of faith for the whole world.

There is no war so savage as the war of beliefs. And the objector forever brings up this fact, either in the interest of indifferentism and of confirmed scepticism, or of the Universal Catholic Church as the asylum from all storms of doubt, the unshaken rock of authority. The one would unsettle everything by denying a solid ground for any belief to stand on: the other would settle everything by renouncing the ultimate sovereignty of Reason, and living by blind and servile obedience to Tradition, or to a Vicegerent of God on earth.

And yet if you could strip away the intellectual illusion of the sceptic, or that of the Roman Catholic, and get at the real man, the real natural nucleus of him, made known chiefly by his spontaneous life, you might discover that they both recognized a basis of undisputed truth on which they might both stand and clasp hands. The sceptic might confess to a sentiment of God, a divine life, duty, brotherhood: the Catholic might be brought to admit that a man may, in a certain way, be a good man outside his Church; that he might be saved by his character; and that God would not damn an infant because its little forehead was never wet by one of his priests' fingers.

It is time that common-sense had its spiritual apotheosis. Taking the word in its largest meaning, it is the world's inspiration. It is a power that will at times assert itself inside the cramping prison-walls of the most inveterate believer, and lead him to see and feel a region of truth much larger than his creed. So that when the confirmed sceptic says with Pilate, "What is truth?" or when the sectarian says, "Where is truth to be found except in my parish?"—that common-sense, that common element at once human

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and divine which we all share, and which makes the whole world kin, perpetually comes in to challenge the objector's logic, and prove to us that there is a broad basis of universal ideas and beliefs underlying all denominations of Christians, Jews, infidels, and pagans, which remains forever one and indivisible. And the time must come when this voice of common-sense which so long and so patiently pleads to be heard amid the din and discord of opinions, will at last have a hearing in humanity's great court of appeals; when it will be understood that not what any written Scripture, not what any ecclesiastical councils, not what any sects or churches pronounce to be authoritative, but what the common voice of the race has to utter, will be eliminated and enforced as the divine oracles of the nations.

The old idea that man is naturally averse to divine truth, that there is no preëstablished accordance and correspondence between the divine messages and human ears, is losing ground. And in the midst of a great wilderness of apparent unbelief, a more substantial faith is springing up; a faith that pierces down with its roots to a subsoil and takes hold of great ideas and principles, and, like the giant oak of the forest, is of a strength and vitality akin to the earth and the air by which it is nourished.

The relation of God to man will gradually cease to be regarded under the old Jewish symbol of an absolute monarchy, and the republican idea will prevail more and more; and the wants of the people and the rights of the people will be recognized as well as the attributes of the ruler.

The difference between the old forms of faith and the new is in nothing more marked or more distinctly formulated than in the *inversion* that is brought about of the tests of divine authority. According to the old faiths, the divine sanction of spiritual truth rests in the will and absolute sovereignty of God, irrespective of any want or claim of his creatures. "Thus saith the Lord" is its motto and its perpetual refrain. According to Scripture, the Lord is the potter, humanity the clay. The potter may fashion the clay as he chooses; the clay has no voice in the matter. The

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word of God is not to be disputed. No amendments are to be passed on it, no veto admissible. It is an absolute Monarch's decree; there is nothing to do but obey. And if we asked for the *test* of the authority, if we claimed the right to be reasonably convinced whether the decree was genuine, we were pointed to the supernatural credentials borne by the messengers who brought us the word, and were told that *there* was the satisfactory test.

But gradually human reason asserts its right to question and judge in matters of faith. And it goes on questioning and judging, till it arrives at the conviction that whatever purports to be divine truth, yet is contrary to the clearest voices of humanity, cannot be genuinely divine.

So, then, according to the rational believer, truth must be tested by man before it can be accepted as divine. It must be tested as faith and as conduct, individually and socially, by the common reason, the common conscience, the common heart and sentiment, the common social experiences of the race. There must be no discord between divine and human truth. That which is supremely human is divine; that which is divine, human.

The individual and private conviction must, of course, come first. In the depths of the soul, usually of a few at first,—a few wise prophets and teachers—a few wholly unselfish workers in some great cause,—the light first dawns. It is often mixed up with, and partially obscured by, concomitant convictions which are local, national, or sectarian, and which are destined to be transitory, like the clouds and mists at sunrise. And there is profound truth in the universal conviction of these "prophets of the soul," that their light is not *their* light, but God's. They are but the recipients of the revelation; and all they utter first came to them from a divine inflowing. Gradually the light they receive steals down from their mountain-peaks into the valleys, and catches like flame from heart to heart, from mind to mind, till it becomes the possession of a multitude, and is organized into customs, institutions, laws, civilizations.

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These listeners to the divine voices teach with authority, as Jesus taught, and not as the scribes and schoolmen, because out of the great magazine of universal ideas they bring a reinforcement to that sense of the truth already existing in the minds of their disciples.

But it is not solely in profound individual or social experiences that moral and religious truths are authenticated as divine. There is a satisfactory test of divine authority to be found in the practical realization of great ideas and principles in universally prevalent traditions, customs, institutions, laws which are known by long and general experience to be for the permanent good of the race. Whatever is thus proved must stand fast as having a sanction from above. Whatever is undisputed as essential to the moral and spiritual well-being of individuals and society, should be considered as stamped with the divine seal. Its value as a universally human belief and a human institution authenticates it as distinctly as any divine message recorded in the Bible.

The Ten Commandments announced by Moses as supernaturally delivered to him to be proclaimed to the Israelites are based on human needs and the welfare of society. As far as they accord with the prevailing sentiment and conviction of mankind, they are eternal and divine law. They imply the great ideas of God, of spirit, of duty, of filial relation to the Supreme Being, and of fraternal relation to our fellow-beings. Reason makes a broad distinction between them and the ritual laws of the Jews. They are not set aside by Christianity, and they accord with the moral law of other nations, ancient and modern. And the same may be said of the moral and religious codes of all the most cultivated nations, as the Hindoo, Chinese, Ottoman, Persian.

It is their use and adaptation to the good of society that gives to many social customs, recognized and practised by the civilized nations, the prestige of the divine sanction or command. The right of men and women to their lives, to their property, to the regulation of their families, to justice in the eye of the law; the laws and customs relating to marriage, laws against incest, and, in most civilized countries,

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against polygamy,—are divine sanctions because they are social benefits. All violence and barbarism are denounced as violation of God's law; and peace and fraternity, which are the bonds of society, are held to be in accordance with it. Even the Jewish Sabbath has its divine meaning, endorsed by modern civilization in the consecration of one day of rest in seven. Public worship springs out of a spiritual need, and the custom stands on the ground of a social and private good, and not on a biblical command.

Looked at in this way, all history is alive with the evidences of human effort to incarnate the divine wisdom. In the long, dreary nights of the ages, these nobilities of man flash like diamonds in the dark. Moral and religious as well as intellectual evolution thus declares its processes through all the past. Some impulse of utilitarian necessity, and yet involving a nobler origin and a finer stuff than mere material use, has from time immemorial pushed society forward upon broader and higher paths.

There is a certain common consent and determination of communities to set aside individual privileges, if they interfere with social needs. Even if the laws and customs are imperfect in not allowing sufficient individualism for all, still it is wisely thought they should far better exist than that each member of society should be his own law. Take the law of marriage, for instance, which may bear hardly on many ill-sorted couples, but which is known by the world's oldest experience to be such a wise institution that exceptional individual embarrassments should not weigh against it. There is reason in calling marriage a divine institution; for it is designed to include the happiness of husband and wife according to intellectual, affectional, and sexual sympathies; to provide for and educate the children; to make homes and centres of domestic peace and virtue; and to exclude all that is sensual and lawless and degrading in private and social life.

And thus of all such long-proved and time-honored institutions it may be said that that which we find to be the best cement of society turns out to be of the same stuff as

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that which we suppose holds the angelic hierarchy together: just as in science the spectroscope shows the sun and stars to be made of the same minerals and gases as our muddy, stony old ball of earth. In brief, truth must be thoroughly human before it can be recognized as divine. Things must be bound on earth before they are known to be bound in heaven.

This is what I called an inversion of the tests of divine authority. The old faith says, Truth is of God, whether recognized or not by human souls. The new faith says, Truth is indeed of God, but its firmest and ultimate sanction is universal human acceptance.

Will it be thought that this idea resolves morality and religion into a matter of utility and expediency? On the contrary, I am affirming that there is a law, an ideal, a power behind these, whose propulsions cannot be explained on the ground of expediency. That immense factor, conscience, can never be accounted for on this narrow basis. Grant that conscience, individual and social, is a thing of growth and development. How could it have so grown and developed, unless there had been an original germ and potency preordaining it to become the overmastering element it is? And why need it have developed beyond just what was necessary to an obedience to customary usage? How account for that overplus of the moral sentiment which in all times has raised up prophets and leaders and saviors and martyrs? How account for its establishment as law commanding universal assent? Because a spiritual idea is adopted by society and found to secure its well-being, it does not follow that the utility of that idea is the sole ground of its acceptance. Its incarnation is one fact, its apotheosis is another. Both are necessary to give it supreme authority.

And both are results of laws of Nature and of the soul, which, sooner or later, are operating in society.

The lights of science in our day — of all science in every department, material, psychical, social — have in nothing more benefited the world than in impressing upon the mind

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the universality and infallibility of law. It is this superincumbent sense of law, everywhere, always, running out into a million radiations of complex effects, yet always the same, not to be escaped, not to be set aside, inexorable, eternal, that gives a new meaning to the constitution of things, visible and invisible,— a meaning that ancient times could not see. The unseen world, the world of intellect, of emotional forces, of conscience, and of the social conditions in which all these come into play,— the soul's world, in fine, — has its laws just as well as the body and the surrounding universe.

And yet there is always a lurking fear among conservatives lest with the coming in of scientific methods of thought, and of more freedom of speculation in matters of moral and religious belief, there should be a loosening of the bands of divine authority. These tremors are not peculiar to the Pope of Rome and his adherents, but seem to trouble all religious organizations, even the most liberal. Is there reason for any such fear? Is not the danger, if anywhere, that those who hold to an external or sentimental form of religion, without a firm basis of character to support them, should fall away from the path of rectitude? The tendency of some popular doctrines is to obscure the great fact, if not to deny it, that the life and interior character of every individual is the essential man, the creed but his outer crust.

This change of base from the conception of divine authority as proceeding from the will of an absolute monarch to that of its resting on law and the nature and rights of man, seems to have a parallel in the analogous social idea, through the belief in which all free nations have acquired their political liberties. That old text of Paul, "The powers that be are ordained of God," and which has been the talisman by which so many so-called Christian rulers have tyrannized without protest over their subjects, came from some old conservative prejudice, doubtless, in the mind of this noble apostle of freedom. Our Puritan-blooded forefathers were certainly dreadful heretics in rejecting this, however scrupulous they were to adhere to his other doctrines. But were

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they any the less true to the broader principles of authority they espoused? When they fell away from the authority of King George III., it was only to plant their feet more firmly on the natural rights of the colonies, and to announce their creed in the Declaration of Independence, which was a new page in the world's political scriptures,—rather, we might say, a broad title-page to the nineteenth century's volume of political rights.

Only a few hundred years ago in Europe, the idea of implicit obedience to the will of the sovereign was so born and bred in the minds of the loyal Netherlanders, that it took many long, terrible years of the most bloody civil and religious tyranny on record, to prepare the way for those political truths which were afterwards to bear such wide harvests in the New World. But when, after their protracted and arduous struggle, they recovered their liberty and grew to be a prosperous republic, they were only stronger than ever in their obedience to law.

And so in matters of moral and religious faith, the bonds of authority only grow stronger as we emerge from amid the *débris* of old dogmas which have ceased to have a meaning and life for us, and espouse the cause of spiritual as we do of civil freedom.

Shall we go up and down seeking for the sources of divine authority, when they are so near to us in our daily life? Can the eye escape from the light, or the ear from sound? Neither can the soul escape from the unseen forces that are mightier than all others: from truth, from principles, from affections, from the unutterable beauty of the universe. Neither can it escape from God. Can anything be so near to us as that ineffable Reality? The old theologic stage-scenery represented him afar off. We were given a telescope to see him. Modern science with her microscope materializes him into atoms and physical force. But the wisest philosophy is hushed into awe before him as the Life of our lives, the Soul of all souls, the infinite Intelligence, Love, Power, in whom we live, move, and have our being.

Were this ineffable Presence and Authority felt as it

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should be felt, in the mysterious and fateful net-work of spiritual laws, whose observance brings health of mind, heart, conscience, as their infraction brings misery and degradation; were there, as there should be, as sensitive a perception of their reality as there is of the laws that govern our physical state,—do you think we should be so shocked and disheartened by these constantly recurring accounts of mercantile, political, and official fraud? No man voluntarily puts his eyes out, or exposes himself to yellow fever, or walks over a precipice. Yet week after week come these records of a rotten honesty that covers up its putridity from all eyes in a smooth appearance of respectability and good church-standing. And we often ask, Is the country—are the times—getting radically more unprincipled? Are these things that overcome us, not like a "summer cloud," but a pestilential malarial fog,—are they getting to be more and more prevalent, and so indicating a hollow, worm-eaten core of morality among us, or can they be explained by causes that give a more hopeful view for our country?

Unfortunately many people are living in a sort of chaotic transition-state between the shedding of the old faiths and the sound growth of the new. Society is endangered by its exposure to this moulting condition. Our old props and buttresses are removed before the new architects have completed their work. If a man has been trusting all his life to be saved through the merits of Christ, and not by his own character, and gradually becomes a disbeliever in the atonement and in hell-fire, without any clear faith in truth and virtue for themselves, we may reasonably wonder if, on the whole, he does not oftener succumb to temptations.

There appears to be, however, a healthy tone of public opinion with regard to such delinquencies, and no reason for any serious discouragement. The signs of the times seem to indicate improvement in the general moral sense of the community.

A noticeable sign that this doctrine of the higher law is taking possession of the minds of thoughtful and cultivated Americans, was brought to our notice not long ago by the

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genuine applause that greeted Senator Bayard's Phi Beta Kappa address in Cambridge, in what he said about the universality and sanctity of the unwritten law. It is upon this law in the hearts and reason of all the race, he said, that our liberties and rights and statutes have their basis. This idea was developed wisely and illustrated eloquently by the speaker, in its bearings upon the political and social state of the country. And, coming as it did from a Democratic leader in Congress, it was a cheering sign of the times. It was taking a stand upon a basis of authority for the higher life, such as we have rarely seen in any politician or statesman of the day. It was to this doctrine of the higher law that our anti-slavery reformers appealed forty years ago, and got mobbed, tarred-and-feathered, and murdered for their fanaticism. Nowadays we applaud it; and especially when coming from the lips of a conspicuous man in that party which has been too often associated with pro-slavery, currency-inflation, ultra States-rights and secession, and, worse than all, we are forced to say, with violence and mob law.

And it is not alone from American statesmen that we hear this high doctrine preached. It is getting to pervade our literature, and give it a sounder and loftier tone. Our poets, novelists, journalists, critics, historians, have caught this spirit of the age which compels a profound assent to the common basis of sentiment, morality, and religious belief, wherein sectarianism and provincialism in thought upon the most serious matters of character and life and duty are dying out from lack of sustenance.

The whole history of thought in Christendom exhibits this process of successive retreating from external authorities inward towards a social spiritual sanctuary and fortress; a successive peeling-off, as it were, of the perishable outer wrappings of faith, and a coming down to the indestructible nucleus and living heart of all. We have got rid of the infallible Pope, the infallible Church, the infallible Bible, the infallible Pure Reason of the transcendentalists, and are coming to stand in larger numbers on the broad, self-evident

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truths on which there is no dispute. This process of thought-evolution makes old creeds more unstable, and new creeds more difficult of construction; but it sets the souls of men free in the liberty of a larger belief that all the best religions and moralities have one tap-root in the nature and wants of the race.

These universal elements are the salt, the cement, the conservative power, in the social life of the world. That simple doctrine and spirit of brotherhood which the great Teacher of Judea formulated as love to our neighbor is destined to an immortality upon earth which will preserve Christianity from passing away or sinking to a dead level with other religions; that clothes it in the colors of heaven; that lifts it above Mohammedanism and Buddhism; that fills it with the potency of progress and spiritual evolution. Christianity will drop its mythologies, its records of miracles, its traits of superstition and childish or barbaric thought, its claims as an infallible and insulated word of God. It may drop its very name. But it can never surrender this indestructible core — this heart of hearts — of human brotherhood and love. Society will only develop and enlarge the significance of this great idea. Paul said, "Ye are members one of another"; but how limited was his thought, confining this idea to a church, a small body of Christian believers! Now, this truth is authenticated as the vital bond which holds the world together. We see now how the whole race is intermingled and cemented together in such a wonderful and many-sided life, that we cannot move a step or perform a single action without depending upon something that mankind has done for us. All our external life, in its minutest operations from dawn to midnight, every day of our lives, is possible only as associated with human activity and products. And no less so in our mental, affectional, and spiritual existence, in which we can no more dispense with human life around us than the lungs can breathe without air.

And this element of brotherhood involves all the virtues and graces of natural religion. Abou Ben Adhem, the friend of man, is the best friend of God.

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Our instinctive shrinking from those people who are called *pious*, and whose orthodoxy and self-conscious righteousness envelop them as with a robe of outward sanctity; the instinct which leads us to trust a person of solid character though he hardly knows how the inside of a church looks, and which prefers an infidel friend of justice and mercy to a mean and acrid pietist,— finds its justification in the great court of public sentiment. And the records of that court are so many contributions to the broad faith of the Universal Church.

"But what new truths do you propose to give us in place of those which we considered fundamental in the old faith?" asks the conservative. The liberal believer might answer, "We do not propose to give you any fundamental truths, any foundation but that which should have been at the bottom of your old beliefs, to make them worth anything." The province of the new faith is to restore what is essentially human and divine in the old foundations; not to build on the merits and atoning blood of Christ, but on whatever living and permanent truth Christ embodied in his life and teachings; not on man's fallen nature, but on his indestructible powers of recovery and regeneration and progress; not on habits of self-torturing conscience and haunting fear of hell, but on manly resolve to go forward and do the duty that lies nearest; not on the alluvial soil of shallow theologies, but on the deep-laid rock-foundations of the eternal religion of humanity.

"But you would give us a religion of reason and not of the heart," says an objector. Not so. Every faculty and quality of our nature, in proportion to its worth, must be recognized in the new faith. The affections, no less than the intellect and conscience, are enlisted in its interests. That which deals with man's entire round of relations with his fellow-men must needs have largely to do with his affections. The stronger these affections cling, the closer ties they make with family or friends, the more need of their purification from the grosser senses and the more turbulent passions. If the customs of civilization teach this, how

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much more ought they to be impressed by those higher ideas and principles without which the best civilization cannot exist!

Indeed, I should say that liberal religion should be, of all forms of religion, that which has most to do with the heart; for one of its main principles is love in place of fear.

It is then from the soul, or rather from the grand republic of souls gathered from all times, nations, religions, and all together voting on the basis of a common nature,—it is from the sanctity of long-established truths, principles, beliefs, customs,—that we derive our tests of divine authority. As we derive our faith in broader political principles both *a priori* and from the experience of nations, so do we derive our faith in the great spiritual realities. In our tyrannical dynasty of sects, this may sound like a new doctrine to some ears. But that will be only because it has so recently been formulated from those natural convictions which have survived their long imprisonment in the subterranean cells of Catholic and Protestant sectarianism, and have escaped alive and sane into the freer air of these later times. Back of all scriptures and churches a light shines through them in such a way that *they* seem more or less, like the moon and planets, self-luminous. And if my evangelical objector says, "This is only natural religion," I reply, "So much the better." Natural religion is of the same stuff with what you try to insulate as revealed religion. They are both natural, both revealed, else how could we know anything of them? If there be a difference it is of degree, not quality. It is the same divine wisdom which speaks through both.

The difficulty some people have in establishing in their minds an eternal basis of divine authority, after having given up the old biblical idea of fealty to an absolute king, is that they are still fettered by an outworn style of religious education. God and spiritual realities somehow exist for them in a sphere apart from the secular, daily, hourly life of man. All the religions of the world have, without exception, looked for the sources of divine authority in the super-

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natural instead of in the natural; for some deity afar off, who approaches man only at long intervals and with special interpositions in human affairs. But deity touches on all sides, penetrates and speaks through us when we are unconscious of a divine presence. What need of a miracle, when we have this daily miracle of God in man? What need of the sacred proclamations of priests and councils that the gates are lifted and the king of glory is coming in, when the still, small voice has already whispered it?

The great mission of spiritual reform may be to utterly secularize religion; to take it out from the old mystical, biblical circle of associations, and make it the most real and fundamental and practical matter of life. Man by his nature is pledged to the right and not to the wrong side of things. He carries his own authority,—the immanent God, the Over-soul, in him, yet above him,—as though he carried about with him one end of a life-sustaining atmospheric column, the other end of which is Deity itself. The authority is one he cannot escape from, because God is in all things, and a divinely human power constrains us, unawares, in the direction of right, of truth, of kindness, and all the fair humanities. It is not enough that we dethrone the Jewish Jehovah, not enough that we vacate the idea of a sovereign power always above us, but seldom or never in us. Religion, considered in its modern sense as the highest life of man, can only be supremely vital when it is in harmony with our ideal of all that is good and true and beautiful, when it touches man in every posture and relation, like the laws of Nature.

The symbolic conceptions of Deity that satisfied our forefathers will have to be materially modified, if not changed. Science and common-sense demand it, no less than the affections and conscience. What was it that prompted you just now to speak the truth, when a white lie would have been more to your advantage? What was it impelled you to a deed of justice or kindness, when it would have been a sweet satisfaction to give a loose rein to your selfish greed or your angry passions? And what is that great power that

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moves large masses of men to the right instead of to the wrong, and carries forward further than we thought was possible the great revolutions and reforms in society? There can be but one answer.

When we look back at the course of history, when we consider that minute arc of the great circle supplied by our own experiences, and see how things tend evermore towards an ideal standard of good and truth, how pitiful seems the sophistry of the materialists who would ascribe to expediency all this magnetic attraction of human nature in the right direction! Philosophy is false to itself if it attempts so to explain it. For after all is done, there remains always this insoluble residuum; *viz.*, that there will always be a sense of authority *somewhere*, which the doctrine of expediency cannot account for. Will you say that mankind has agreed to "make believe" to consider *that* divinely binding on men which is found in the long run expedient for the good of society? There still remains the unchanging conviction that it *is* divine, and this is the insoluble residuum, the unexplained mystery. Who told us it was divine? Why not simply say it was the sum total of human wisdom? How account for the intuition perpetually arising to confront us, that there is and *must* be always an ideal so much beyond and above what is necessary for carrying on the work of society, that it utterly puts out the tallow-dips of the utilitarian philosophers?

Let us hope that a new era of religious thought is coming in which the Infinite Being authenticates his presence and authority by the incessant manifestation of himself in the daily life of every individual, confirming that presence and authority over and over again by appeal to the experiences of the human race in all times.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

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GOOD MANNERS.

While choosing this subject as being in my estimation a grave one, I am fully aware of what may be said of the minor importance which mere manners should hold,— that manners are not necessarily indicative of character and real worth, because there are most polished villains of both sexes, and there are boorish saints. The elegant manners of the man or woman of society in the drawing-room may indeed be no token of a noble or gentle character; graceful movements may be taught by the dancing-master; rules of etiquette strictly studied and observed, yet the proficient be neither better nor worse as man or woman.

Granting, then, that there may be a superficiality in manners so that they are not necessarily a criterion of character, yet we all acknowledge a pleasure in meeting persons of pleasing manners. The rules of society-etiquette are what help to lift us above a certain rudeness of living, so that even if affected they are better than the roughness of uncivilized life. But although an easy carriage of the body and a courteous demeanor may not be valueless in society, yet it is to another phase of manners that I wish rather to draw attention: to home-manners, street-manners, and the like, in our common every-day life.

What should be the foundation for our social and family intercourse? "The Golden Rule," says one. Yet how shall we carry this out in actual living day by day? How shall I preserve my own interests and not sacrifice everything to my neighbor?

First, then, a true politeness must be founded upon conscientiousness; there can be no other basis. "What!" you will say. "The *true grace* is the *unconscious* grace: shall I be forever applying my rule of duty to measure every action?" I reply, "Not exactly this." But what does conscientiousness mean? A consideration of right and wrong in life, and making rules for our actions thereby. No one lives for himself or herself alone; more or less ties we all have, even

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the most solitary. As we are not hermits, then, we must have some method in our intercourse with one another; it may not be a carefully thought-out plan, yet *some* principle does guide us more or less.

One question arises at once: How far is self to be considered, and how far are others? My interests and those of others clash often,—require yielding of the one's or the other's: which shall it be? Arbitrariness says, "I must be considered first, when there is opposition of interests." Servility says, "I am ready to be placed last." Timidity whispers, "Pray let me make no trouble." What does a true self-respect require? Do you not see there is a little intricacy here?

Self-respect means a true estimation of the value of humanity as existing in myself,—the human being. I cannot correctly estimate this humanity in others while underestimating it in myself. I cannot be the best judge of what others need for comfort and happiness, if I have no conception of what "the human in me" requires and seems justified in demanding. Out of a faithful conscientiousness must spring "regard for others' rights," or, where these seem unknown, "tenderness." Let us see where these guides will lead us; for there are so many varying relations in which we stand to those around us, that differences often arise among the most judicious.

It seems almost true, of manners in this broad sense, as well as in society-etiquette, that women are supreme, or can do as they wish. Woman gives the laws for social intercourse; and it therefore behooves us as women to look sharply at this whole sphere of manners, that at least here, where none disputes our rights, we establish a perfect harmony of action, which shall be a prognostic of our method of action in wider spheres as they open before us. Have we always reason for pride in what we have thus far achieved? Every person, rich as well as poor (for we expect it of these latter), high as well as low (for we demand it of these latter), genius as well as commonplace people (for we never forgive its omission in these latter), owes duties of

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consideration to those around him or her. "But," says some admirer of genius, "he or she is so absorbed in his occupation, he has so many more important interests, there is so much needed to be done, he cannot fritter away his time upon every trifler, cannot be expected to be even aware of our existence at times, in the overwhelming absorption and insatiable demands of his work. And the greatest good and the greatest works would be left undone, if so much thought is to be given to minor things and inferior people." Now here are both correct and incorrect statements. Genius does need retirement, and has claims upon a thoughtful consideration. But let us look at some of the creations of our great minds. What are they generally? Work for humanity, using human beings for the instruments or the material. How then shall these tools, this substance, be treated, be it by artist or philosopher, reformer or statesman? All of these need the lesser minds. I do not usually wish to blunt my tools or deface my material. The better, the more carefully, I handle these, the more I effect. Why should it not be so here?

We acknowledge this truth in some cases at once. The physician with the humane manner and the equal ability will be the beloved and esteemed one. The statesman cannot afford a haughty disregard of his constituents, and knows it well. The lawyer calculates upon a winning manner. The reformer must, if he will succeed in his efforts, pay his tribute to the glimmering sparks he finds in his subject. The teacher can hardly exist without it.

All of us who have a little more education, more power of thought, more insight, more executive ability, will accomplish double the amount, if with these needed qualities we combine a truly kindly consideration for others; if by some happy word, or trifling attention, or thoughtful act, costing us so little, we show to those who look up to us with so much expectation and respect, that we feel the human in us yearning towards the human in them, and each feeling the need of the other.

In these days when we women are stepping out from our

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exclusive home-life, and feeling that we have a more than passive interest in the work of our times, feeling, too, a little bewildered by the wider view, and uncertain on some disputed points, we are ready to receive counsel and to hear opinions from those who we know have greater advantages; and those who have these, can accomplish so much by tenderly, humanely helping with sisterly hands, not standing afar off and throwing down to those below, as it were, the morsels of their superior wisdom.

Do not say, then, that greater interests or superior talent or excelling ability exempts any one from the cultivation of the social graces; for the latter are needed components in the highest works of the former.

Let us begin the closer consideration of our subject where all must begin,—with childhood. I think human beings need, especially during the formative period, to respect some one in order to be saved from barbarism; it seems to be an essential of humanity. In European countries, the formation of society into classes, although artificially created at first, gives scope for the exercise of this natural quality.

Here in republican America, with no grades of individuals, we began by looking up to our ministers. Think in what awe the parsons of old days were held, and we shall recognize that some of that inherited reverence, or need of respecting some one, which our ancestors brought with them to these wilds, was bestowed upon the ministers of religion. Time has changed this; but I sometimes feel, and I think you will all acknowledge, there is something wanting in the children of America. An affected reverence, a pretended respect, we do not ask; but young America seems growing up without any person to look up to as superior. Independence of spirit, self-reliance, and energy are all good; but not when they deteriorate into arrogance, self-conceit, and presumption. We are living in a wide-awake, questioning age, full of wonders; who can be surprised, then, if the young, dazzled by their little knowledge acquired, see themselves in distorting mirrors which magnify beyond recognition?

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Will you ask what I propose? I propose that we inculcate something of the old Chinese respect for age. I would have every child taught, and if necessary compelled, to respect those older than himself. The child of a certain age looks upon the younger child as his inferior in knowledge or strength: this natural feeling I would cherish earnestly. By and by, I will allow, the child may see that years do not always bring superior knowledge: then I call into play another element, of which I should like to speak farther on, as being also necessary in the child's training.

But the child should yield to the adult, should show him respect in all his manners. This should be the general rule. I would revive some of the old-time strict rules even, rather than see the opposite extreme now so prevalent; and this I would do for the advantage of the children themselves, and not for the sake of the comfort of elders alone.

The conceitedness of children is a most striking feature of modern society. The many appliances of ingenuity for producing amusements and instruction for children are having an injurious effect by fostering their feeling of importance. Some counterbalance is needed. Especially is this observable in some of our middle-class people, as the common schools now introduce so many studies once regarded as accomplishments accessible to the few only; and the admiring parents, astonished at the displayed success of their offspring, are looked upon by the latter, at first with pity, then with contempt. I would bring back into use some of the old-time customs, and children should show outward tokens of respect to adults, abroad and at home, to strangers and to all with whom they have daily intercourse.

I have observed that children of the lowest and the highest classes oftenest exhibit a peculiarly contemptuous manner to adults, which, although having its origin in very different sources, yet possesses similar traits.

For instance, an old man or woman shabbily or eccentrically dressed would be liable to the same mockery when so unfortunate as to be passing along the street when a school of the children of North End roughs was just dismissed, as

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when a school of the children of West End exquisites. The arrows might be thrown from more elegant bows in the latter case, but would pierce as deeply as in the former. In the one, it is the insolence of superior wealth; in the other, the brutality of coarse surroundings. Said an instructress in an institution where the exercises were of a nature to develop the muscles, and thus required some license, "I must hold a tight rein on my pupils from such and such quarters—elegant districts were these;—they incline to overstep bounds more than the others." At the opposite end of the same city, on a certain occasion the scholars in a school rebel, shut up the principal in a cellar, and for awhile pandemonium reigns above him.

Thus the ruder, lower nature exists in both extremes,—where we least expect it, judging by the fair exterior, as well as where the externals make us tremble at the possible development.

Let me tell you two little experiences of mine lately, illustrative of my point as regards adults and children. I was walking in a quiet part of a street with no person in sight but a well-dressed boy of twelve, who, as he passed, caused something to strike me between the shoulders, producing a stinging pain. I turned to see if I recognized him, when with some insolent remark he passed on with pretended innocence. It was an unprovoked rudeness.

A few weeks later, I alighted from a horse-car during a heavy thunder-shower, and stepped into the waiting-room. A boy with two umbrellas in his hand was on the sidewalk, eagerly watching the passengers. Evidently disappointed in his object, he returned into the station-house to wait longer. He saw my unprovided condition, and said, "If you would like, I will walk to your house with you, as I have two umbrellas;" and went home with me with all modesty, as if he were doing what any boy would do.

Now here outward conditions of life were the same, I am sure. But the one had never been taught respect even, while the other had learned consideration for others, and needed no prompter when the occasion arrived.

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Cases occur where a child will, through education and superior surroundings, perhaps become more intelligent and refined than the adult with whom circumstances connect him. What then? Here comes in play that tenderness which has been trained to see a common humanity in all, low or high, wise or foolish. With his acquisition of knowledge developing his intellectual powers, develop also the affectionate side of the child's nature, which shall make him wish to enlighten rather than to scorn, to pity rather than to deride, to offer service rather than to abuse ignorance.

Should it be crime or drunkenness, what then?

I must freely say that as regards the children of criminals, I hold it to be the duty of the State to remove them from the moral pollution as I would from a physical pestilence; and if the relatives could not or would not provide for them, the State should. A drunken parent or other kin is a terrible misfortune; but here tenderness, where respect has been crushed out, may effect much, and the very exercise of pity, forbearance, and a wise compassion might be better helps to strengthen one's own self against any inherited tendency than the strictest prohibitory law.

I am often struck in public cars by the behavior of children. No child, unless of very tender age, should sit in a horse-car when an adult, man or woman, is without a seat. But here the parents often interfere, and I hear some saying, "I have paid for my child's seat, and he has a right to it." Ah! there is the trouble,—"the right." No, he has not. He has a right to something better than mere return for his money: he has a right to the opportunity for acquiring that sweetest of graces,—respect for those older than himself; the strength gained by self-denial; the pleasure of giving comfort to others. The child has so little opportunity to do anything for adults compared with what is done for him, that he should be taught to seize every chance.

But how do we often act? We draw our heads stiffly up, or look another way, and sometimes even lay a repressing hand upon the willing little child when we see an adult

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standing, while our child, who, if at home, could hardly be kept seated for needed rest, sits comfortably there. These are little things; but good manners mean attention to all the little things which make daily life. Do we not ourselves show a peculiar want of consideration when travelling? It seems to produce a kind of metamorphosis, not of a very agreeable species; as witness the difficulties in seating women passengers in horse-cars, and the occupancy of four seats by two or even one person in steam-cars, and the like. "Oh," says some reader, "this conscientiousness is a most troublesome companion sometimes. Now must we introduce it into our journeys too?"

When a true conscientious consideration for others has become a part of our nature, when we begin with the children and instil the principle of respect for the right, conscientiousness will become a part of our nature, and will no more be troublesome in its reminders; we shall no more be tempted to take more than our due share of the seats in the cars than we should to surreptitiously appropriate any other property not our own.

There is another element, of which I have hesitated to speak,—intangible, ethereal, evading my grasp as I attempt to detain it that I may reflect its image to you in words; yet powerful; for there is no one, high or low, rich or poor, cultivated or ignorant, from youngest infancy onward, who does not recognize it at once, and feel its soothing, or cheering, or restraining power. Some believe it a natural gift lying in the temperament, others that it is a carefully and even artfully cultivated accomplishment; yet all bow to its power, are charmed with its beauty. I can best define it by the word refinement, using the term in its original sense. There seems in the possessors of it a finer fibre of soul, making it impossible for them to be otherwise,—a "finer grain," we say of such,—and that produces that clearer sight (or insight) which sees more and sooner than others; that quicker, sharper hearing which detects tone, variations, gradations of sound: and to this finer vision and hearing the hand and voice are obedient in their responses. We

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half-blind mortals only see the flushing cheek, and quivering lip, and dimmed or tearful eye when it is too late. Those blessed ones, with this keener vision, saw, as it were, the flush ere it crimsoned the cheek, the emotion before it shook the lip, the moisture before it clouded the eye. Blessed gift! — for do you not see it does not *heal* but *prevents* the wound? We half-deaf mortals only hear the ejaculations, protests, and apologies; but these blessed ones detect a pathos of which we, with our dull ears, hear nothing,— a cry for help unheard by us, a plaintive cadence which to us was discontent or ingratitude, an overpowering emotion vibrating in the voice which to us was anger or insolence.

Now we may be conscientious and even tender-hearted, yet lacking in this refinement of manners in social intercourse. Can it be acquired? If so, how? I believe it can, because, sounding the depths of our subject, has it not its root in conscientiousness also? An enlightened conscientiousness truly, with clearer views of the claims of others, where self has stepped farther into the background and from that retirement observes with a vision aided by humanity, perceives with a hearing intensified by beneficence. Hence flow forth so naturally those delightful gestures, words, glances, which have such universal power, and yet seem so a part of the possessor that we deem them Nature's gifts not to be possessed by all.

There rises before me now one type of elegant manners which I wish I might delineate so that you could see her as she looks to me in memory's glass. Tall, graceful figure, but with no appearance of fragility; soft white curls shading not obscuring the face; dark brown eyes where the soul shone forth,— this is the external appearance. She needs not to speak, for her motions and gesture are the hospitable inviters to enter a house which, I only need say, planned by her, is her counterpart. She speaks cordially, yet a most soothing welcome is in her words and tones; there are dignity and graciousness and heartiness and gratification in her tone and manner. I am the stranger, my companion the friend. We have not seen her new abode: she shows it,

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praises it, or lets us praise it; not a breath even makes me envious or even wistful. It is hers in all its glorious beauty, not for herself, but for others just as much; and far off as I am from her, I feel a participation in it all. What Nature and art have helped her to collect, she collected for me, whose only point of contact with her is my human conditions.

What was it that beamed from her serene eye, diffused itself in every simple gesture, thrilled me in every tone of her voice, and even flowed from the folds of her plain dress?

She has had a chequered life; has needed and used strength of body and mind; has had deep, bitter trials in her affections; you know her time has still many claims upon it: yet how peaceful and serene her manner; how you feel she has restrained passion, and is now putting aside anxieties and troubles to attend to her guests! She did not know how I rested in her gracious placidity, where no hurry came, where time had no existence more.

I should like now to see how these principles of which I speak may apply to actual every-day life, and first to speak of a change which has come within the last fifty years in the life of many American cities, especially here in Boston. Hotels, boarding-houses, and tenement-houses have multiplied, and many think such life is not conducive to refined manners. Can you give any good reason for this? What does such life signify,— I mean a boarding-house life? It is a home for the time being,— for childhood, a poor substitute, I grant; but some of us must make it the centre of our own home feelings, our household hearth. Can you see, then, why it should purposely be deprived of even this modest claim to be a temporary home, by an entire change from home observances?

If we would but look upon the inmates when we enter, as participators in a home which we are all helping to form, then we should have kindly greetings, little attentions in sickness and sorrow, a friendly assistance and sharing of cares, a table behavior which divides the good and takes its share of the inferior, thus doubling the former and halv-

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ing the latter. But you say, "We must defend ourselves against greed and usurpation: yield, and you will be always imposed upon."

I agree with you. If you always yield, if you do not respect the human within yourself, no one else will. But have you not faith to believe that a consideration of the rights of others will finally bring consideration of yours?

Oh, the blessing of little attentions shown by those of greater means, in these boarding-houses, to those of less! One gentle-mannered person, thoughtful of others, hospitable with small or great means, greeting the morning with a bright smile, and blessing the hard pillow with a hopeful "Good-night," lights up the sorriest boarding-house. Ah! those poor little rooms need often a deal of such light to disperse clouds of loneliness and anxiety and disappointment.

Do not say manners is a superficial subject only. Even if it were so, what do we know of most persons beyond the surface? Ah! that we all felt this more keenly, and presented more agreeable surfaces to each other.

It may be true, however, that in boarding-houses we need to be more on our guard, because the close connection into which we are inevitably brought destroys some privacy and fosters a spirit of comparison, rivalry, and competition. We are restless and need quieting, and a hotel is pervaded with its own spiritual as well as material atmosphere. Yet it may be thought the contact of so many individuals of such various temperaments might produce by the incessant friction a polished smoothness, like the pebbles of the sea-shore stirred by the waves. Yet may not this comparison be followed out, and as the beach-pebbles are most beautiful there where the water heightens their lustre, but look dull and so changed that we wonder at our own estimation of them, when seen elsewhere,—so it is often with the polish acquired by daily and hourly intercourse with varying minds, especially where this is simply superficial as the rubbing of the stones? Too often such persons, removed from their accustomed sphere, exhibit a want of that true

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politeness which sees a peer in every one, a person having equal rights to everything around him, claims upon one's consideration, tenderness, and even self-denial. For it seems as if our greatest danger is our desire to possess the best for ourselves; not that we wish to deprive others of anything, but that we do not wish to be shorn of anything which we might have had. It is this looking out for the main chance, this being on the alert to guard against intrusion, loss, or limitation, which prevents that ease in our social intercourse which is probably one great charm in European society, where the boundaries are set by long-established formulas, where "rank" has drawn strict lines. We are struggling either to obtain or maintain a position, and our native kindliness is often thrust into the background under the pressure.

How shall we treat servants? How can you use the word respect for a person whose very occupation insensibly inspires a child with anything but respect, because to the child these duties seem low in kind, and therefore lowering to the doer of them? Servants also, by their gross ignorance and silly conduct, often compel intelligent children to feel for them contempt.

Suppose a primeval state, or a colony in a wilderness, or a sudden reverse of fortune changing our circumstances so that every office must be performed by ourselves. Now in these conditions, however refined and cultivated, however artistic or poetic, however sensitive and ethereal, we are yet in the flesh; in all of us there exists something very animal,—a part of our nature whose demands must be satisfied, which is very despotic, and lets us feel the force of its grip very sensibly, bringing philosopher, poet, artist, and the embryo sylph even, under its yoke. That part will be heard and obeyed. You may call it the baser part, but you cannot ignore it.

Now this being so, it must be ministered to. If you say the claims of the brain are superior, I agree with you; but if the claims of the former are exigent and imperious, if without their satisfaction the brain is helpless, how shall I,

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if I feel drawn to these higher occupations, treat those who minister in the lower but indispensable ones?

The child who sees disagreeable work done for him by the servant will not from nature be rude to the one who does it for him. He may possibly feel a sense of superiority because it is done for him, for it is said we are naturally indolent; but as a child through want of strength or capacity must have many things done for him, his first feeling towards a servant would be gratitude, did he not see or hear something different from elders. Our tone, our own manner, even if no careless word escape us, is felt by the child.

Conscientiousness must be our best guide. With an ignorant, or insolent, or careless servant, we are much tried, and have the best opportunity to practise those virtues whose completeness makes the perfection of good manners.

I think that reproof of servants or disparaging remarks upon their work should never, even under great provocation, be given in the presence of children. The child is not yet capable of understanding fully the relation between employer-adult and employé-adult. But when the ignorance or folly of a servant is observed by the child, then a feeling of tenderness arising from the mutual humanity will prevent a display of contempt in word or action.

From servants let us step to employés of other kinds. We women are the teachers of manners at home to our children, both boys and girls; and it is here that so much is done by example. Let us suppose a lady sits in her chamber *en déshabillé*,—the bell rings. "Oh dear!" she exclaims; "a caller I suppose." The servant enters,—"Miss Jones, the dressmaker, wishes to see you." "Oh, she's nobody: tell her to come right up." Another lady similarly situated says, "Ask her to walk up here," and meets her with the words, "I shall have to ask you to excuse my dress, but I have been very busy to-day."

It is a trifle; but the quick-eared child of each has caught the difference,—she has received a lesson in manners. When the former's child has grown into young-ladyhood, she will say to the servant, "Tell her to wait," and the pale, tired

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seamstress may stand a half-hour or more in the hall for the caprice of a thoughtless girl.

"I will come down directly; put a chair by the register for her," says the daughter of the latter; and she leaves the story or the game as soon as she can to attend the appointment with her employé.

I was on an errand at the elegant house of a friend on one of the intensely hot days of last June, when we were interrupted (a frequent occurrence in this active lady's house) by a message,—"two women from the country on business wished to see her." They were ushered in where we were, and attended to at once. My friend could not give them the employment desired, nor, as she added, "would there be any opportunity later in the season, as the places were full;" but she softened the evident disappointment by a few kindly expressions. "I am sorry you have come so far for no purpose." "I fear you have felt the heat very much." "Can I do anything for you? Would you not like a glass of cold water?" And when they assented, she did not ring for glasses, but herself went out and brought in the water. Yet they were strangers, and had not even the attraction of poverty to make them interesting.

That was a trifle to do, you say. Yes, and so small that we ought to be ashamed if we ever forget to do it.

Do not say conscientiousness lays too great a burden upon you,— that you long for a release; conscientiousness is yourself, only to be laid down with your life. Every one you meet needs you in some way. The greeting, even, which you withhold may be just what I had vital need of; and if I, then also others: your child, your husband, your friend or kindred or passing acquaintance. "But," you say, "I am sometimes so weary, full of cares and work, that the social demands become burdensome; and this trained conscientiousness will make them only more exacting." Then comes in self-respect to your aid. Treat the human "I" as you treat the human "you": admit its claims; soothe it; gratify it; do not wound it; anticipate its wants.

"Yet, after all," one objects, "there seems in some points

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to be no real standard of manners. Such difference of opinion upon vulgarity, for instance. What one condemns as vulgar, another finds no fault with, and a third even approves, or at least gives sufficient excuses or reasons for."

I would say, whenever I exert myself to show my superiority to others around me, or to any with whom I have some grounds in common, whether it be in externals or internals,— whenever I ostentatiously display and endeavor thus to attract attention to qualities or possessions of mine which I believe superior to those of my surroundings,— then I am vulgar, whether I do this by a loud voice, or an eccentric apparel, or officious zeal, or a gaudy display of my riches.

JULIA A. SPRAGUE.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

[What is called Spiritualism has a large and, we believe, increasing constituency. There is such a craving to know something of the unseen world that some men have always been ready to force their way into it and take violent possession of its secrets. Remarkable phenomena have been reported, and those who believe in them are to be numbered by millions. Some of these reputed facts we undertake neither to deny nor explain. So much that is uncertain, visionary, and even dishonest, has been mixed up with what is true, that in our attempted investigations we have always felt that we were standing on unstable ground. We have found no satisfactory evidence of facts alleged, and still less of the conclusions drawn from them.

But there are thoughtful, honest, and fair-minded persons who do believe in Spiritualism, and the belief is so widely spread as to become a part of the history of the times. It is well for us, therefore, to know something of the views entertained on the subject by some of its most intelligent advocates. On this account we publish the following article.—ED.]

"And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful."

Walking one day of December, 1862, upon a familiar railroad causeway within the limits of Boston, our attention was drawn to a piece of granitic quartz lying among the ten thousand other stones which formed the gravelly embankment. On picking it up and turning it over, we found that a portion of the stone had crumbled out from the under side,

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so as to leave two veins of white quartz, easily recognized, though roughly broken, to be in the form of the Christian cross. We accepted the emblem with joy and trembling. Such, we thought, had been our experience in the cause of modern Spiritualism. Drawn first to examine the external phenomena seemingly from motives of curiosity, we had learned, upon entering deeper into the examination, that we had found no bauble with which to amuse an idle hour, but had taken up the cause, the very cross of Christ,—the cross, because it had been the occasion of the deepest suffering in our life hitherto; and of Christ, because the suffering had come ever out of our desire and persistent search after the true way of life in all things, both of the body and spirit.

Under similar promptings and convictions, others have entered upon labors to which they have felt themselves called in the name of Spiritualism, through trial and suffering finding their better purification. Many inquirers, however, have been prone to think that in their simple acceptance of the spiritual phenomena they have not only found the way to heaven, but have entered the very gates! To such we would say, there is no high road opened now, more than before, upon which an idler has merely to set his foot and find himself drawn up to the heavenly mansions without effort or labor on his part. The recorded errors of early Spiritualists are like gravestones, marking the spots where the seekers after modern spiritual things have been drawn off into pitfalls sunk of old to catch all who might wander from the true path; while the successes of others only point the way up the steep ascent, which is yet full of dangers and obstacles. That these difficulties should become less and less numerous and more easily overcome as the pilgrim advances in the search after truth, is to be expected, and will be realized in proportion as he is faithful to his highest promptings at and from the start; and so each succeeding generation of men will advance on the pathway of true life, as the generation passing away has brought the race nearer to a condition able to welcome the coming of

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God's kingdom. But there is work, much work, to be done yet.

Seventeen years ago we were permitted to publish, through the pages of this magazine, two articles under the title of "Modern Spiritualism." * These seventeen years have not been without their experience of continued personal investigation, and of very marked progress in the widespread acceptation of the cardinal points and facts of Spiritualism. It may help the minds of those who are not likely to come otherwise into present contact with what seems to us a momentous subject, to read of it again here, and learn something of the work it has accomplished and is doing in the development of ideas essential to man's progress, against the continued indifference or opposition of the most cultured minds, and the united desire and effort of old science to put down the ghost that will keep rising, with ever-renewed power, to baffle and disappoint all efforts for its suppression. The old cry, "Who will show us any good?" is repeated by many of modern Spiritualism. Having found much good, we would endeavor to show it to others, not for the sake of proselyting, for experience has shown too well that belief in these things cannot be forced before its time, but for the enlightenment of many who, having never sought to penetrate within even the outermost circle of physical manifestations, are waiting the good Father's time to bring them into the fold, which we believe will some day hold all the children of men.

The most obvious good from the advent of modern Spiritualism would seem to be the demonstration or evidence of things heretofore "unseen," which is given in its simplest manifestations. Doubtless there are many minds so well settled — it may be only through inheritance and unquestioning habit — in their convictions as to the momentous question of the after-life, that it is not easy for them to understand the needs of the very many others, who, in seek-

* A third article was added to these two, and the three together published in 1863, in a small book entitled, *Three Articles on Modern Spiritualism by a Bible Spiritualist;* under the imprint of the then leading house of Crosby & Nichols.

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ing a reason for the faith that was in them, have been led off into the wilds of mysticism or lost in the desert sands of materialism, and to whom the lowest forms of modern spiritual manifestations have brought the only light that could help them out of their difficulties. The tiny raps, so much abused by the wise in the wisdom of earth, have brought such comforting assurance to minds desponding of the future state, as all the reasoning of the pulpit and the demonstrations of mundane science could not have begun to afford. More than one proud philosopher has come down upon his knees before these simplest evidences of a continuing existence, and thanked the good Father that a way had been at last opened to him, small though it be, leading up to the heavenly mansions. Admitting, for the argument, the uncertainties of identity in spirit communication, the bare fact of these little sounds being produced under the guidance of an intelligent power, and coming plainly from behind that veil hitherto so impenetrable, has reached the minds too long habituated to material evidences to be able to spiritually discern a spirit presence. This age of material advancement could not, at first, have recognized the nearer approach of the spirit spheres, except through material manifestations; and in time we believe the age will lift its hands in gratitude for the evidences, however humble, vouchsafed to its great need!

As the next obvious good, may perhaps be named the testimony of modern Spiritualism upon the subject of faith, which has occupied the Christian mind so much. The saving faith insisted upon so strenuously by evangelical disputants as a condition precedent to salvation, and made a requirement of the church-member without which there could be no fellowship, under the light of Spiritualism is shown to be only a compliance with the common law of all life; *viz.*, that neither good nor evil can reach an unwilling recipient as they can the willing mind, and that nothing is so sure to impede progress in any direction as the lack of willingness to receive truth, whether it accord with preconceived opinions or not. Having once formulated its dogmas,

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the Church has been prone to resist innovation, and thereby necessarily to retard growth in any direction of thought not in harmony with its settled creeds. It has been slow to understand the simple meaning of such words of the Master as—"Thy faith hath made thee whole," attributing a mystical value to the acceptation of certain forms of belief, when the whole virtue of the condition denominated faith is simply in its receptivity, or willingness to receive. The testimony of Spiritualism in this direction is interesting and instructive, showing through all the forms of manifestation the same undeviating law, whether in the first approaches of opinionated scientists to the simplest physical demonstrations of the after-life, or in the seekings of avowed believers after the more hidden things of the spirit, where the faculty of spiritual discernment is called into action. The state of mind of the investigator has again and again proved a stumbling-block to the manifestations, when the gathering has been made wholly or mostly of scientific experts, who will insist upon applying their old mundane tape-measure to conditions utterly foreign to such use. Again and again have the companies of avowed Spiritualists failed to reach the inner sanctuary by their lack of the child-like receptive condition of mind, which alone can find out the heavenly mysteries. The lesson shown in the violent conversion of the Apostle Paul still fails to reach the minds of men learned in things pertaining to the earth plane, so that as a class they will not, perhaps cannot, receive the new philosophy, until brought into it by some prostrating experience, from which they may rise wiser and better men. The few marked exceptions only serve, as usual, to prove the rule; and, as in other steps of the world's development, the new knowledge has found favor with the humbler, before gradually working up into the higher walks of earth life. Again and again, truth must need be cradled in a manger. Should it be said that such kind of receptive faith opens the way to evil as well as good, the reply is frankly, Yes; such is the law of our being. The willingness to receive must ever be directed to that which is good. We

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cannot escape this responsibility: it is inherent in the conditions of free-will, which is the birthright of humanity, and out of which will come the glory and the joy of man's final redemption.

To the fear sometimes expressed that such knowledge of things spiritual would take away all occasion for that exercise of faith which trusts where it cannot see, so commended by the churches, and often blindly held to be one of the saving graces of the Christian profession, we would say that man need not be troubled lest he will ever advance so far in finding out God, that there will be nothing left for him on which to exercise this spirit of trust. As in mundane science the further the student penetrates the wider appears the field of discovery yet to be explored, so in things spiritual the most gifted seer reports of the fathomless beyond,—the ever-opening, ever-receding mysteries of God.

Another good brought by modern Spiritualism is the light it has thrown upon the efficacy of prayer. Hesitating to believe that the great Mind by whom the universe has come into being and is hourly sustained can be sufficiently concerned with the little things of individual experience to answer the calls of humanity, and accepting the idea of law in all the outworkings of the divine Being, men have inclined more and more to doubt the efficacy of prayer. Unable to see the method of response, they have denied the possibility. Spiritualism solves the problem by showing the method. Prayers are the expression of the soul's desires. Earnestness and sincerity are the chief requisites for their potency. Now, just as a parent or friend hearing the prayer or—what is equivalent—knowing the deep desire of a child, will labor to bring a response and satisfy the longing if it seem wise and good, so the friends about us, unseen by the natural eye, are near enough to hear our prayers, to know our deep desires, and equally to labor for their satisfaction. That they can and do thus influence events, by acting upon the minds of others in the form, in whose power it is to bring about the answer to our prayers, as well as in other ways of their own, is proved beyond a doubt by the facts of modern

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Spiritualism. To the question which at once comes to the inquirer, Shall we then address our prayers to the spirits and not to God? our reply is certainly, No. We should cripple the very power we would call to our aid by such asking. The mighty Spirit of God pervades the denizens of the spirit spheres, operating through them as part of its myriad agencies, as it does in its more apparent outworkings through external humanity. The reaching after that Spirit sets into action all the springs of being that are situated or conditioned so as to be moved by it; and the prayer, instead of being limited to one sole agency, as it would be if addressed to one known spirit in the spheres about us, may call to our aid many unseen and unknown influences glad to be the instruments of the divine Mind in answering the cries of earth's children. The use of prayer as a means or condition for bringing the soul into harmony with God is distinct from its efficacy for special response. But in this direction also, Spiritualism shows how prayer to the good Father will move his loving angels to bring the heavenly peace and strength to the communing soul.

Another good in Spiritualism is its encouragement of individuality and independence of the old bonds of creed and Church. No reliance on what another has done or suffered, no passport from any church, no forgiving of sins by the mouth of any prelate, no assumption of another's holiness, prove to be of avail, according to the unvarying testimony of Spiritualism. Every man must work out his own salvation. Not without help from others, it may be, for we are all members one of another; but without benefit of the passion of any other, save as it has operated to show the way of life and instil the principle of sacrifice. To liberal Christianity such views are not new; but the testimony of Spiritualism is not therefore to be repulsed: rather is it to be welcomed as a coadjutor in the work of liberalizing all churches; for it is testimony, not argument; evidence, not assertion. Silently, but surely, it is doing its work in this direction, as is apparent to every unprejudiced observer; co-operating with and stimulating the efforts of the human

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mind of this day and generation to an understanding, such as has not yet been attained, of the "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." "Spiritualism," says a recent inspirational speaker, "teaches the necessity of good works done for humanity, rather than intellectual submission to a tenet. The spirits who claim happy states of life" (in the spirit spheres) "invariably ascribe their condition to deeds rather than creeds."

Interesting and important, too, is the testimony of Spiritualism upon the question of an eternal hell, for so many years one of the cherished tenets of the Christian Church, and still dwarfing by its terrors no small portion of the Christian fold. That there is punishment, and enough of it, for all the misdeeds of earth-life, is sadly proved by the "cries of remorse from those in the shadowy places" of the world beyond; but everywhere and under all conditions the law of progression and development is proclaimed. The eternity (aion) of punishment is not everlasting, but, as the Greek word properly translated means, it is of indefinite duration, and determined by laws of being and states of life of which we know as yet but little; pointing, however, always to a possible termination of the retribution, which has come as the inevitable judgment of divine law broken or unheeded in earth life. As the kingdom of heaven was proclaimed to be within, so are the judgment seat and the terrors of hell, according to Spiritualism; each having its natural and necessary outworking and manifestation in surroundings which belong to the spiritual states so described. Dark as Erebus are the shadows enveloping some unhappy spirits, as they are seen by seers sufficiently developed; and bright as the natural eye has never seen, are the shining raiments of the "just made perfect."

In this connection may be stated the testimony from the spirit spheres as to the suffering consequent upon neglect of opportunities for good, as well as wrong done. Most frequently this is given in regard to the use of property during earth life, and in the final disposition at its close. Holding with unrecognized greed to the things of earth, the earth-

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bound spirit, ere it passes beyond the control of its material possessions, too often seeks to tie the hands, and hearts too, of those who are to come into possession, and by ingenious devices to continue the sense of holding and controlling what it knows it must soon surrender. When such a spirit has passed over the river, it cannot rise, because of the weight of neglected opportunities. It comes back,—nay, it has not left the earth, though out of its material form, and cannot leave it for the heavenly spheres until relieved in some way of the terrible burden of misused earthly possessions. Fear of retribution is not the highest motive to appeal to: love, not fear, should be, and surely is to be, the rule of earth life, as well as of the heavenly spheres. But the knowledge—for it is knowledge—which comes from the unvarying testimony of Spiritualism in this regard must be a help to some minds thus led to hesitate: men otherwise unmoved would become accessible to the approaches of their better angels, and obedient to the promptings of their own better natures.

Again, Spiritualism has done and is doing good by demonstrating the folly of attempting to conceal wrong. Mankind instinctively feel that the all-seeing Eye is upon them; but the universality of the fact, and the seeming distance of the Ruler of the universe, encourage wrong-doers to a strange indifference to what should be a potently restraining influence. Shutting their eyes to God, they half believe that he is not looking at them when the moment of temptation and yielding comes. When it is understood that God sees and acts through many agencies, and that he is indeed ever beholding all his children of earth through the watchful eyes of dear ones "gone before"; that a "cloud of witnesses" is at our right hand and at our left, counting among its number a father or mother, sister or brother, the nearest, dearest friend perhaps we have known,—it must "give us pause," as it does and often has to sincere Spiritualists, when we are led into paths of danger. The angel bands can and do bring helping hands and new strength in the hour of our need. They can and do thus aid those who are unable yet

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to recognize or admit the possibility of their ministrations, but under difficulty because of the unbelief which repels their approaches and continually checks the good they would gladly do. Witnesses they are of our daily acts and thoughts; closer than we know they come into our lives and have access to our inner chambers. From them, as from God and our own selves, there is no concealment.

From them, too, we learn the error of the old saying, "Speak nothing but good of the dead." They come to us from their spirit abodes with their eyes opened to any ill conditions in which they have been removed from earth life, and with entreaties urge upon us to help them relieve their souls of the weight of their wrong-doing by confession of the most open kind. Speak truth of the dead, is the new teaching; but speak it kindly, tenderly, forgivingly. Having sought to cover up their wrong-doing when in earth life, they return to relieve the burden of sin by acknowledging the wrong and seeking forgiveness of the injured. Again and again has this been demonstrated to inquirers into Spiritualism. Again and again has the cry come back from the "spheres beyond," beseeching that there should be no more concealment, but open confession and endeavor to right the wrong.

More valuable to many minds has been the development, through Spiritualism, of the ancient gifts of the spirit, which had so nearly died out. Of themselves deeply interesting and important, their recent manifestation has illuminated the records of past ages, especially of the early centuries of the Christian Church, and helped many persons to accept the testimony of those days who could not before believe. In general it may be said that Spiritualism has thrown a light upon the Scriptures which was greatly needed by this doubting, questioning, probing age; and with all the talk of some extremists about throwing the Bible away, it has brought to many, many inquirers illustration and explanation of the old records which has given them new meaning and value. We heartily commend the testimony of Spiritualism to all who need help in this direction.

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To our mind the work of modern Spiritualism upon social questions, and especially upon the marriage relation, has seemed perhaps the most interesting and important. While it is to be admitted that varying ideas of the marriage relation have been expressed through spirit mediums, and some on a low plane of selfishness, we hold that on one point the testimony of the spirit spheres has been uniform, though with varying application according to the development of the communicating spirit, or of the medium, or of the inquirer, or perhaps of them all. This point is, freedom for the love principle manifested in the marriage relation. That this freedom in its spiritual sense does not mean wild license; that it has regard to the eternal principle of truth, and must ever be held to that "service" of God "which alone is perfect freedom,"—there can be no doubt. Its practical application to the marriage relation is a call for purity; for freedom from the tyrannical power of lust and the abuse of opportunity under cover of law. It asserts the right, the bounden duty, rather, of woman, to whom the duty first belongs, to protect the fountains of life from every approach that is not actuated by love, and to hold the marriage relation sacred to the cause of parentage, for which it was divinely instituted. The free love of pure Spiritualism is, in fact, above the present development of most men and women, and not to be easily attained.

But this idea of freedom emanating from the higher spirit spheres, in its simple statement is one thing; in its form of acceptation and outworking it may be quite another, and various according to the conditions of development it finds to work upon. Thus it has come that so many phases of it have been manifested through mediums and among Spiritualists; some of which have so justly offended the better sense of those still abiding under the old dispensation. How the freedom proclaimed for woman has been misinterpreted; how it has been construed into a warrant for open breach of the laws of the land, and bold defiance of established usage, threatening sometimes to subvert all social order, and causing the very name of Spiritualism to be an

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offence,—is too well known to be rehearsed here. The fault has been not in Spiritualism, but in its professors, who have fallen into error out of their former states. Early Christianity had to pass through similar experience. The sharp rebukes in some of the epistles to the recently converted heathens of Corinth show plainly how they committed excesses of intemperance, and yet graver offences, at their love feasts. They could not bear the opportunity offered in the new rites, which proved a temptation to their old conditions. How mistaken the more sober-minded of the unconverted of the Corinthians would have been to attribute to Christianity the vices which seemed thus to find expression through the Christian rites, we of this day can easily see. Not less mistaken are those who attribute to Spiritualism the excesses of its believers, which are only evidences of the low grade of development they had attained under their old dispensation. Let not the uninitiated be too ready to believe that such extravagances show the real meaning of the doctrine, or illustrate the low degree of the angel messengers who brought it. Rather let them inquire into the inner mystery of the opening dispensation of love, and learn how far it is above the average development of our race to-day, and to what heights of aspiration and attainment it is now calling the children of earth.

To the command, given of old, to subdue the earth, no higher obedience can be rendered by man than this subjection of the appetites of the physical to his spiritual nature. In other and less difficult ways must he learn obedience before he can attain this greatest of his achievements. In all the conditions of his natural life which combine to make up his physical well-being, especially in the food with which he builds up and repairs the daily waste of his body, must he learn to give heed to the voice within, selecting ever that which will conduce to the welfare of both body and mind; habit soon making easy and joyful what at first may seem like sacrifice.

There must be struggle to attain all this, taking man as he is in his best average development, and patience, too,—

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"patience with one another, patience with ourselves, patience with God,"—ere the great end will be reached. That the millennial day is to come, is believed by most Christians. It is to be brought about, not by any cataclysm, not by any sudden fiat of the Almighty, but by and through better men and better women, better institutions, better philosophy, better teachings, better lives. Man can never reach his highest development until woman rises to the dignity of her great calling, and, holding herself obedient to the voice of the Spirit, brings herself and him into perfect accord with the Father's will in all these things.

These high doctrines in relation to the marriage state came to us in our contemplations seventeen years and more ago, and were confirmed by the influences ready to communicate through the medium mentioned in the little book above referred to.* Since then we have more than once reasoned upon the subject with communicating intelligences, and with mediums whose life-experiences had brought them to a recognition of the higher law. Thus while admitting that lower promptings, even to the lowest possible, have come from those in the spirit world yet grovelling in the mire of their old earth life, calling for the apostle's injunction, verily, "to try the spirits," we claim that these higher laws have been developed in the minds of truth-seekers in modern things of the spirit, and have been pronounced through their mediumship, by direct communication from their spirit bands, and that such are now the accepted teachings among advanced spirits in the spheres above, as well as among those still in earth life. Having studied the subject in its various aspects, and through various experience, since our first knowledge of these laws, we have found them in every way confirmed as rational and true.

We have thus spoken of some of the leading points in which Spiritualism is bringing its testimony and doing its work in aid of human development. A comprehensive view discloses the relation of this modern movement of the spirit spheres to the dispensations which have preceded it, and

* *Modern Spiritualism by a Bible Spiritualist.*

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especially its bearing upon the question of the Christ coming, which is believed by so many Christians to be imminent at this time.

That it is ushering in a new dispensation, wherein spiritual power shall uproot the false developments of the day, break up the artificial systems — social, civil, and religious — — by which man's higher nature is now fettered, and establish all the relations of life, all customs, institutions, and all philosophy, upon the firm basis of spiritual love and truth, is believed by most Spiritualists. Old creeds and dogmas wither before its fervent heat. Fermentation everywhere is trying the strength of old conditions and bursting the bonds made up of falsehood and sham. But with all the seeming confusion there is underlying order, for the movement is sustained by the arm of the good Father, impelled and directed by his almighty will. It seems, indeed, the second Christ-coming; but not in the way expected by the Adventists, who, in their conception of a visible Messiah coming to judge the quick and the dead, are as mistaken as were the Jews of old in looking for a temporal kingdom under their expected leader. Did not the Christ-man say that he should come like a thief in the night? Has he not so come now, with his myriad angels, trying and judging from behind the clouds which screen the mighty presence from the material sight of earth life? He comes, not as a personal king to erect a personal kingdom, but to establish the Christ principle of divine love and truth in the minds and hearts of the children of men. God's kingdom is at hand, ushered in by the angels that know and do his will.

We understand the operation of spirit power in these latter days to be twofold. There is a wide-spread, general quickening of all the conditions of earth life, affecting the good and the bad, the developed and the undeveloped, to activity beyond their usual state,— the Spirit of God moving over the deep,—and there is a special, direct influence exercised by different spirits or bands of spirits upon individuals, according to the states in which they are found; thus trying the condition of each and all, and quickening them to show their inner lives by deeds, and throw off, through sudden

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impulse often, the cloaks under which their real state has been concealed, perhaps even to themselves. In this way Spiritualism has sometimes seemed to encourage evil ways as well as good. Closer observation shows that the law of individual responsibility is not to be broken. The very possibility of low conditions in the seeker after these things of the spirit opening the way to and attracting undeveloped spirits, who will be ready to encourage the low seeking, is only a call to every one now in earth form to look closely within, and see to it that no ill conditions are lurking there, lest they be quickened to expression beyond the control of their unhappy victim. The danger is equally great, if not greater because unperceived, though perhaps not so immediate, if we do not directly seek communion with the spirits; for they are about us, whether we know it or not, watching every opportunity to reach and move us according to the tendencies they find in us.

The movement of the spheres above has come now because man has reached a point in his development where he can and must rise to better understanding and higher views of the future, as well as of his present life. To help that struggle for development, Spiritualism suggests possibilities, not by way of coercion, but of inducement, for him to come up higher. It is for him to receive the suggestions, weigh them carefully in the balance of truth, by which he must test everything, and to reject or strive to live up to them, according to his convictions. But let him see to it that low motives do not underlie his own life, if he would distinguish the true from the false. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Through the wisdom of the pure heart, man must find the truth of these latter days. "Try the spirits," was the injunction given long ago. It has momentous meaning now; but let us remember that we, also, are being tried by them, and see to it that our record will bear their keen scrutiny. Judging and being judged, they need our coöperation and help. They call us to join with them in the great work of redemption.

The words of a recent inspirational speaker are apt in

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this connection:* "An impulsion sweeps toward the earth; every heart is touched, every mind is delicately tried, every soul is attuned; those who are ready are at once receptive. It is not simply that you receive it when you seek, but you cannot seek until there is some measure of truth within you. It is not simply that it is forced upon your brain and attention from the spiritual world, but you are tried and tested whether you are in any degree ready, or whether you are in any degree capable of serving the advancement of this thought; and the spirit world know to whom they minister,— know to whom they bring the message of life; and it is brought to you according to your need."

To be true unto the truth, physically and spiritually, is the demand of the hour. He who fails in either will find out his weakness in the easy falling under temptation and the lowering tone of his physical health,— happy if he is not brought into dire straits of bodily disease, or led out to be a monument of shame for his evil doings. It is more dangerous now for a man to come within the reach of temptation than it was thirty years ago, there is such quickening of every element of his nature, causing the evil conditions to ferment and seek expression as never before.

Never was there a time in the world's history when there was so much need of the daily prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." The sunlight of God's love and truth is quickening all conditions with its kindling rays; and as the great deep bubbles and boils, impurities must needs be brought to the surface, and at times seem almost to hopelessly cover and conceal the purer elements beneath. But love and truth will in the end prevail; God's kingdom will come, and humanity rise purified from the fiery trial.

Of mediumship something should be said in this brief showing of the work, progress, and outlook of modern Spiritualism. To those who have given the subject but little attention, mediumship is looked upon as a kind of cataleptic state, worthy of little consideration and less sympathy; the time having gone by when it was by the same persons deemed all trickery and deception. Closer observa-

* Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

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tion shows that the world has never known greater occasion for kindly interest and helpful sympathy than is to be found in those who are called to the labor of aiding directly in the opening of this new dispensation through the intercommunion of the spirit spheres and humanity in earth life. All are one on both sides of the veil of time,— members one of another; the great family of man seems drawing together for such final occupation and enjoyment of earth and its attendant spheres as has been promised for the ransomed through all the centuries. The time is at hand for parting the veil which has heretofore screened the spirit land from the vision of dwellers upon earth. The work to which mediums are called — to be channels of demonstration and communication, preparing the way for the more open intercourse yet to come — is of momentous value. That some, perhaps many, have not themselves understood the character of their calling, and so have failed to hold up the high standard of love and truth which would, at first thought, be expected of them, is to be attributed to the power of old conditions, out of which their spirits have not arisen; while yet they have been available for some phases of the work to be accomplished. Much may be said in extenuation of the shortcomings of mediumship. That it is no light calling, has been too often proved in the labors and sufferings of its subjects. It has been, indeed, a heavy cross to bear; not, however, without its crown, for it brings ever an underlying sense of happiness through all the suffering, with periods of exaltation hardly known without it. But none can know, who have not had the experience, what agony of spirit, and sometimes acute physical pain, have been borne by persons of mediumistic development in their contact with and rough usage by conditions of earth life wholly inappreciative of their delicate organization and sensitive state. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," has been wrung from the lips of many a martyr since they were first uttered by the great Sufferer; but never more than in these days of modern mediumship. Surely these things ought to be and will be soon better understood, and the chosen laborers better cared for.

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All hail to the good time at hand, which is to usher in, through tribulation, purer, brighter, happier conditions for the children of men, to be realized, in a measure, even by some of those who now tread the earth. But even with willingness of mind, it would, with rare exceptions, require more than one generation to overcome the power of inheritance and habit, so as to live fully up to the higher law in all things. There must be sincere conviction and then long and patient striving, ere the goal can be reached. It can and will be attained not by any startling operation of divine power, though the development may be comparatively rapid, after all these centuries of preparation. It must be by growth of the Christ principle in the human heart. The kingdom, God's kingdom, is coming through better men and better women; and these must be developed through better living, out of *truer*, *holier birthrights* than fall to the lot of most of earth's children now.

Would that these words could reach the minds and hearts of all who remain stagnant in their old inherited conditions, too content with their spiritual riches to seek the wealth now offering to humanity through channels opened under the influences, though not all under the much-abused name, of modern Spiritualism! Let them not be too sure of their position, or shut their eyes to their lack of spiritual gifts and the many manifest proofs that they have hardly yet begun to receive the knowledge of God given to the world eighteen centuries ago! Again the voice of the Spirit cries out, "Woe unto you rich!" Woe unto you churches, that have builded costly monuments of faith and zeal, but for heavenly manna have gathered too much the lifeless chaff of creeds and dogmas, the empty husks of formal observance, with which to feed the hungry souls crying to you for bread! Regenerating humanity will not much longer be held in bondage. Look to your treasures, and see that they bear the stamp of God's own imprint, lest ye perish through very poverty of spirit; while every human home must become a house of prayer, and every fireside an altar to the living God.

THOMAS B. HALL.

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A STUDY OF THE PENTATEUCH.

II.

INTERNAL EVIDENCE CONCLUDED.

The fourteenth chapter of Numbers closes apparently the account of the residence of the people at Kadesh after the repulse of the revolutionary attempt to force their way into Canaan. No further account is given of them till they appear again at Kadesh in the desert of Zin, thirty-seven years afterwards. Of this period we know nothing except the list of stations where they encamped, given in the thirty-third chapter, and the modified or new laws, given in chapters xv.—xix., including the rebellion of Korah. I propose now to examine these chapters to see what light they throw upon the age and authorship of the Pentateuch.

These regulations were made with express reference to the wants of the people when settled in the promised land, and when they were supposed to be about to enter it. "When ye come into the land of your habitations," says Moses, you will regard the following laws. As the history records, it was supposed by Moses as well as by the people that they were to enter at once upon their inheritance; and therefore he had so improved the original code as to better adapt it to their new condition. There is no reason to suppose he would have made these additions and amendments, as recorded in the fifteenth chapter, now, if he had known they were to be wanderers in the wilderness one generation, or thirty-seven years, longer. The history implies the reason why these laws were made *then*, and the implication of immediate entrance "into their habitations," contained in the publication of such laws, confirms the authenticity of the history, and shows the journal-like style of the work. The fifteenth chapter was written evidently before the repulse took place, and the rebellion was punished by the denial of that generation to enter the land.

Do the laws themselves, as compared with other laws, throw any light upon the origin of these books? Chapter

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xv., 1–16, extends the regulation respecting strangers at the passover to all the sacrificial ritual, as if the people were to be so situated that strangers would be very likely to join them more frequently than they had done before; and, most obviously, strangers would be more numerous when they were settled in the land. Again, the quantity of flour and oil and wine is specified for each offering of a lamb or of a ram or of a bullock, as if there would be hereafter no lack of flour and oil and wine as there was in the desert, when the quantity for an offering was not specified (Leviticus ii.),—indicating that they were about to change a nomadic for an agricultural life.

Numbers xv., 17–21. This law of the "heave offering" of a "cake of the first of the dough," with grain taken from the "*threshing floor*," is *new*, and implies that they were soon to be husbandmen. No such ceremony of thankfulness could have been observed in the desert.

Numbers xv., 22–29. "A kid of the goats" is added to the sin-offering for sins of ignorance of the congregation (Leviticus iv., 13–21). The cause of this addition does not appear. But emphasis is laid on the obligation of "the stranger that sojourneth" with them to obey this law, as if more such persons would be likely to be among them. This is new. Numbers xv., 30–36. The presumptuous sinner is to "be cut off from among his people," and a case of such presumptuous violation of the law of observing the Sabbath is brought before Moses, and he decides that the *form* of "cutting off from the people," or that capital punishment, shall be stoning. This law and the form of the penalty are both *new*.

Numbers xv., 37–41. The law requiring the wearing of "fringes on the borders of their garments" is *new*. This law, unlike the others, does not include "strangers," as it indicates race. There is nothing in either this law or the one before to indicate the time in which they were made, but their connection with the others raises a strong presumption that they were enacted at the same time, and before the repulse on "the hill even unto Hormah" and the rebellion of Korah.

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Numbers xvi. contains an account of the rebellion of Korah and Dathan and Abiram and On,—the first a Levite, the other three Reubenites. That a second rebellion should have sprung up just at this time among the chief men, since Moses and Aaron had failed to take them into the promised land and were about to lead them back into the desert, is very credible. They gave as a justification for their rebellion the very plausible, not to say satisfactory, reason that Moses and Aaron had taken too much upon themselves, as the recent great reverses and the sufferings of the great and terrible wilderness journeyings threatened showed. Reuben was the oldest son, and Judah the fourth: why should not the children of Reuben lead in the march and command instead of being placed behind Judah, as second in rank? Korah was a descendant of an *older* son of Kohath than Elzaphan, who had been made "chief of the families of the Kohathites," and was cousin of Moses and Aaron, and might well aspire, after such disasters and such prospects, to a higher place. The time and circumstances correspond with the insurrection and are its sufficient reason. The rebellion was nipped in the bud by the destruction of the leaders in a marvellous manner, and the right of Aaron to be the head of the priesthood is vindicated by the budding of his rod when all the other rods of the tribes budded not (chapter xvii.). Then follows, in chapter eighteenth, a repetition of many of the laws respecting the priesthood, with additions and changes, and a special charge to Aaron respecting his official duties and perquisites as distinguished from the Levites. These laws settled the questions in dispute between the Kohathites and the priests, Aaron and his sons. In vs. 8 the "anointing" of the priests is spoken of, referring to the law which is recorded in Leviticus viii., 30. It is announced (chapter xviii., 12, 13) that the "first fruits" should be given to Aaron, which is new; vs. 14, every devoted thing is given to Aaron (Leviticus xxvii., 28), also new; vs. 15, redeemed firstlings Aaron's (Exodus xxxiv., 9), new.

Chapter xviii., 20, informs us that Aaron (the priesthood)

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should "have no inheritance in the land" as the Levites did, which is *new;* but the Levites must give a tenth part of their tithe to the priesthood (vs. 26, 28). In this manner, all future dispute about the income of the priests is avoided. That this special legislation should have taken place at this critical time, is strong evidence of the substantial accuracy of the history. And the legislation without the history would be strong evidence that something very important had transpired in the camp to render it necessary.

The nineteenth chapter contains a minute account of the preparation and use of the water of purification for any one who had been made unclean by contact with a dead body; the water to be used with the ashes of a red heifer. The *occasion* of this law is found in the plague, recorded in the sixteenth chapter, which carried off many thousands of the people. The whole ceremony was a most vigorous and efficient health law, and being enacted at this particular time corroborates the history.

All these laws indicate special causes for their enactment, and justify the belief that these chapters (xv.—xix.) were written at the time the people were encamped near Kadesh, —the fifteenth, before their repulse, when they were soon expecting to enter the promised land, and the xvi.—xix., after that repulse. For further evidence of the truth of these accounts, the reader is referred to *Undesigned Coincidences*, where the subject of Korah's rebellion is more fully examined.

After the wanderings in the wilderness were over and the people were encamped near Jordan, we find Moses giving more directions to the people, some entirely new, some modifications of previous laws. Let us see if there is anything in these directions or laws which will throw light upon the time and cause of their enactment, or anything in the condition of the people which will account for these laws being given at this particular time.

In Numbers xxviii., 1–8, the daily offering is spoken of, required in Exodus xxix., 38–42, and there is added to the original law the following amendment: "In the holy place

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shalt thou cause the strong wine to be poured." Both the place and the kind of wine are new. The original word for wine is translated in Leviticus x., 9, "strong drink." If it means "old wine," as the rabbins say, it implies that they were soon to be settled where they could keep wine till it was old, which they had not been able to do before. And the command to pour it "in the holy place" indicates that they might be tempted when settled in the land, by remoteness, to pour it elsewhere. Numbers xxviii., 4, and Exodus xxix., 39, are in the same words, showing that the writer of Numbers was familiar with the old law.

Numbers xxxviii., 9, 10. The Sabbath-day offering of two lambs is new, and implies that they would be so situated that their flocks would permit such a draft on them, and also distinguish that day from other days.

Numbers xxix., 11–15. These new-moon offerings are *new*, and also imply an increase of their herds and flocks and vintage and olive-trees and grain, to justify another festival of their own nation at the time of the idolatrous festival of other nations, and thus secure them from joining their neighbors in idolatrous rites.

In chapter xxviii., 16–25, the proper manner of keeping the passover is described. In Leviticus xxiii., 5–8, no particulars are given. Verses 19–23 in Numbers are new. The animals, bullocks, and lambs to be offered in sacrifice on each of the seven days are *specified:* fourteen bullocks, forty-nine lambs, and seven goats in all. This free use of animals certainly indicates a larger supply at hand than they had previously had.

Numbers xxviii., 26–31. The description of "the day of first fruits" differs in no important particular from that in Leviticus xxiii., 19–21. There is no obvious reason why it should have been inserted here except that it was intimately connected with the new moon and passover.

Numbers xxix., 1–6, prescribes the sacrifices which are to be offered at the feast of trumpets, which is not done in Leviticus xxiii., 24, 25. This again shows clearly that flocks and herds would be more numerous, as they certainly

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would be as soon as they had settled in the promised land.

Numbers xxix., 7–11, describes the services of the holy convocation on the great day of atonement, and prescribes the sacrifices which must be offered, of which nothing is said in Leviticus xxiii., 26–32.

Numbers xxix., 12–34. The holy convocation of the feast of tabernacles and the feast itself are *fully* described, *day by day;* but in Leviticus xxxiii., 34–44, only briefly. Numbers prescribes the sacrifices for each day, but says nothing about booths. Leviticus speaks of the booths, but does not specify the sacrifices or special ceremonies. The animals ordered for sacrifice during this greatest of festivals are seventy-one bullocks, fifteen rams, ninety-nine lambs, and seven goats. This number of animals indicates a near approach to more prosperous conditions than they were enjoying.

Numbers xxix., 35–40. We read in this section of the "solemn assembly" on the eighth day of the feast of the tabernacles, which is barely alluded to in Leviticus xxiii., 36. This shows clearly that this great feast, as well as the others, was not only rarely kept, but that they must have been destitute, when kept, of what gave them their hold upon the people in the land of promise. Nor is it probable that when they were settled in the promised land they were able to keep these great festivals, or did keep them, according to the ideal as prescribed in these laws. They all imply an *immediate* possession of their inheritance. And this necessary implication of the laws in themselves accords with the history and authenticates it.

Numbers xxx. It is evident from this chapter that the judges had had serious perplexity in administering the law of vows as recorded in the twenty-seventh chapter of Leviticus; and some general principles to aid the judges are laid down in this chapter. (1) Every man must do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth; but (2) if a woman vowed, there were conditions of fulfilment depending on her father's hearing her; if (3) she was married or betrothed, there were conditions of fulfilment depending upon her

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husband or betrothed hearing her; if (4) she was a widow or divorced, all shall stand; if (5) she is a wife in her husband's house, the conditions of fulfilment will vary as he did or did not hear her vow.

There is nothing in this chapter to indicate when it was written; but as vows were often, if not always, connected with sacrifices, it is very probable that the full treatment of that subject in connection with these great feasts may have opened this question of the obligation of vows, especially when the vow must be paid by the husband or guardian of the person making the vow.

Taking all these *new* laws and *amendments* of old laws into the account, it is quite impossible to escape the conclusion that they were written when the history affirms that they were written, and when the contents of the laws themselves require them to have been written. This origin of these laws, or the most skilful and criminal forgery, is the only possible conclusion of the whole matter.

III. I wish now to call attention to another class of phenomena denoting the time in which the Pentateuch was composed. I refer to *Undesigned Coincidences*,— correspondences so slight yet so peculiar as to show that an eyewitness recorded the events to which they relate.*

(1) An instance of this kind is the rate of travelling attributed to the people on their departure from Egypt. In about six or eight days we find that they had marched as far as Marah, which was two-thirds of the way to Mt. Sinai from Rameses. But they did not reach Sinai under forty-five days. What more natural than that they should travel thus rapidly the first part of the way to escape the enemy, and then slacken their speed to give repose to the feeble, and time for the stragglers to come up? Besides, it will be found upon examination that they fled much more rapidly from Rameses till the passage of the Red Sea than they did afterwards. This is entirely natural; and when we reflect that the writer has only incidentally given us a clue to dis-

* About thirty years ago I read a small work by Blunt on this subject. As all my references to that work are lost, I am unable to tell for how many of these coincidences I am indebted to him, and can make only this general acknowledgment.

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cover that such was the fact, it forces on us the conviction that he was one of the company.*

(2) The original direction respecting the order of marching was changed for the greater convenience of those who bore the tabernacle and its furniture. It is distinctly stated in the general orders, as recorded in Numbers ii., that after *six* tribes have moved forward, when they decamp, then the Levites shall set forward with the tabernacle. But in the tenth chapter, where we have an account of their setting out on their march, we read that after *three* tribes had set forward, the tabernacle was taken down, and the sons of Gershon and the sons of Merari set forward bearing the tabernacle. Then came three tribes more, and then the Kohathites set forward bearing the sanctuary, the holy utensils, the altars, and the ark. And a good reason appears why this change was made. The tabernacle would be set up ready to receive the sacred things as soon as those who bore them should arrive upon the ground of re-encampment. In the *fourth* chapter we read that a division

*The peculiar and apparently unreasonable route which Moses took in leaving Egypt, leading the people into a *cul de sac*,—the sea on the one hand and the mountains on the other, and Pharaoh behind them,—is attributed by the pious historian, writing perhaps half a century afterward, to the special direction of Jehovah to Moses in order probably that He might show forth His power to the fleeing nation and give them courage to persist in the great undertaking of escaping from bondage and returning to the land of their remote ancestors. This may be so. But I am inclined to another, and to me more probable as it is a more reasonable, explanation of this remarkable mistake of Moses, as it appears to us without the historian's theory or knowledge of its cause. Let the reader bear in mind that God is spoken of by this very pious writer as directing everything and causing everything, and that Moses is scarcely a free agent in anything. Now I submit as most probable that when Pharaoh learned that the people had fled, he changed his mind and determined to intercept their march. He accordingly pursued with his horsemen and chariots, and succeeded in outflanking them and getting in their front before they had reached the north-western point of the sea. Moses had his choice either to fight Pharaoh, now in front of him, or flee as well as he could down the country by the side of the sea. He chose the latter alternative, and by removing his marching signal to the rear, and deceiving Pharaoh as to his true position, he gained time, by taking advantage of the darkness and of a very low stage of the water, to get the people over to the other side. When the day dawned, Pharaoh attempted to cross after them, but the muddy bottom and the return of deep water prevented him, and a large number of his army perished in the attempt. Moses turned down by the sea because he was compelled to by the position of the Egyptians; and after their wonderful escape the people saw in it the guidance of their God; and the devout historian of another generation introduces Jehovah as the counsellor and guide of Moses in the whole transaction. Nothing could be more natural. But the reader of to-day must recognize in his study of these early records this pervading language of piety, and interpret them accordingly.

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was made of the different parts of the tabernacle between the sons of Gershon, Merari, and Kohath. The sons of Gershon were to bear the coverings of the tabernacle; the sons of Merari were to bear the pillars and boards and sockets; the sons of Kohath were to bear the sacred vessels, the altars, and the ark. Now, if we turn to the *seventh* chapter, we read of the trains and wagons which were provided some days after to carry the tabernacle. Without giving the reason for the unequal distribution, two wagons and four oxen were given to the sons of Gershon, and four wagons and eight oxen to the sons of Merari. This difference in capacity for carrying freight corresponds to the difference in the materials which the two parties were to carry, Merari having much the heavier portion, as is found by looking back four chapters, where the distribution of materials is made. It is hardly credible that a later historian would have separated these items in this way, and yet have, thus incidentally, preserved the correspondence between the parts.

(3) The omission of the mention of Simeon in the blessings which Moses pronounced upon the tribes, as recorded in Deuteronomy xxxiii., has given rise to no little speculation. If we turn back to the twenty-fifth chapter of Numbers, a reason will be found for this omission which is entirely satisfactory. We read in the chapter referred to, that a terrible plague smote the camp of Israel on account of the introduction of a Midianitish woman into the camp under very offensive circumstances. Twenty thousand died of the plague before it was stayed. This terrible calamity, which happened but a short time before Moses pronounced his blessings on the tribes, was caused by the act of "Zimri, the son of Salu, *a prince of the chief house of the Simeonites.*" It appears also that the plague was confined to the tribe of Simeon, for we find in the census, taken but a short time after, that this tribe had diminished thirty-seven thousand. It is not at all wonderful, therefore, that Moses should omit to bless such a tribe, when their diminished numbers were a standing witness of God's displeasure, and when the

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plague, which had so devastated their part of the camp, had but just been stayed, and was fresh in the memory of all. Nor is this the conclusion of the matter. We find that when the tribe took possession of the promised land, Simeon was made a barrier both of Egypt and the Philistines, so that he must first suffer in case of attack from that quarter. These facts, so purely incidental in the manner of their relation, scattered through different chapters, so perfectly accounting for other facts, remarkable in their character yet equally incidentally related, without any reasons given for such strange phenomena, bear with no little weight in the scale of the authenticity and age of these books. That they were not introduced into the Pentateuch for the purpose of supplying the material for this argument to future investigators of the age of the work, is evident enough. The supposition is absurd.

(4) The account of the visit of Balaam for the purpose of cursing Israel demands notice. After the ineffectual attempts made by Balak, King of Moab, to induce Balaam to curse Israel, and after Balaam had obtained all the gifts which he was able to wring from the frightened king, we read, Numbers xxiv., 25, that "Balaam rose up and went and returned to his place." "His place," we find in chapter xxii., 5, to be "Pethor," a city of Mesopotamia, on the Euphrates. But we are surprised when we read in chapter xxxi., 8, where the chiefs of Midian are named who had been slain in battle, to find that "Balaam also, the son of Beor," was slain by the sword. How came he here, among the Midianites? He had left Balak, King of Moab, "to return home." If we turn back to the twenty-second chapter, we find that the "elders of Midian" went with the elders of Moab, with the "rewards of divination in their hand," to invite Balaam to come and "curse Israel." The elders of Midian are no more mentioned in the history; yet in this brief line we find the cause of Balaam's taking Midian in his way, on his return home. More gifts he would obtain, if possible, before he left the country. He was killed while he stopped among that people to finish the object for which

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he had made his journey from the East. The presence of the historian of these facts on the spot where they transpired seems certain.

(5) In the account of the rebellion and destruction of Korah and his company, there are some very striking indications of the writer's presence at the time. The leaders of the rebels, as we learn from Numbers xvi., 1, were "Korah, the son of Izhar, the son of Kohath, the son of Levi; and Dathan and Abiram, the sons of Eliab; and On, the son of Peleth, sons of *Reuben*." How came it to pass that the tribe of *Reuben*, or a part of it, and the Kohathites should be engaged in this rebellion? If we look back *thirteen chapters* to chapter iii., 29, we shall find that in recording the location of the Levites in the camp, the writer states that "the families of the sons of Kohath shall pitch on the side of the tabernacle southward." And still *further back*, in chapter ii., 10, we read that "on the south side shall be the standard of the camp of Reuben." At the distance of thirteen chapters, and separated from each other by one chapter, we find statements showing that the tribe of Reuben and the Kohathites were on the same side of the camp, and in close proximity. It would be very easy for them, therefore, to confer together as they are represented as doing.

Again, as we read the account of the punishment inflicted on the rebels, as recorded in the sixteenth chapter, we seem to see the earth open, and Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and "their sons and their wives and their little children," all swallowed up alive. What, then, is our surprise, when we read, ten chapters later, in the twenty-sixth chapter, which contains a record of events which transpired thirty-six years afterwards, that "the children of Korah died not." We turn back to reëxamine the sixteenth chapter, to see if we were mistaken. We there find that the people are commanded to "depart from the tents of those wicked men." "So they gat up from the tabernacle of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, on every side." This tabernacle appears to have been occupied in common by the rebels as their place of meeting with their associates. And then we read that "Dathan and Abiram

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came out and stood in the door of their tents, and their wives and their sons and their little ones." This public tent of meeting, it seems, stood near the tents of these two men, who were Reubenites, and not near the tent of Korah, who was a Levite; so that when "the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and their houses [tents] and all the men [that is, the rebels] that appertained to Korah, and all their goods," the children of Korah, who were in the family tent among the Levites, were not destroyed. Thus the apparent contradiction is reconciled in such a manner as to indicate that an eye-witness was the historian. I cannot forbear recalling the attention of the reader to another feature of this transaction. Korah, the leader of this rebellion, was son of Izhar, the *second* son of Kohath, Amram, the father of Moses and Aaron, being the first. But the *chief* of the Kohathites was Elzaphan, the son of Uzziel, the *fourth* son of Kohath. It was natural, therefore, that envious feelings should arise, on his part, against the hardship of the younger branch of the family. The posterity of Reuben, the *oldest son* of Jacob, would likewise be not a little dissatisfied that Judah, a younger brother, should be placed at the head of all the tribes.

(6) In the tenth chapter of Leviticus, we read that "Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and put incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord." For this act they were smitten dead by fire "from the Lord." And "Mishael and Elzaphan, the sons of Uzziel, the uncle of Aaron," carried their dead bodies "from before the sanctuary out of the camp." No cause for this high-handed act of these two sons of Aaron is given by the writer; but he immediately after records a new law: "Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou [Aaron] nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die. . . . And that ye may put a difference between holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean." The cause of this new enactment was, most obviously, the sacrilegious act of Aaron's sons, committed when they were intoxicated, and did not

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put a difference between "holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean." Such gross outrages must not be repeated, and a law is enacted to prevent their recurrence. Here we not only have a new law to meet an emergency, but we also have a law based upon the probable condition of those two priests, when the fact of their being intoxicated is not mentioned.

(7) A further coincidence demands notice in this connection. This act of Nadab and Abihu took place on the eighth day after the tabernacle was erected; for in Exodus xl., 2, we read that the "tabernacle of the tent of the congregation" was to be set up on "the first day of the first month." In the thirteenth verse, we read that Aaron and his sons were to be anointed and clothed in their holy garments for their sacred office. After seven chapters in Leviticus, giving directions about particular sacrifices which were to be offered in the tabernacle, we find in the eighth and ninth chapters a specific account of the consecration of Aaron and his sons which continued seven days (chapter viii., 33). On the eighth day (chapter ix., 1), new ceremonies were performed by these priests, their seven days of confinement and seclusion being over; and it is on this eighth day that these sons of Aaron, once more associating with their friends, indulged probably so freely in the use of the cup as to profane the Lord by attempting to serve in their holy office while intoxicated. How natural that men who had been accustomed to the moderate social glass should indulge thus freely after such a week of seclusion! Yet of all this series of causes the writer says not a word; nor is there the remotest ground for the supposition that he had arranged these incidents to furnish us with this argument for the age of his writing. That the narrator was on the spot and related what he saw, is too obvious to require comment.

Nor have we yet done with this account. These dead bodies were carried "out of the camp" just six days before the passover. Turning forward now twenty-five chapters, which are filled with the transactions of these six days, to the ninth chapter of Numbers, we come to the fourteenth

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day of the first month, on which the passover was to be kept. We here find an account of its observance; and we read that "there were certain men who were defiled by the dead body of a man, that they could not keep the passover on that day; and they came before Moses and Aaron" and said that they were defiled and were thus prevented from offering their offering unto the Lord. "Seven days," which were necessary for the purification of those who were unclean by contact with a dead body, had not transpired since Mishael and Elzaphan had carried out their kinsmen's dead bodies, and hence they could not eat of the passover or offer the sacrifice. It is probable that these were the men who came to Moses, as above related; for such a complaint would be likely to originate in the first instance among the chief men, and these men were of that class. The phrase, "the dead body of a man," being the legal term by which ritual uncleanness from contact with the dead is expressed, by no means shows, or implies, that there was but *one* dead body. Three implied conditions are found in this narration, two of them connected with other facts related ten and twenty chapters distant, and *so* related as to show clearly that the writer of these accounts must have been an eye-witness of what he relates, or at least a contemporary of the events, and narrating what he well knew was transpiring. Let these seven illustrations of "undesigned coincidences" suffice.

IV. Another characteristic of these books, showing their journal-like character, and indicating a writer in the camp of Israel, is found in the *minuteness of the details* in many parts of the narrative, and their repetition under such circumstances as to exculpate any later writer from being the author of such useless definiteness and wearisome repetitions; and yet these same circumstances demanded of the desert-journalist just such a minuteness and repetition. These phenomena have a twofold power: they equally demand an ancient, and forbid a modern, writer. Let us now examine some of them.

In the census of the people, an account of which is con-

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tained in the first chapter of Numbers, there is an illustration of the recording, at the time, of work done, or of the journal-like character of the book. First, we have the names, not only of the superintendents of the census of each tribe, but also the names of their fathers, which it is not probable would have been given by a writer in the time of Ezra. Then we have repeated before the round number of each tribe the formula under which the census was taken, making a repetition of the same words twelve times, which it is difficult to believe a historian a thousand or eight hundred years later would have done; but it is very probable it would be done when the separate papers of enrolment were passed in and recorded or filed. Seven lines of the nine which constituted the return of each tribe are, word for word, the same. A later historian of the transaction, with these returns before him, would, at the most, have written the heading but once, and then, after this description of the persons enrolled, he would have named the tribes and their number in order. Of all this, Josephus only says (chapter viii., 2), "The number of the offerers [of the half-shekels, as represented by this census] was six hundred and five thousand five hundred and fifty."

Another illustration of the time and place of writing this book of Numbers is contained in the second chapter, in which the order of the encampment is specified. The names of the tribes are given, and also the name of the "captain" of the tribe is given, and, yet more, the name of the captain's father, and also the number in the tribe according to the census, and, finally, the whole number in each of the four divisions which were encamped on the four sides of the tabernacle, the account filling thirty-two verses of the chapter. All this would be very necessary in the order for arranging the camp at first; but what historian in the time of Ezra would have given an account of the camp in this manner? Josephus illustrates this admirably (chapter xii., 5): "When they set up the tabernacle, they received it into the midst of their camp, three of the tribes pitching their tents on each side of it." And all that is said by Josephus respecting the

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elaborate arrangement in the next chapter — abridged in the paragraph below — is, that "the priests had the first place about the tabernacle; then the Levites."

Then, in the third chapter, there is a distribution of the material of the tabernacle and its furniture among the priests and Levites, whose order of encampment is minutely specified inside the other tribes and around the tabernacle, which was their special charge. The sons of Gershon shall have charge "of the covering of the tent and the hanging for the door of the tabernacle of the congregation and the hangings of the court and the curtain for the door of the court . . . and the cords of it." And the charge of Kohath "shall be the ark and the table and the candlestick and the altars and the vessels of the sanctuary and the hanging and all the service thereof." "And the charge of the sons of Merari shall be the boards of the tabernacle, and the bars thereof, and the pillars thereof, and the sockets thereof, and all the vessels thereof, . . . and the pillars of the court round about, and their sockets and their pins and their cords." This has certainly the air of the camp and the desert and the time of the great migration.

But there is yet more of this, and more even, if possible, to the purpose. How shall that portion of the tabernacle furniture which the sons of Kohath are to carry, and which was holy, and which none but a priest could handle on pain of death, be approached, prepared, and borne? In the fourth chapter, from the fourth to the tenth verses, we have a minute description of the manner in which Aaron and his sons "shall cover the ark of testimony with the covering veil, and shall put thereon the covering of badgers' skins, and shall spread over it a cloth wholly of blue, and shall put in the staves thereof," by which it is to be carried. "And upon the table of shew-bread they shall spread a cloth of blue and put thereon the dishes, and the spoons, and the bowls and covers, . . . and they shall spread upon them a cloth of scarlet, and cover the same with a covering of badgers' skins, and shall put in the staves thereof." And the "candlestick, and his lamps, and his tongs, and his snuff

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dishes, and all the oil vessels thereof," are to be covered with "a cloth of blue," and to be put into "a covering of badgers' skins and put upon a bar"; "and upon the golden altar they shall spread a cloth of blue and cover it with a covering of badgers' skins," "and they shall take all the instruments of ministry . . . and put them in a cloth of blue, and cover them with a covering of badgers' skins, and shall put them on a bar; and they shall take away the ashes from the altar, and spread a purple cloth thereon; and they shall put upon it all the vessels thereof, wherewith they minister about it, even the censers, the flesh-hooks and the shovels and the basons, all the vessels of the altar, and they shall spread over it a covering of badgers' skins, and put to the staves of it"; then, and not till then, the sons of Kohath shall come to bear them. Then the service of the sons of Gershon and Merari is to be arranged by Aaron and his sons, and a census of these families is to be taken of all males from thirty to fifty years old, that proper relays and reliefs might be made while marching and in camp.

Now what I say is, that all this minute direction and organization of the Levites and priests indicates, demands for its justification, its cause, the precise time, and place, and circumstances which the history describes; and that no historian of the nation in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah would have written in this manner. I pass by the fact that the "shittim wood," of which the wood-work of the tabernacle and its furniture was made, was abundant about Mount Sinai and rare in Canaan, and that the "badgers' skins" were most probably the skins of a fish which abounded in the Red Sea, as I do not wish to introduce anything as fact into this Study which may be challenged.

But I have not done. I must challenge the reader's patience still further. I cite as a striking proof of the authenticity and age of the Pentateuch, the account of the offerings made by the princes of Israel to the tabernacle during the period of its dedication. It is contained in the seventh chapter of Numbers, commencing with the twelfth verse. Each prince brought his offering on a day by himself,

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so that on twelve different days we have the entry made by the scribe in the journal of the offering. Each prince offered the same gifts. The wording of the entry is in each case the same. Leave a blank in either of the entries for the names of the princes, and they will read alike. I will give the first entry: "And he that offered his offering the first day was Nahshon, the son of Amminadab, of the tribe of Judah; and his offering was one silver charger, the weight thereof was a hundred and thirty shekels, one silver bowl of seventy shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary; both of them were full of fine flour mingled with oil for a meat offering; one spoon of ten shekels of gold full of incense; one young bullock, one ram, one lamb of the first year, for a burnt-offering; one kid of the goats for a sin-offering; and for a sacrifice of peace-offerings, two oxen, five rams, five he-goats, five lambs of the first year. This was the offering of Nahshon, the son of Amminadab."

Now, instead of simply saying that each of the other princes of the tribes offered in like manner the same offerings unto the Lord, the writer goes on and repeats this inventory eleven times, through eighty verses. It is incredible that a later writer, giving such an account, should proceed in this manner. It appears altogether like an entry made by the scribe to see that the tribes did what was required of them, though no mention of such requisition is made in the record. I have had the curiosity to turn again to Josephus to see how, in his summary of the law, he manages this matter, and will quote the passage which relates to these offerings, that the reader may see the difference between the style of a later writer and that of the old journalists. Josephus says: "Every head of a tribe brought a bowl, a charger, and a spoon of ten daricks full of incense. Now the charger and bowl were of silver, and together they weighed two hundred shekels, but the bowl cost no more than seventy skekels; and these were full of fine flour mingled with oil, such as they used on the altar about the sacrifices. They brought also a young bullock and a ram, with a lamb of a year old, for a whole burnt-offering; as also

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a goat, for the forgiveness of sins. Every one of the heads of the tribes brought also other sacrifices, called peace-offerings; for every day, two bulls and five rams, with lambs of a year old and kids of the goats. These heads of the tribes were twelve days in sacrificing, one sacrificing every day." The contrast between these two accounts clearly shows us how an historian living long after the events, as in the time of Ezra, would have managed such a subject.

Another illustration of this head of my argument is found in the wearisomely minute diagnostics of the leprosy in men, houses, and garments (Leviticus xiii., xiv.). Two long chapters, of nearly sixty verses each, are filled with the repulsive details of the indications and purification of this most loathsome of all diseases. I must be excused from quoting any of it. No more modern historian would thus burden his pages; but then and there it was necessary, for definite rules must be given for the guidance of the priests. Indeed, the whole of this portion of the Pentateuch which refers to ritual impurities indicates clearly enough that it had its birth in the camp, among a people just emerging from barbarism.

Perhaps the most marked of all these laboriously minute descriptions and repetitions is to be found in the last half of Exodus, where the tabernacle and its furniture and the priests' garments are described in the most accurate manner, even to the tassels and pins and taches (Exodus xxv.—xxx.). Moses brings this minute description of the whole sacerdotal dress, and tabernacle construction, and incense manufacture, with him from the Mount. It is precisely like the specifications in a modern contract for building a dwelling-house or making a garment or a confection, but more minute if possible. The work is given out by Moses, and as the workmen bring back to him the portion which they undertook to make, it is entered again with the same minute description in the Pentateuch (Exodus xxxvi.—xxxix.). So that we have a duplicate description of all these articles so wearisomely minute that we can hardly

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have patience to read it once. Admit that this was written on the spot, and all this minuteness and duplication is accounted for: deny this, and there is no possible reason why such a minute detail of these articles should be repeated, even if we can discover why they should be once described. It seems incredible that any later writer could have done it. Of the "pattern given in the Mount," which is so minutely described, before the work was done, in the Pentateuch, Josephus only says (chapter v., 8), "He [God] had suggested to him [Moses] that he would have a tabernacle built for him, and that the tabernacle should be of such measure and construction as he had showed him." Josephus then gives a careful description of the work. There is no repetition of particulars.

To feel the full force of this argument, it is necessary that one should read carefully the account in the Pentateuch, and at one sitting if possible.

I should be glad to go into a consideration of the specific directions given touching many of the conditions of camp life, and especially those health regulations which it was necessary for a people thus sojourning to observe, and which no modern historian could dwell upon so long and minutely as they are dwelt upon in the Pentateuch; but the nature of the subjects, as well as the great length of my Study, requires that I should pass them over. Their bearing upon the point which I am considering is clear and strong; and, in connection with some of the circumstances which I have already referred to, they furnish evidence, almost conclusive in itself, of the antiquity of the work in which they are contained.

V. The chasms in the history are another indication of the antiquity of the Pentateuch. (1) The space of nearly four hundred years, according to the reckoning which commends itself to many scholars, from the descent of Jacob and his family into Egypt to the departure of the people, is passed over in almost entire silence; and so also is the youth and manhood of Moses, in which Josephus and the rabbins revel and glory. Only those incidents are mentioned which

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are necessary to an introduction to the great work of deliverance from Egyptian bondage. We can hardly suppose that a writer of the time of Ezra would have left such gaps in his history. The particular and wonderful events in the life of Moses before his flight to Midian, which tradition had handed down, and which attracted the Jews in the time of Josephus, could hardly have escaped the notice of earlier writers. They would have filled up these chasms with such traditions as had come down to them respecting the marvellous life of their great law-giver. That such would have been their course can hardly be doubted by any one who is acquainted with Jewish writers, and knows how prone they were to introduce traditionary tales where historical facts failed them.

Nor is the chasm referred to, all. Thirty-seven years, covering a large portion of the period of the wandering in the wilderness, is left an entire blank, and we know almost nothing of what transpired, except the stations which from time to time the people occupied. A more attractive field for the growth of traditions could not be imagined; and not to enter it would require more regard for historical truth, or a nicer discrimination between what is true and what is false, than later writers of that nation have shown in their works, or than some modern critics give them credit for. I cannot introduce illustrations to show the correctness of these remarks. Those readers who are familiar with Jewish literature do not need them, and those who are not will find enough of them in the writings of Philo, Josephus, the Talmudists, and the rest. Admit that the principal parts of the last four books of the Pentateuch are the work of a writer, a scribe or scribes, contemporary with the events which are recorded in them, and these chasms are easily accounted for: assume any later period for their composition, and they present insurmountable obstacles.

VI. I should be glad to go at length into a consideration of the minute and circumstantial references which we find in the Pentateuch to Egyptian customs. But I must confine myself to one, as an illustration of many, which impresses

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deeply upon the mind the opinion that an eye-witness must have recorded them. A resident in Egypt, and none other, could thus have colored the history with such delicate touches denoting his age and residence. In the fifth chapter of Exodus, the historian gives an account of the additional labor which was put upon the Hebrews when they complained of their tasks, and asked leave to go into the country for three days to worship. "I will not give you straw," said Pharaoh. "Go ye, get you straw where ye can find it. . . . So the people were scattered abroad throughout all the land of Egypt to gather *stubble* instead of *straw*." The "straw" was that which had been broken upon the threshing-floor; the "stubble" was what had been left standing in the field after reaping. If we turn now to Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* (Vol. VI., p. 86), we shall find an engraving, taken from the ancient tombs, in which is represented the gathering of wheat. The reapers are represented as cutting off only the heads of the grain, which they put in baskets, and leaving the "stubble" nearly as high as their shoulders behind them. This was the "stubble" which the Hebrews went out to gather; not the short stubble which was left when the straw was cut near the ground. The overtasked Hebrews had not the privilege of going to the threshing-floors and getting their "straw": they were compelled to gather this high "stubble" in the field.

Such minute knowledge of the manners of Egypt as the writer of the Pentateuch everywhere shows, and which it would cover pages to describe, confirms the opinion of its Mosaic origin. It is hardly conceivable that a later writer could have so fully informed himself of ancient customs as to have spoken of them so incidentally and yet so accurately and minutely.

VII. Another evidence of the early origin of the Pentateuch is found in the use of Egyptian words, the adoption of Egyptian customs in their worship, both in utensils, altars, and robes, and also in the establishment of a priesthood and ritual. In the first sixteen chapters of Exodus, in which

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the bondage and escape of the people are described, no less than forty-eight words, exclusive of proper names, of Egyptian origin are used, if such scholars as Gesenius and Bunsen can be relied upon, to say nothing of Seyffarth and Harkavy and Wilkinson. Egypt must have been the native land of the author. He is familiar with the manners and customs of the people. The whole account is evidence of such an author. The Urim and Thummim were Egyptian symbols of Truth and Justice, and were worn by the judge or priest in the breastplate which was over his priestly dress, as is shown in Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians.* The dress of the priests is not unlike that of the Egyptian priests as represented in the same work. Even the ark of the covenant and the cherubim over it are copied from those used in Egypt, as may be seen in Wilkinson, Vol. V., p. 276. As far as modern studies in Egyptian archæology have gone, they confirm the accuracy of the description of the manners, laws, and language of that ancient people made by the writer of the Pentateuch, and remand its composition to an early age and a native of the country.

It has been objected to the antiquity and unity of the Pentateuch, that such a complicated ritual and comprehensive body of laws could not have sprung into existence at once; that generations, centuries, were necessary to evolve and mature them. It is forgotten by those who present this objection, that the Egyptians were an old nation when Jacob's family went among them. They had the most attractive and elaborate ritual the world knew,—priests, temples, altars, sacrifices, were almost everywhere. Their laws were the mature wisdom of ages. How easy was it, comparatively speaking, for the law-giver of Israel to arrange, with the aid of such a ritual and such laws, the ritual and laws which we find in the Pentateuch, so similar to those of Egypt as to reveal their relationship, and so dissimilar as to prevent confounding them, and establishing the independence of their author! No careful student of the Hebrew code and ritual can fail to see the influence of an Egyptian education and residence upon the law-giver; so

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that the objection is itself transformed into an argument in favor of the antiquity of the Pentateuch and even of its Mosaic origin. He would naturally, trained as he had been, construct a full code and ritual for the recently delivered people. Nor is it any valid evidence, scarcely a presumption, that he did not do it, because they were but imperfectly administered, and in some respects apparently persistently violated for centuries. The code and the ritual sprang fully-formed, mature, from the brain of Moses, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. The people were not able to understand or appreciate but a small part of them at first, and some portions of them were very probably found impracticable or so burdensome as to compel neglect. The code and the ritual were ideal, and could not in every particular be made real. The servile, emancipated race developed slowly up to the standard of their law whose requirements were ever before them. Their barbarism gradually wore off, and the knowledge of the one only God increased, and diminished their belief in other gods and their relish of idolatrous rites. The people *grew up* to the law, as Christians are growing up to Christianity. The gospel reads to-day as it did eighteen centuries ago, but how differently it is understood and practised! The Mosaic code and ritual read the same through all the tumultuous period of the Judges and the revolution under Samuel, and during the monarchy, but how differently were they regarded as the people sloughed off their barbarisms and improved in knowledge!

VIII. One point further, and I will close. The Pentateuch concludes its history with the death of Moses, and professes to contain only those laws and rites which were prescribed by him. There is not a particle of reliable evidence, either external or internal, that a single law recorded in the Pentateuch was the work of the period subsequent to the time of Moses. I affirm this with the emphasis of assurance. The possession of the promised land is always spoken of as future. New laws are given, new regulations are established on the banks of the Jordan, just before the people passed over to take possession of their country, such as their

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changed condition would require. No laws were made afterwards of which we have any record which were fundamental. All appeals are made to the law of Moses.

So much for the *antiquity* of the Pentateuch. Who was its writer? To answer this question is no purpose of this Study. Probably Moses was the principal author. I am aware that one objection which has weight in some minds is made to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch it is that he is spoken of in the third person in the historical portions. This is true; and admitting that it has weight so far as the Mosaic authorship is concerned, it has no weight whatever against my position; for I am not proving that Moses was the writer of the Pentateuch, but that it was chiefly at least composed during his life. Against this position the objection has no force whatever. But I am by no means willing to give it the weight which is claimed for it as conclusive against the Mosaic authorship under any circumstances. Xenophon is admitted on all hands to have written the Anabasis, and yet he never speaks of himself in the first person, though he is the principal character in the work. Who can dogmatically assert that Moses did not do the same thing? Besides, who can say that Moses did not adopt the usual practice of early times, as indicated both in history and in monuments, of employing a scribe, or scribes, who took note of passing events, as well as writing out the laws, who would naturally speak of Moses in the third person?

The whole book has the style and coloring, the contents and structure, of a writing of the Mosaic age. A few passages of later date can easily be accounted for as *scholia* — explanatory clauses — which have been introduced into the text by later copyists and readers. Some apparent or real contradictions can be easily disposed of by the same method, or as failures in the memory of the original writer. As well might one challenge the antiquity of the pyramid because he had found a modern stone imbedded in one of its courses. Whether its condition could be accounted for or not, no antiquarian would think of pronouncing the monu-

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ment of Cheops a work of the Ptolemies, standing in its hoary presence, with the voice of history sounding in his ears. As no astronomer would be accounted sane who should dispute that the sun is the source of light because a few dark spots are found on its surface, so no scholar who has surveyed all sides of this subject in the full light of modern discoveries can reasonably deny to the Mosaic age the production of the Pentateuch on account of alleged modern interpolations, imperfect genealogies, or contradictory dates and names which are found in it.

It results from the foregoing investigation: —

I. That that portion of the Hebrew Scriptures called the Pentateuch, or the Five Books of Moses, can be traced by a common name — "The Book of the Law," "The Law given by Moses," "The Law," and other titles — from the time of Christ back through all the extant literature of the nation,— prose and poetry, prophecy and proverb, history and psalm, — till the time of David, and in all fragments of its literature of an earlier date; —

II. That all the passages quoted from the Book with these titles are found in the Pentateuch, and often its peculiar phraseology is preserved in the quotation, showing that the book is proved to be the same by its contents as well as by its title; —

III. That there is not the slightest hint in the historical books that these laws were enacted or revised in any later time than that of the Mosaic age; all Jewish opinions to this effect being of a much later date, and based upon no historical evidence whatever; —

IV. That the language of the Pentateuch, its peculiar phrases and "archaic words," shows that it must have been written some centuries before any other of the extant Hebrew writings, thus remitting its composition to several generations before the time of David, as the language of the earliest Psalms, which are free from them, witnesses; —

V. That the contents of the Pentateuch, the journal-like arrangement of its events and laws, the constant assumption

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or implication that it was written in a camp, and many of its laws adapted only to camp life, the amendments of laws when on the borders of the promised land to fit them to the changed condition and wants of the people, the inventories of gifts, and the record of specifications for wood-work, and curtains, and garments, and vessels for sacred use, the record of incidents which caused new laws to be enacted or old laws to be amended, the incidental and most obviously undisguised coincidences of events which are separated by many chapters and much time, confirm the previous historic and linguistic evidence of the early origin of the Pentateuch, and place its composition in the Mosaic age, and prove its direct or indirect Mosaic authorship; —

VI. That the tumultuous anarchical times before the accession of David to the throne render it very probable that sections of the law may have been misplaced, possibly lost; that some of the historical sections may have been disarranged; and that as time passed on old names were modernized, obscure incidents explained, and modern words and phrases sometimes substituted for the obsolete originals; but none of these modern explanations and interpolations and supposed corrections in the least degree affecting the force of the argument derived from the above-mentioned considerations of the age and at least the principal authorship of the work; —

VII. That notwithstanding the difficulties attending the reference of this work to so early an age and authorship, they vanish into comparative unimportance when compared with those which attend any other theory of its composition, especially that which refers it to the time of Ezra, or accounts for it by miscellaneous aggregations made during the ten centuries which transpired between Moses and Nehemiah; —

VIII. And, finally, that the only reasonable, and indeed the necessary, inference to be drawn from these facts — the historical references to this book by the same names to the earliest times; the quotations made from it in later writings corresponding in minute particulars to passages found in it;

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the archaisms with which it abounds; the journal- and camp-like arrangement and tone of its laws; the undesigned coincidences, indicating a writer on the spot; the occasional explanation of antique words, names, and customs; and the insuperable difficulties of fixing upon any other period for its composition—is that the Pentateuch belongs to the Mosaic age, and fixes the authorship of the book upon Moses and his contemporaries or immediate successors.

I know the objections raised, the suspicions surmised, the prejudices appealed to; but I also know that there are difficulties in unbelief as well as in belief. It is often supposed that there are no difficulties trailing after denial; that some belief is not professed or implied when another is rejected. But he who denies the antiquity of the Pentateuch will be required by that denial to believe some things which will stagger reason and forbid faith. That very denial will compel him to adopt a positive opinion respecting the origin of the Pentateuch which will draw after it difficulties more insolvable, and facts more incredible, than the plagues of Egypt or the refluent waves of the Red Sea. For he must believe that an unbroken chain of writers from the days of Josephus to the time of David, including philosophers, historians, poets, prophets, have quoted different books under the same title, and containing the same laws, expressed in the same words; that between the translation of the Septuagint in the golden reign of Philadelphus and the time of the prophet Malachi, about a century, this "Book of the Law of Moses" was mostly written and palmed off upon the Jewish scribes as of Mosaic origin, and gravely translated by them into Greek at his command; or that between the time of Malachi and the time of Ezra, about half a century more, some one or more of the returned exiles constructed a work which received the approbation of both prophets and rulers, people and priests, as the "Book of Moses" by whose laws their fathers had been guided; or that Ezra himself codified and published the national laws under the title of the "Laws of Moses," or invented nearly all of them, and succeeded in making the people receive

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them as such, either by gross fraud or because they were really of Mosaic origin, and yet his history makes *no mention* of such a wonderful work in narrating the invaluable services rendered to the people by this efficient ruler; or that a century before, Hilkiah and Shaphan imposed a code under the name of "The Book of the Law of the Lord by Moses" upon King Josiah and all the nation, and that Hezekiah had no such "Book of the Law of Moses" as the historian affirms, and that Amaziah did not quote from it when he said, as it "is written in the Book of the Law of Moses," and that Jehoshaphat did not send out the scribes to teach that book when they "took the Book of the Law of the Lord with them," and that Jehoash had some other book under the name of "the Law" given him when he was anointed king, and that David did not refer to it when he charged Solomon to have regard to what "is written in the Law of Moses." He must believe, moreover, that different books and different codifications of the laws of the people from time to time are thus referred to, when not one lisp in the whole history or poetry or prophecy of the nation can be found to that effect. He must believe that the nation was so stupid as to permit it, and its historians so careless as not to mention it either to the honor or the disgrace of any scribe or king. He must believe that in the time of Ezra or Josiah a writer succeeded in imitating the ancient style of the Mosaic age so perfectly that all the scribes and priests were deceived into the belief that it was the work of Moses, even when there was no evidence that he ever wrote such a book, or that such a book had ever existed in the nation. Nay, more: he must believe that all its complicated and burdensome laws were received at once and adopted as the code of the nation, *because* they believed them to be of Mosaic origin, and submitted to the severe discipline which these laws imposed, without once questioning the authenticity of the book or the authority of the law-giver. He must believe that the writer not only invented the accounts of the building of the tabernacle, and wearisomely repeated them, and also introduced the repetitious descriptions of the offer-

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ings and the consecration of the sacred things, but he must believe that he could luckily hit upon or skilfully invent those numerous *undesigned coincidences* which are scattered all through the book, so evidently unobserved by the writer himself. He must believe that the writer — guilty of one of the grossest impositions ever practised upon a people — was never suspected, much less accused, of fraud, but that his spurious work was received and adopted without a word of complaint, suspicion, or hesitation by a whole nation. He must believe that no law was in existence during the reign of David, and that all the historians, prophets, and poets which have referred to it in an unbroken series from his time down to the time of Nehemiah and Malachi, Sirach and Philo, were mistaken, or else he must believe that a gross corruption of the old copy was made, and made in so skilful a manner that no one detected it then, or can now tell with any certainty the new portions which were added to the old book. The learned men of Jehoshaphat, the scholarly priest and scribe of Josiah, the noble Ezra, the skilful Nehemiah, never suspected the fraud, never discovered the cheat. Nor did the prophets Joel and Hosea, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Haggai and Malachi, have a suspicion that "the Law," "the Laws of Moses," "the Law of the Lord," on which they based all their predictions, and to which they appealed in confirmation of all their threatenings and promises, was a mere collection made from age to age of the laws of the nation, and attributed, by a pious fraud or illiterate mistake, to their great deliverer, Moses, to give them sanctity and power over the people. Surely, a louder curse would have leaped from the fiery lips of Isaiah upon the head of such a deceiver than he ever uttered against the hypocritical priests who "trampled the courts of the Lord." Yet such must be his belief who disbelieves.

Adopting the canon of Hume, that of two miracles we should believe that which is the less marvellous and incredible, I accept the miracle, if it be one, of the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch, rather than the theory which makes it either the growth of centuries or the work of a modern Jew

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of the time of Ezra. The difficulties attending the last theory are vastly greater than those which surround the first. As easily could I believe that the basaltic pillars which compose the Giant's Causeway were the work of the fabulous race whose name they bear, and not the production of the earth's central fires. I believe, then, that the Pentateuch is a work of the Mosaic age, and largely the work of Moses himself; that it has come down to us with few, very few, dislocations, interpolations, and corruptions; and that it will be handed down to coming ages as an admired monument of the wisdom, learning, and arts of that remote age,—as a monument of an early revelation of the divine will, to restore and elevate the race. I believe that the more thorough the investigations are which are directed to the examination of this book, the more profound and searching the scholarship which is devoted to the inquiry of its age and authorship, the more successful the endeavors of the explorers of the ancient monuments on the Nile and the Tigris in exhuming sculptured tablets and opening tombs whose walls are pictured history, the more brilliant the success of the Rawlinsons, the Layards, and the Hinckses, the Smiths and the Sayces, in deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions on the walls of the palaces of the successors of Ninus, and of the Wilkinsons and the Lepsiuses and the Mariettes in interpreting the painted symbols and hieroglyphic histories in the tombs of the Pharaohs contemporary with Abraham and Joseph and Moses,—the more certainty will be given to the conclusions which I have reached, or, at least, to which I have pointed the way: that the PENTATEUCH IS SUBSTANTIALLY OF THE MOSAIC AGE, AND LARGELY, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, OF MOSAIC AUTHORSHIP.

R. P. STEBBINS.

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S SERMONS.*

From Thanksgiving to Fast is the title to a thin volume of fifteen sermons preached last winter, but equally applicable to the needs of the coming season. We heartily commend them as full of life, and of suggestions which cannot but be useful to any thoughtful reader.

The first is called "The Great Harvest Year." It is a Thanksgiving sermon, and contains a striking account of the vast harvest of the year 1878, and its beneficent influence throughout the world. In this sermon, where we might not have looked for it, is this pertinent and satisfactory reference to prayer for temporal gifts: —

Am I speaking now, says Mr. Hale, to any idealist who has hesitated in his daily prayer, because he would not ask God for physical blessings? He would ask, he says, for more of the Holy Spirit in his heart, for more of grace, and more of love; but would not ask for daily bread, because that is the product of physical laws. I have known such men. I remember a man who would not offer the Lord's Prayer, because it contained this petition for daily bread. I have known men who would not pray that pestilence may be averted, because pestilence, they said, is the result of fixed physical law, which God himself ought not to change. Am I speaking to such doubts? Let me ask that man to consider this great harvest year of history, and ask where it comes from.

What makes the harvest of this year different from that of the year when Columbus landed? Have the physical laws of the world changed? No! Have any new spiritual powers come into play? Has a living God, of constant love, directed and taught children like him? Ah, yes! He has given courage to the pioneer in Nebraska and Colorado. He has given faith to the settler's wife, that she has established in that cabin the kingdom of heaven. He has given patience, perseverance, to the wit of those inventors whose engines have reaped the harvest, and threshed it and garnered it; who have built the highways and the trains which have speeded this harvest over the land to the sea. Nay, when the men who carried on these works failed in allegiance to him and to his law, when they sought themselves first and God afterwards, then the wealth of the harvest was chaff and dust again. Witness the selfishness which last year stopped the movements of the Pennsylvania railroads for only a week, yet threatened famine thus to half a land! Witness the calamity when only one man — dishonest — uses for himself the treasure which the

* *From Thanksgiving to Fast.* Sermons by Edward E. Hale. Boston: George H. Ellis, Publisher, 101 Milk Street.

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order of God has appointed, that in its honest use you and I and half the world may have our daily bread.

How is it that the English workman feeds on beef which a Texan drover sent to Illinois, and an Illinois farmer fattened on the abundance of the corn? Was there any natural law which compelled the ox to cross the ocean, like the fabled beast that bore Europa? Or did some steadfast man, not easily discouraged, studying in advance the problem of the feeding of the world, determine that this thing should be done? When he offered his daily prayer for daily bread, he remembered that he had no right to ask for it, unless he gave to other men theirs. And so, not of one or of two, but of ten thousand, such enterprises. And these were the enterprises of men who had faith and hope and love,— the three eternal elements of life. But for these three eternities, they would neither have tried nor succeeded.

Let no man tell me that mere selfish greed sets on foot these agencies of infinite blessing. The selfish greed of the savages who ranged Nebraska never sent me a grain of wheat for my breakfast. The selfish greed of the farmers of Southern Russia never sent me one. It is not till the grace of God lifts up nations, and the men in them, to the higher law which rests on faith and hope and love, that the mountains begin to move to the sea, and the exuberance of one land to feed the necessities of another.

The prayers of men have not changed God's physical laws. They *were* well arranged when the world was set in order. But it is the prayers of loyal men — it is their work with God and his with them — which planted this continent with men who wanted to obey his law. In the midst of personal selfishness and personal crime, the drift, the general wish, of this land has been to obey his law, as far as the land could make it out.

In that wish, the nation gives every man his homestead, in that magnificent communism which does divide the common empire among even the poorest of the people. In that wish, it gives every man his education. In that wish, it gives every man a vote. What God may work in any human heart, the nation dares not hinder. Let man work with God, and God will work with man, thirty, sixty, a hundred fold. The great harvest of to-day is the answer to prayers which we offered for a united country. It is the answer to our prayers for our brothers and sisters in the wilderness. It is the answer to our prayer for schools and colleges. It is the answer to our prayer for the freedom of the slave. It is the answer to our prayer that God will reveal himself to us,— that we may be fellow-workmen together with him. We asked him to reveal himself to his children, and the answer is in the physical blessing with which he feeds a world.

The next sermon is on "Looking Back," and the drift of it may be inferred from this short paragraph: —

If you and I have souls which are to grow, even in an infinite life, it

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will be by beginning, not by always getting ready to begin. It is the duty next our hand that will train us, not the waiting for some more congenial duty to appear. It is the furrow, and the work of the furrow. Woe to him who looks back! That man is never fit for the kingdom!

The third in the series, an excellent sermon, is called "Ritual," and contains this remarkable historical statement: —

Take the worship in the city of Rome to-day, as compared with the worship in the same city in the second and third centuries. The faithful in that early time were jealously watched by spies, people of the grade whom we now call "detectives," and their meetings for worship were prohibited, even under the most humane emperors. They devised ways, therefore, of doing that under ground which they were not permitted to do above ground. Under whatever pretext, men, women, and children strolled away from their homes, and, when they were sure they were not watched, crept into the dark passages of the under-ground catacombs by which the site of that city is honey-combed beneath the surface. Where two or three of these passages meet, a little room is made,— never large, of course, because the frail stone of the roof has no other columns to support it than the rough masses which the quarry-men have not cut away. In such a cavity a little body of Christians would meet to say their prayers, to sing their hymns, to pass from hand to hand a bit of bread or a cup of wine. And when, in time, these crypts became the places of their burial, the sarcophagus in which some body lay, a block of stone hewn out and covered with a slab, became fit place for the candles which lighted the vault, and for the cups and plates which contained the wine and bread. Here is the reason why in the service of the Roman Church to-day a distinguished sanctity is given to a stone altar in shape of a tomb, and why lighted candles burn in the day-time for worship and for festival. Of course one understands how such a custom may be clung to, as mere matter of preference or fancy. But when you find that every Catholic church in the world must have an altar in that shape because a few thousand Roman Christians, a very small fraction of the Church of their day, happened to worship so, you are amazed that a relentless fancy can be pushed so far. And when you see high officers of the English Church fairly at feud, and even going to law, about the shape of these altars and the lighting of these candles, you see that such antiquarians of to-day are, like the Pharisees of the old centuries, "backward looking sons of time," fighting in vain to keep an ancient language in memory. Granting that while in Rome, if the Church wanted to retain a memorial service in the ancient crypts it might do so, it seems as if an angel of light would say that for the Church at large, the Church of the wider world, the special business of to-day is to proclaim that it is not under ground as some of the fathers were. It walks in the light and is no longer sentenced to darkness. It controls the powers of the State, and

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fears them no longer. Far from clinging to mere memories of darkness and the tomb in its ritual, one would say that the true ritualist would devise for the Church every expression of that joy to all people for which the Church was established; which in its triumph it has already won so far.

In the fifth of the series, the sermon on "Respectability," is the following fearful incident: —

When I was two and twenty I happened to be in a distant city, where I met an old friend of my father. He had known of me from my birth. He asked me what my calling was to be, and I told him. "You are going to be a minister, are you?" he said,— with some doubt, I thought. "Well, now," he added, "do you know, I think there are not many sinners among respectable people, among the people your father knows, among these people I know here? You'll not find many sinners. They are people who do about what is right, and they mean to. They are not people who commit sins." He meant to say that our profession was so far useless, if what we are for is "to save people from their sins." Some divine spirit guided my answer. I said, "Very likely it seems so. I suppose the sins of respectable people, such as you speak of, are generally their sins of omission, not their sins of commission." It was a most fortunate answer. He had not one word in reply. "Sins of omission," he said; "sins of omission,—yes, yes, sins of omission"; and then the conversation turned to other themes. Let me, in a few words, tell the close of his life. Many years after, I heard of him as retiring from business to enjoy his large fortune. Enjoy? What has a man to enjoy who, if he have committed few sins, has omitted the ministries and offices which unite a man to his race? Next, I began to hear of the habits of personal indulgence which come on a man who has not learned to live for mankind. And the last incident I ever knew of a life, which closed in utter darkness, was of his escape, naked, from his own house, of a winter night, in the madness of delirium tremens, pursued by the attendant whom for the moment he had deceived. Let a man care for himself, let a man worship himself, let him pamper his own comfort, feed his own palate, taste, hunger, thirst, and let him all the time be leaving out of thought the rest of the world in which he lives, and he is captive in the world of outer darkness, a world whose terrors cannot be exaggerated. Yes, and he is himself the judge who pronounces the sentence which consigns him to that world.

And so we might go on through these fifteen sermons, selecting from each one passages quite as remarkable as any that we have here given, — passages opening some new thought, confirming some old conviction, pointing out, in a striking manner, some new duty, awakening some fresher

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feeling of love or reverence. Here is a scrap from what he says about the Bible: —

Chiefly, the Bible holds its power over men as the record, in quaint, simple, and unconscious language, of Life and the victories of Life. No literary conceit or pride of authorship, as we saw. No style, long syllables and short syllables, studied metaphor, or other critical or linguistic machinery. Rough style, indeed. You know the Roman Cardinal said he found it bad for his style, so he did not read it. Nay, no great logic; no system of metaphysic; no compact method of government; no treatise on natural history; no science of morals. Will it tell us whether there is an ocean at the North Pole? No, it will not tell us that. Will it tell us why God permits evil? No, it will not tell us that. Will it tell us whether the soul of man existed before he was born into this world? No. Will it tell us whether the body of man is derived in direct descent from the inferior races? No. Then what will it tell us? It will tell us of the power of life; of the power of God, the Life of the Universe, over all the things which he made and set in order; of the power of Man, whom God set to subdue the world, to carry out that enterprise when he loyally engages in it; of the power of the soul, which is the life of man, to control supreme the mind of man, and his body. It tells how the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters. It tells how the inspiration of God led Israel from bondage. It tells how the sense of God lifted Israel from barbarism to command, and how, as Israel lost God, she sank back to vassalage. And such little history is accessory only to the history of histories, the centre of history; when, in the middle of this book, four untaught men, in narration whose quaint simplicity challenges the criticism and the imitation of the world, describe some incidents in the life of God's own Son, who had no life but God's life, and obeyed no lesser law. In those fragments, there is the triumph of the great Personality of all time. Lord of Life, we call him wisely. And this race of man, which has faith in life, and can have no faith in anything else, this race,— which has always been led and which loves its leaders, which must love them and will love them,— this race of man, which despises abstractions and wants to see the truth,— this race of man, in all its doubts, selfishness, inquiry, is always glad to see the Lord of Life, to hear him speak, and to wonder, and to take to heart his victories. Because the Bible encloses the Four Gospels, explains, illustrates, leads down to them and leads back to them; because, so leading, it shows always that life is always master, and that forms obey,— forms, methods, law, fashion, and all the outside,— that these obey and must obey; because the Bible is the book of Life, and the book of the Lord of Life,— because of this it keeps its hold upon the world.

One passage more from an instructive sermon on "Lent" we give, premising that if these discourses are somewhat discursive and fragmentary, they are none the less full of

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suggestions which any of us may take home with extreme profit to ourselves: —

An honest man will say again, "Am I thinking of myself too much,— for a man who wants more life?" And an honest man who is not a fool will know that life shrinks away and is shrivelled to nothing when a man does live for himself alone. "Have I, perhaps, neglected my family," he asks himself, "in this eager care that when I am dead they may inherit a competency?" Can a man do better for his children than to be sure that they love him? Can children inherit a better patrimony than those children have who have a loving father, whose life quickens theirs, and who is their best playmate in childhood, and in youth their best friend? "Because I wish for a larger life," such a man says in his Lenten repentances, "I will live more with my family, I will be more at home."

And then this question comes to him soon, "How much am I with the Leader of Life,—how well do I know him,—how much do I listen to him?" For, as we live, a man's knowledge of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, may be the merest outside respect, paid somewhat as a French flower-girl might think of the statue of King Dagobert above her as she sells her wares,—some very great King, of whom she knows nothing. "How well do I know the Leader of Life,— the Saviour of this world?" A man who really means to enlarge his life asks that question only to answer it man-fashion. He will not be satisfied with remembering a parable or two, or a scrap here and there from talk or sermon. He makes the Four Gospels a study, and he finds that the books which illustrate them open right and left into all history, and throw on Christ's career such light as to make him intelligible, and a real being in human affairs. To such a determination — to choose as a personal friend the Master of Life - - the answer may be slow, but it is sure. Let the man who makes that choice set apart his seasons and occasions for entering into the society of Jesus Christ. Let him put himself in the place of apostles, of men of the multitude, of listeners by the lake-side, and he shall find, year in and year out, that more and more surely Jesus Christ comes to him as a present leader and firm friend, and in trial, in anxiety or in joy, and in eventful living, is his present saviour here and now.

Yes; and let a man be sure to select the highest company of all, if he would truly live. I am not alone, he says, for the Father is with me. I walk under the stars, and I am with the God who sets them in order. I lie awake at night,—here is God with me, in whose law my heart is beating. Father, give life to thy child. Inevitably and surely the answer comes, "Son, I am ever with thee, and all that I have is thine." For this Infinite Power — the Conscious Life of the Universe, whose best name is Father — is willing to give his strength for my weakness, and to lift me to be fellow-workman in his designs. If I really seek to enlarge my life, I may enlarge it, not in any human measurements, but by the Infinite proportions.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

THE ABBOTS.

Perhaps no family in our New England history has, in an unobtrusive and quiet way, had a better influence on society than that of the Abbots. Their leading characteristics, as far as we have known them, have been a love of knowledge connected with a gentle but enthusiastic and obstinate persistency in the pursuit of it, a faculty for making Christian homes at once attractive and instructive, and the power of exciting in the community around them an interest in the best things. There has been a substantial basis of prose in their composition, a goodly and wholesome element of what might be called commonplace, were it not set off by a remarkable dowry of common-sense and an infusion of moral and religious fervor which has entered, not as a consuming flame, but as a vital and quickening power, into their moral and intellectual constitution.

We propose to speak only of that branch of the family with which it has been our good fortune to be personally acquainted. To this branch belonged Benjamin Abbot, LL.D., for fifty years the honored Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, and perhaps the most perfect example of a teacher in his generation. There was his son, John Emery Abbot, the saintly pastor of the North Church in Salem, whose memory has always been cherished as a precious and sacred possession by all who had known him. And there was his brother, Abiel Abbot, D.D., of Beverly, a courteous Christian gentleman and a persuasive preacher, who bore, as few men do, "his great commission in his face" and in his daily life. There was also his cousin and brother-in-law, Abiel Abbot, D.D., of Peterborough, N.H., who founded there the first public town library in the United States, and who, after he was seventy years old, acted with the vigor and enthusiasm of a young man, and did as much for education and especially for the common schools in New Hampshire as any one of his contemporaries. And there was *his* grandson, Rev. Abbot Smith, of Arlington, whose character and spirit linger still as grateful and refreshing influences in the hearts of those in any way connected with him. To that same branch of the family belonged Joseph Hale Abbot, once a

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Professor in the Exeter Academy, and for a much longer time the thorough, accomplished, and conscientious teacher of a young ladies' school in Boston. In him perhaps as much as in any one did the family characteristics show themselves. The love of knowledge was with him a passion. It did not, however, exhaust itself in vague emotions or theories, but led him by processes the most definite and exact, through painful details, to precise results. He was a keen critic, but generous also and liberal in recognizing the good qualities of others. As a teacher, he knew how to relieve the severe intellectual discipline to which he subjected his pupils by the fresh interest which he infused into his teachings, and the bracing atmosphere of zeal and encouragement which he threw around them. They who enjoyed his instruction were sure of a broad and liberal education, as well as exact habits of study, while indirectly and perhaps unconsciously they were subjected to an effective moral and religious training. The character of his mind and influence is perhaps best illustrated by the moral force and distinguished traits of his children. It is not often that any man has three sons apparently so entirely different from one another, yet so alike in purity of life, in elevation of purpose, and in the eminence which they have attained in their separate pursuits, as Gen. Henry L. Abbot, of the United States Army, Edwin Abbot, the classical scholar and the lawyer, and Francis E. Abbot, the philosophical and social reformer.

Ephraim Peabody, D.D., wise, generous, and the most lovable of men, was also a twig from this Abbot branch. He was a man of a large nature, a shrewd judge of men, whose prosaic common-sense was vivified by the most delicate affections and illuminated by an imagination as chaste as it was discriminating and charming in its chambers of imagery. No one who knew him well will ever cease to bless his name and memory.

His uncle, Rev. Jacob Abbot, was many years the minister of Hampton Falls, N.H., with a salary, we believe, never exceeding four hundred dollars a year; yet he educated a son at Harvard College, and his seven daughters were among the best educated and the most accomplished women in all the neighborhood. Their mother was a sister of the Rev. Dr. Thayer, of Lancaster, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thayer, of Hampton, N.H., and, through a long succession of ministers, a descendant from John Cotton, the first minister of Boston. We remember Mr. Abbot's family as it was more than half a century ago, in Windham, N.H.

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The father thoroughly well-informed, unassuming, entertaining and instructive in his conversation, the mother thoughtful and gentle, acting as an influence diffusing itself rather than as an authority asserting itself, and the seven daughters — some of them then very young — intelligent, helpful, gracious, attractive,— these altogether made such a home as we have not often seen. We visited the house not long since. But the old fires were extinguished. Those who had once looked out of the windows and given a holiday aspect to the place were no longer there. Within the present year, three members of this household, after lives of great usefulness, have ceased from their labors; and this fact is what calls our attention to them now. George Jacob Abbot, the second son, was graduated at Harvard College in 1835. He studied in the Cambridge Divinity School, we think, a little while, but soon after opened a school in Washington, D.C., where he had great success in the training and education of boys. After some years of teaching, he held an office in the Department of State, and, as his private secretary, lived on very confidential terms of personal intimacy with Mr. Webster while that great man was Secretary of State. He had always not only the highest admiration, but the warmest affection, for Mr. Webster, whose tender regard for those around him, showing itself in many touching ways, was hardly less remarkable than his intellectual ascendancy. In Mr. Lincoln's administration, Mr. Abbot was appointed United States Consul at Sheffield, England, and filled the office faithfully and ably for six years. He then returned to the United States, and for several years was a professor in the Meadville Theological School, enjoying very much the opportunity it gave him of associating with young men and helping to prepare them for the calling of the Christian ministry. Declining health obliged him to give up this congenial situation. He once more was employed by the government in the consular service at Goderich, in Canada, where he died in January, 1879.

He always took a great interest in matters of education and religion. Through his efforts mainly the first public school in Washington was established. He was a most useful member of the Unitarian society there. He was always ready to profess the faith that was in him. He was a gentlemanly, kind-hearted, intelligent, religious-minded gentleman, with the Abbot persistency in carrying through whatever he undertook.

His sister, Mrs. Sarah W. A. Moore, died in Washington last

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July. She had lived in Nashua and Peterborough as well as in Washington, and wherever she lived she left behind marks of her wise and disinterested activities and a grateful remembrance of the strong impression she had made by her disinterested and beneficent qualities.

Another sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Dorcas Livermore, died in South Boston on the thirteenth of last September. One well qualified by personal experiences to speak of her has already given a truthful portrait of her in our pages. In personal appearance and deportment as well as in outward condition and circumstances there was not much in common between her and her sister, Mrs. Moore. But in the essential elements of character they were not unlike. To a casual observer she might seem reserved and undemonstrative. But she had in larger measure than usual the richer and finer qualities of her family,—great good sense, clearness of intellectual perceptions, a love of knowledge united with a persistency in the pursuit of it which could not fail in such a mind to lead to large and valuable results. There were the domestic tastes and affections which make a happy home, and the broader sympathies and mental and moral activities which make a loving home the centre of a wider circle of happy and beneficent influences. She and her husband attracted and excited the best minds of the places in which they lived, and by their generous hospitality helped them into richer veins of thought and larger and happier ideas of life. We do not remember a more attractive home or one which more entirely filled out our idea of what a Christian minister's home should be than that which they created in the pleasant village of Keene, N.H. All the bright people of the place—and they were such as are seldom found anywhere—seemed to belong to it, coming and going, giving and receiving light and life. But the young couple brought with them a new impulse, awakened a new spirit, gave freshness to old ideas, and by their gentle fervor infused a new warmth into society, and promoted the healthful growth of whatsoever things are true, honest, lovely, and of good report. We have never known what seemed to us a happier pastoral relation. After years of unbroken usefulness and a mutual confidence on which not even a momentary blight had ever fallen, ill-health obliged them to seek a new sphere of labor. For the last sixteen years they have lived in Meadville, no longer in the fervid glow

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of youth, but with a faith and hope and charity chastened, mellowed, and hallowed by many and varied experiences, and losing nothing of their early freshness and force. Mrs. Livermore found there a sphere for the exercise of all her best faculties. Her husband was at the head of the Meadville Theological School, and her influence was hardly less than his in the social and moral training of the young men. Her good judgment, her Christian faith and zeal, her persistent enthusiasm and enterprise in every good thought and work, made themselves felt in the parish to which she belonged, while her charities, her love of intellectual and social enjoyment and improvement, and her wider sympathies led her to overlook and forget the limitations of sect or class. In all that community, distinguished above most places for the finer traits of womanly character and culture within its borders, perhaps there was no one more universally respected than Mrs. Livermore.

Such a life is a blessing while it is with us and an incentive to holiness when it is withdrawn. The pains, the weaknesses, the mortal weariness which bodily disease may have thrown around it in its latter day, pass away from our thoughts. It shines more in its own serene affections. The sweetness and purity of heaven diffuse themselves around it and reveal it, as it now is, with a more transcendent loveliness.

We began these to us grateful reminiscences with a reference to some of the distinguishing features of the Abbot family. The best examples of the race are not all dead. If it were right to speak of the living we should mention two names, which, in their relation to sound learning, clearness and justness of thought, thoroughness of research, and largeness of theological attainments, stand second to none in the rolls of their family history. Ezra Abbot, LL.D., by the universal consent of his peers, is placed in the foremost rank of Biblical scholars. Abiel Abbot Livermore has had a wider experience in the social and practical duties of life. But he is also, by an authority higher than that of any college diploma, a doctor of divinity, a modest, painstaking, intelligent, persistent learner and teacher, who, for more than forty years, has been enriching and enlarging his own mind and the minds of others by the truest processes of investigation and the most ample and valuable attainments.

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WHO SHOULD ENTER THE MINISTRY.

One of the laments most frequently heard is of the fewness of candidates for the Christian ministry. In Germany, we are told, the theological classes at the leading universities are but the skeletons of what they formerly were; and at home we know that, relatively at least, theological education has fallen off, and the opportunities offered for it go comparatively unsought. More than that, it seems likely that fewer than ever before of the favored and cultured classes encourage their children, or devote themselves, to preparation for the work of religious teachers. Relatively, there is much less of special immunity and dignity of position or opportunity connected with the clerical profession; and no serious mind can fail to count it a fortunate thing that the larger emoluments and more favorable regard which attend various secular callings in our day have sifted from the ministry a large portion of those who for the sake of clerical honors and dignities would in earlier days have entered it. The ministry as a profession must henceforth stand, as the real value and strength of it has always stood, in the earnestness of its consecration, and the reality of its power for the help of men. More and more, it is probable, that all adventitious and merely professional advantages will be withdrawn from it, and the minister's work be reduced — should we not say elevated? — to the absolute measure of the reality of its service, the power of its conviction, devotedness, wisdom, and urgent witness of the gospel it holds for the world.

We do not, while we accept this as fortunate, therefore think the call to the ministry less urgent, or accept the infrequency of response to the call as a state of things to be desired. It is not well that the young men in our churches are so indisposed to become ministers; especially, it does not indicate a wholesome condition that parents so seldom look towards the ministry as one of the callings properly before their sons in deciding upon the business of life. Nothing is more certain than the statement which found expression at one of our public meetings, that the church that cannot rear its ministry, generation by generation, is doomed.

Nor do we share the conviction that seems to possess certain clerical circles, that it is desirable to keep the ministry conveniently small so that there may be room in it for all its members.

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The result of that policy would be to make the denomination adopting it insignificantly small, and progressively less. Worse, it would be letting the harvest go to waste that the dullest sickles might have employment. It is our cherished conviction that every genuine minister makes more room for work than he can fill. As Bishop Huntington well says, in an article in the *Churchman* on this topic, there is no place for the competitions or calculations of demand and supply in the realm of disinterested sympathies, holy heroism, and the passion for saving souls. "There is never any embarrassment from surplusage, never any glut in the market." There is need for all Christian enterprise, and place for every worker whose faith is stalwart and his call urgent enough to accept or find or make the conditions of the work.

But it is well to understand at the outset that the conditions of any worthy success are not very easy in our time, that the prizes of the gospel work are mainly in kind, and that a life of literary ease or social influence, or even one devoted to scientific studies, general scholarship, or philosophical investigation, is not what the minister of religion in our time can look forward to, without the prospect of soon finding himself outside any recognized place in his calling, as well as beyond the range of its special inspirations, aptitudes, and satisfactions. Life is so intense and complex in our day, that the minister whose supreme interest does not wait on his ministry will find himself inevitably drifting, as in numerous recent instances, to those secular pursuits where his real aspirations belong. Such a man had better never have begun the work. However gifted, however excellent in many ways, no young man should be urged to take up this calling, to whom it will not be regarded as a profession not only, but as a divine business which claims the best of whatever a man may do or sacrifice.

We copy further passages from Bishop Huntington which seem to us in substance of universal application: —

Suppose, while the young man is sincere enough in his intention to "do good" in a general way, he entertains at the same time, in some inner closet of his breast, a covert hope that he shall one day be "the rector of a city parish," the first person in a town, "one of the finest scholars in the profession," the repository of the delicate secrets of confiding parishioners, have titles stuck to his name, enter literary circles, dine with select parties, exercise official or personal power, live in a pleasant par-

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sonage, and travel abroad,—what is to be expected of that youth? The world-spirit has got a mortgage on his heart,—who is to lift it? The very enemy which the Church of Christ, the ministry, the ordination office, the Bible, the cross at Calvary, are all given to confront with deadly opposition has crept into the springs of his moral being. He might be good for many things; but what is he worth here, bearing the vessels of the Lord, with the Beatitudes of Jesus and St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians on his lips, and a congregation of average American sinners looking him in the face? Is it best for bishops and education societies to catch this person up with delight, count him an exceedingly interesting and laudable subject, in that, being the son of a farmer, or blacksmith, or clergyman's widow, he aspires to be a candidate for orders, and so coddle and encourage him in a course which must have one of two endings,—a miserable disappointment, or a hollow success? The time would be well spent if, before he is made a postulant, every petitioner should spend a part of every day, for six months, in searching his soul with the question, *What he wants to be a clergyman for?*—content with no half answer.

As in most of our moral self-delusions, so here, it is the mixture of colors, the hazy outline, that deceives us. Were motives always simple, more lives would be noble. A man need not be disingenuous, or sordid, or wickedly ambitious, to seek orders in the Church without being worthy of them, without even knowing what sanctities they signify or what sacrifices they require. He wants to turn himself to good account; he has some talents, and thinks he has enough of them to make a preacher, or as many as he sees some preachers have; he would like to belong to a profession that is everywhere respected, honorably mentioned, and favored; he would like to enter a class of which the members pass in the best society, speak with a kind of authority, are exempt from coarse hardships, are treated with some deference, enjoy some literary opportunities, are well-dressed, and are rarely allowed to suffer the worst pains (so it seems to him) of poverty; he is attracted to a pursuit where his daily efforts will run easily and naturally in the line of the better interests of mankind. What mistake can there be in all this? Is not the very existence in him of such an inclination to be taken as a token of moral superiority, distinguishing him above less aspiring companions; and will it not be a kind of quenching of divine fire and cruelty to the Church to permit a lad of such promise to plod on at a trade, in a shop, on a farm? Partial friends or fond relatives fan the flame. Why should he not encourage himself, and be encouraged?

Because of that sort of material God never made prevailing prophets, strong ambassadors, a priesthood that could look sin out of countenance and trample Satan under foot, brave officers of a conquering army. Because, while the Church can bear a great deal of intellectual mediocrity in her shepherds, spiritual mediocrity in them is an intolerable

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burden on her back. Because we know from the message of the Spirit to the Laodiceans that lukewarmness in an apostolic service sickens the Divine Heart. Because the exigencies of these times are such that a ministry without burning zeal, without intense convictions, without constraining love for Christ and a personal closeness of communion with him, without an enthusiastic passion for saving the souls of men, and, above all, without thorough-going self-sacrifice, must fail; it must fail in spite of apparent success; impotency is at the centre of its activities and under the roots of its tongue; it plays, by secret and perhaps unconscious treacheries, into the hands of the most subtle and fatal enemies which are consuming the Lord's heritage and house. If we will look to the Master's own work and words; if we heed his first and most triumphant witnesses; if we watch the great forward movements of his cause; if we know at all what this headstrong, complacent nation wants, and will go giddy to perdition if it does not get, we shall be careful what manner of men we welcome to stand at altars and in pulpits. They may have patent defects of body or mind, and yet deserve both confidence and reverence. But the thought of self, the love of self, the indulgence of self, the advancement of self, they must have crucified, laid down, and left behind. Just so much of these as they bring with them to ordination, just so much of them goes straight over from the temple of the Lord and its glory to the world and the world's objects. The adversary looks on at the ceremony without complete disgust, laying his hand with grim content over so much as securely his own, in the blind warfare of which the end is far away.

What some of the mischiefs are that are engendered within the Church, in its present methods of management and ministration, by the secular spirit undermining and sapping, is beginning to appear more plainly than heretofore, for the reason that the evils are working their way nearer to the surface, are disturbing such processes as are necessary to the outward support of an ecclesiastical organization, and are irritating both clergy and laity because, in their mutual relation, neither party is getting what it thinks it has a right to expect. But in the conflict of rights it is happily not necessary that the higher realm of holy duties should be involved; the obligations and the honors of that kingdom which descends out of heaven from God continue unchanged; the gracious immunities of charity and self-denial cannot be destroyed. If the day is coming when the machinery of the parish system is to be found clogged or out of gear, all the more important is it that a body of deacons and presbyters should be preparing who are not bound up in it, or dependent on its provisions, but free to come or go, free to follow Him who has called them to be soldiers, no matter where; itinerants lightly loaded, pastors without lands or houses, lease or contract, content with food, clothing, and lodging, independent of the rich man's patronage or contumely, heedless of cliques or slights, not minding much who will hear or

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forbear, in a meek but glorious liberty, staying or travelling on as God's bishops may give the word, not stopping to quarrel or running away from abuse, looking for and hasting unto the Day which is always at hand.

Of such ministers, the Church cannot have too many. Who knows but a good supply of them would do more than all our contrivances to mend the creaking mechanism, and lead in a healthier order of parochial affairs? Possibly the reform might begin at that end, and so reach all along the line.

PROTOPLASM AND LIFE.

Probably no briefer and clearer account can be found of the history of protoplasm, the forms it assumes in the progressive ranks of life, and the present state of opinion among scientific men concerning it, than the one, under the above title, which was given at the recent meeting of the British Association, by its President, Prof. Allman. Whoever wishes to find in a few pages what advanced science has latest said of this primal life-stuff, and its connection with the lowest organisms, will do well to study this Address. It traces the course of living matter in "protoplasmic lumps," through Moner and Amœbus, to its more complicated forms in higher organic structures, and gives numerous interesting illustrations of its various movements, forms, and properties.

We notice that Prof. Allman cites with considerable hesitation the famous Bathybius, or deep-sea masses of living matter announced with so much confidence by Huxley and Haeckel. Our readers will remember how stoutly the existence of this substance was denied by Mr. Joseph Cook; and it appears that he was more fortunate in his challenge of the evidence for the thing than in his etymology of the word, for Prof. Huxley himself in seconding a vote of thanks for the Address, admits that this child of fair promise, which he had christened and made much of, has not so far turned out well and cannot be found when wanted. He suspends his own judgment on the matter; and so we must suppose that the great laboratory where matter is spontaneously charged with life, and which Haeckel thought he had found at the bottom of the ocean, is still to be discovered. When it is found, we have no doubt that Religion will build a new altar near by to celebrate the wonderful works and ways of God.

But we have been specially interested in the closing portion of the Address, which states the relations of this living matter to

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mind and thought. We copy this discussion entire, and commend it to the attention of our readers. The charge of materialism, so often made against scientific theories and leaders, must be definitively withdrawn with the frank acceptance by them of the statements here made, that "between thought and the physical phenomena of matter there is not only no analogy but no conceivable analogy"; and that "the chasm between unconscious life and thought is deep and impassable, and no transitional phenomena can be found by which, as by a bridge, we may span it over." The "plastidule" or "cell-souls" of German materialism are relegated to the realm of speculation, or accepted only to be separated from the matter of the organisms manifesting them, "in the absence of all analogy of the things compared." Prof. Huxley's broad affirmation of the physical basis of all life is here strictly limited to physical life, and the properties of consciousness affirmed to "belong to a category absolutely distinct."

While pointing out the law that with every advance in organization there is a corresponding advance in mind, and somewhat inconsistently, we think, hinting at a possible "generalization which would refer consciousness as well as life to a common material source," knowledge of which may possibly be evolved hereafter, Dr. Allman points out the peril that comes from allowing such generalizations to interfere with the unbiased pursuit of truth, and declares that physical science has not thus far made "one step forward toward an explanation of the phenomena of consciousness or the discovery of its source." In the absence of all "conceivable analogy," it would seem well to discourage the expectation of such explanation and discovery as well as all attempt in that direction; for the "double-faced unity" when found would hardly, under such conditions, be "material." The frank declarations of this Address may at any rate be accepted by all timid theologians, as setting bounds which are amply adequate to keep every frisky or presumptuous scientist at his own proper business, without authorization or leave granted to trespass on any sacred preserve, or celebrate any profane marriage of matter and spirit.

When a thought passes through the mind, it is associated, as we have now abundant reason for believing, with some change in the protoplasm of the cerebral cells. Are we, therefore, justified in regarding thought as a property of the protoplasm of these cells, in the sense in which we regard muscular contraction as a property of the protoplasm of muscle, or

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is it really a property residing in something far different, but which may yet need for its manifestation the activity of cerebral protoplasm?

If we could see any analogy between thought and any one of the admitted phenomena of matter, we should be justified in accepting the first of these conclusions as the simplest, and as affording an hypothesis most in accordance with the comprehensiveness of natural laws; but between thought and the physical phenomena of matter there is not only no analogy, but there is no conceivable analogy; and the obvious and continuous path which we have hitherto followed up in our reasonings from the phenomena of lifeless matter through those of living matter here comes suddenly to an end. The chasm between unconscious life and thought is deep and impassable, and no transitional phenomena can be found by which, as by a bridge, we may span it over; for even from irritability, to which, on a superficial view, consciousness may seem related, it is as absolutely distinct as it is from any of the ordinary phenomena of matter.

It has been argued that because physiological activity must be a property of every living cell, psychical activity must be equally so; and the language of the metaphysician has been carried into biology, and the "cell-soul" spoken of as a conception inseparable from that of life.

That psychical phenomena, however, characterized as they essentially are by consciousness, are not necessarily coextensive with those of life, there cannot be a doubt. How far back in the scale of life consciousness may exist, we have as yet no means of determining; nor is it necessary for our argument that we should. Certain it is that many things, to all appearance the result of volition, are capable of being explained as absolutely unconscious acts; and when the swimming swarm-spore of an alga avoids collision, and, by a reversal of the stroke of its cilia, backs from an obstacle lying in its course, there is almost certainly in all this nothing but a purely unconscious act. It is but a case in which we find expressed the great law of the adaptation of living beings to the conditions which surround them. The irritability of the protoplasm of the ciliated spore, responding to an external stimulus, sets in motion a mechanism derived by inheritance from its ancestors, and whose parts are correlated to a common end,—the preservation of the individual.

But even admitting that every living cell were a conscious and thinking being, are we therefore justified in asserting that its consciousness, like its irritability, is a property of the matter of which it is composed? The sole argument on which this view is made to rest is that from analogy. It is argued that because the life-phenomena, which are invariably found in the cell, must be regarded as a property of the cell, the phenomena of consciousness by which they are accompanied must be also so regarded. The weak point in the argument is the absence of all analogy between the things compared; and, as the conclusion rests

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solely on the argument from analogy, the two must fall to the ground together.

In a lecture * to which I once had the pleasure of listening,— a lecture characterized no less by lucid exposition than by the fascinating form in which its facts were presented to the hearers,— Professor Huxley argues that no difference, however great, between the phenomena of living matter and those of the lifeless elements of which this matter is composed should militate against our attributing to protoplasm the phenomena of life as properties essentially inherent in it; since we know that the result of a chemical combination of physical elements may exhibit physical properties totally different from those of the elements combined,— the physical phenomena presented by water, for example, having no resemblance to those of its combining elements, oxygen and hydrogen.

I believe that Professor Huxley intended to apply this argument only to the phenomena of life in the stricter sense of the word. As such, it is conclusive. But when it is pushed further, and extended to the phenomena of consciousness, it loses all its force. The analogy, perfectly valid in the former case, here fails. The properties of the chemical compound are like those of its components,— still physical properties. They come within the wide category of the universally accepted properties of matter, while those of consciousness belong to a category absolutely distinct,— one which presents not a trace of a connection with any of those which physicists have agreed in assigning to matter as its proper characteristics. The argument thus breaks down, for its force depends on analogy alone, and here all analogy vanishes.

That consciousness is never manifested except in the presence of cerebral matter, or of something like it, there cannot be a question; but this is a very different thing from its being a property of such matter in the sense in which polarity is a property of the magnet, or irritability of protoplasm. The generation of the rays which lie invisible beyond the violet in the spectrum of the sun cannot be regarded as a property of the medium which by changing their refrangibility can alone render them apparent.

I know that there is a special charm in those broad generalizations which would refer many very different phenomena to a common source. But in this very charm there is undoubtedly a danger, and we must be all the more careful lest it should exert an influence in arresting the progress of truth, just as at an earlier period traditional beliefs exerted an authority from which the mind but slowly and with difficulty succeeded in emancipating itself.

But have we, it may be asked, made in all this one step forward toward an explanation of the phenomena of consciousness or the discovery of its source? Assuredly not. The power of conceiving of a sub-

* "The Physical Basis of Life" (see *Essays and Reviews*, by T. H. Huxley).

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stance different from that of matter is still beyond the limits of human intelligence, and the physical or objective conditions which are the concomitants of thought are the only ones of which it is possible to know anything, and the only ones whose study is of value.

We are not, however, on that account forced to the conclusion that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force. The simplest physical law is absolutely inconceivable by the highest of the brutes, and no one would be justified in assuming that man had already attained the limit of his powers. Whatever may be that mysterious bond which connects organization with psychical endowments, the one grand fact — a fact of inestimable importance — stands out clear and freed from all obscurity and doubt, that from the first dawn of intelligence there is with every advance in organization a corresponding advance in mind. Mind as well as body is thus travelling onward through higher and still higher phases; the great law of evolution is shaping the destiny of our race; and though now we may at most but indicate some weak point in the generalization which would refer consciousness as well as life to a common material source, who can say that in the far-off future there may not yet be evolved other and higher faculties from which light may stream in upon the darkness, and reveal to man the great mystery of thought?

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ESSAYS OF TO-DAY, RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL.*

These essays are all valuable and interesting. Those on the "Schoolmen," "Savonarola," "Edward Irving," "Lacordaire," etc., show the wide reading of the writer, and are suggestive to students of ecclesiastical history; but the essays showing the most original thoughts are found in the latter part of the book.

The essay on the "Present-Day Elements in Christianity" is full of fresh generalizations in regard to the best conclusions of the age.

Some of the expressions are happy in their significance. "By the Church of Christ," the writer says, "we mean God's call to men." This is a broad and noble definition of that august thing, the Anglican Apostolic Church, from one of its own adherents. Such broadness as this would soon bring sects together spiritually if not visibly. It is a definition which appears to embrace also, in the writer's mind, all phases of real Christianity.

The essay on the causes of heresy is very fresh and pithy. The writer does not take into consideration the man who skims over everything lightly, and who finds a little good and a little bad in every kind of faith, but has none of his own. Such a man is not a genuine heretic in our writer's estimation; he is not earnest enough for real noble doubt. The real true heretics, our essayist divides off into three classes, and he shows real sympathy for these men, putting himself into their place for the moment. There is, he says, the heresy of temperament, the heresy of our surroundings, and the heresy of experience! And he goes on to illustrate this aptly by actual facts drawn from history and modern life, showing a fine appreciation of the best actors in the ecclesiastical drama of the past, and a generous comprehension of their motives, while he is ready to deal tenderly with the doubter of to-day. Such true catholicity of spirit is far from being indifferentism; for those who manifest this liberality generally love ardently their own form of faith, while they respect another man's convictions if they are sincere.

* *Essays of To-Day, Religious and Theological.* By Wm. Wilberforce Newton, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Boston.

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The essay on the "Narrowness of Breadth" is racy and keen, and full of fresh suggestions.

The writer speaks of the extremes in the Christianity of to-day. On one side the sacraments, on the other the emotions. "The real presence of Christ in the sacrament is the gross extreme of one line, and the presence of the Holy Spirit on the telegraphic wire of the human feelings is the extreme of the opposite line." He thinks there is a third power making itself felt somewhere in every Christian communion, recognizing the good in either of these two sides, and rejecting that which is weak. Still he believes there is often "too much strain to preserve the balance, a stretched-out effort to be cultured in everything." This, he says, sometimes makes it a relief to hear men like Moody, "who are not cumbered with much philosophical serving, but have their half-a-dozen strong convictions."

So the writer raises his protest against this "narrowness of breadth," to which he himself pleads guilty, thus generously stimulating us to like confession, that we may have, as he says, "a general absolution and a second growth of moral force."

The balance of power to-day, he declares, is with men of earnest living and positive breadth. A moral necessity is laid on us to be true to the needs of this generation. But this breadth has a weak phase as well as a powerful phase. We must remember that the Christian Church is something wider than a philosopher's club. We are not only "to criticise our fellow-men, and try our hats on them, and measure the circumference and weight of their brains." We must help and bless them. We must remember that those who live on different mental planes need our support and sympathy, if they are earnest and true men, quite as much as if they were all Michaels and Gabriels, God's chosen archangels. "We must not think that the tribe-songs of those who differ from us are all cant; we must learn to look through much weakness, chaff, and foolishness even, and to recognize substantial results underlying these. We cannot afford to crowd such men with our critical pressure."

These are noble words; and would that more religious persons had the power to put themselves, for the moment at least, in another's place. We infer, from the broadness of the writer's mind, that when he uses the word Church, he uses it in no narrow sense, but means the whole circle of Christian believers; as where he says, for instance, "We must recognize the good in

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every effort where good is done within the Church's walls, unless we are willing to hand over the leadership to some newer, fresher power." . . .

The writer quotes from a sermon of Dr. John Cotton Smith in regard to the movements of the Broad Church party in regard to reducing the "dogmatic basis." He agrees with Dr. Smith that this tendency is good, although it may be carried to too great an extent. He says, "Reduce your dogmatic basis, but make the essence of your reduction strong." When Mr. Newton begins, however, to enumerate the things on which men's minds should be made up, it seems to us that he makes out too long a list, according to his own theory. We supposed he was going to name the Personality, or, we might say, the Fatherhood of God, the Divine Missionary, Jesus Christ, the power of the Holy Spirit, the sacred authority of many of the Hebrew Scriptures, the resurrection, the ascension and immortality, and the visible Church, with its venerated forms and symbols. We were prepared to agree with him and say, as we do feel, that the Christian Church cannot hold together or exist long without as much of a creed as this. But he enumerates a great many things which from his own liberal point of view ought not to be considered essentials: The problem of salvation; the nature of the atonement; the fall,—"Is it a fall up-stairs or down-stairs?" he says; everlasting punishment,—is it true? We grant that all these are extremely interesting questions; but when he says that we must answer Yes or No, as if our Christianity depended upon having them settled, we cannot agree with him, and we do not believe he quite agrees with himself in covering so much ground when he started with his dogmatic basis. We would much rather have the Apostles' Creed than to answer all these questions, or at least to make another man answer them before he could enter into our communion. This is a small criticism, however; and the writer may have merely intended to imply that a thinking man ought to have some opinions on these latter questions. We commend these attractive essays to all earnest lovers of the truth. (A. Williams & Co., Publishers, Boston.)

KEARY'S "DAWN OF HISTORY."

This is truly a charming book. The author, in his very modest preface, only professes to have prepared a book for the general reader, in hopes of inspiring him with a taste for something more

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advanced in the end. But although a so-called popular work, it has required no little care, good judgment, and familiarity with these subjects to put them into such an interesting shape for the unlearned reader. Prehistoric science, he says, is in that early stage when workers are too busy to collect the results of their labors, "and place them upon their proper shelves in the storehouse of knowledge." The reader, he says, who is not a specialist does not know how to find what has been done; and that is the reason for this book. It is to answer this want. The book is a joint production. Two other members of the editor's own family have aided him, as we see by the index. He thinks no apology is necessary, as much reading has been essential, and the conclusions of different writers were to be balanced.

The first five chapters are by the editor, being "The Earliest Traces of Man," "The Second Stone Age," "The Growth of Language," "Families of Language," and "The Nations of the Old World."

We are struck at once by the simple, clear style and undogmatic tone of the writer. He is not eager to advance the last theory, to usher the reader into arenas yet half-discovered or imaginary, in order to show his attainments, like some of our scientific and religious investigators to-day, who are so intoxicated with new discoveries that they jump eagerly at every chimera, and mislead themselves and us. He goes carefully, making sure of every step, and leads us gently through clear chambers of knowledge, until at length we hold our breath in delight.

Can this be for us? Can it be that the results of all the labors of patient and learned men can be so given to us that we may drink in easily this pure wine of knowledge on a summer's afternoon? Verily, as Jesus said, some men have toiled, and others have entered into their labors.

The first chapters, on the two Stone Ages, are exceedingly interesting; and the third, on the growth of language, opens to us the ingenious and yet reasonable analogies which philologists have drawn in regard to the kindred ties which unite all languages and reveal the first stammerings of speech.

We have in the next chapters — "Families of Language," "The Nations of the Old World," "Early Social Life," "The Village Community," "Religion," and "Aryan Religions." All these chapters are exceedingly interesting. The editor seems to be a convert to the favorite theory of sun-gods and myths. For-

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tunately, he does not touch, so far, upon these myths as applied to the old Jewish records, and so we shall not come to issue with him. We are perfectly willing he should resolve the old stories of Hercules and Apollo into these myths; but when the theological student touches those delightful Hebrew stories and turns them also into fanciful fables, we are not so content, because our earliest religious impressions are bound up with those stories, and they are stamped with a moral impress unknown to Aryan religions. We are inclined to believe the philologists and historians push their theories too far, even with the religions of Greece and Rome. We doubt if the common people comprehended or knew much about the poetic origin or effulgence of their gods and goddesses, that fanciful, sometimes beautiful, atmosphere of soft light, that tissue of emblematic thought in which they were enveloped, probably by the poets and devotees of the age. This poetry of the gods was mingled with the grossest materialism, utterly unlike anything to be found in the heroes of the Hebrew race. We have no doubt that these simple Greek and Roman stories of translated heroes, etc., were wholesome and nourishing to the best religious life of the people. But scholars were not probably wanting in those ages, as now, who were ready to see hidden complex meaning, and in the end to overturn the historical basis of their own religion, as some students would now do with Christianity.

The two chapters on "The Other World" and "Mythologies and Folk Tales" are full of vivid pictures of the death, burial, and ascension of the ancient heroes, showing us how the early Egyptian thought that clung to the body in the sepulchre gradually changed to the funeral pyre of the Greeks, and the soul got free, floating upward on the air as imaged by the smoke, which represented the soul in the words of an ancient hymn as "curling to the clouds." This idea is truly beautiful. So are, in fact, many of the old mythologic conceptions of Northern and Southern Europe.

They are so charming that we do not care, as the writer evidently does, to trace their family connection in far-fetched analogies. We are content to take these stories, just as they are, as delightful fragments revealing the richness of human imagination in every clime. We are indebted to the editor for his own warm imagination, which touches with fresh and vigorous coloring everything which he would illustrate, and wakens kindred emotions in us.

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The closing chapters, on "Picture and Phonetic Writing," reveal to us the way in which the Egyptian hieroglyphics and signs were first formed, and how the Phœnician and other races gradually developed their writing out of these, and handed it down to the Greeks, etc., and to ourselves.

The concluding chapter takes into view the dividing of the nations,— Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian, and their various ramifications into smaller Eastern branches and the Teutons and Celts of a later day. The book is supplied with notes, and the lists of text-books — Italian, French, German, and English — show the richness of the mine from which our writers have drawn. A complete index ends the book. We can heartily recommend it, not only to the general reader, but to teachers and all those persons who are interested in awakening the minds of the young. (Scribner's Sons. New York.)

SOCRATES.*

The Apology of Socrates seems to us put into very clear and forcible English. Its simplicity almost draws tears from the eyes, in the opening words to the people. But when Socrates goes around to find a wise man, and questions the poets, statesmen, and men of letters, we cannot get away from the fact that he made himself sometimes very disagreeable without any necessity, and that he laid the foundation for a personal animosity which had nothing to do with his doctrines. He himself declares that his "occupation," of going around and telling people who thought they knew something that they knew nothing, had left him "no leisure to do anything worth speaking of in the State or his own household." If he had contented himself merely by quietly telling a distinguished man that he knew nothing, it would have been better; but he distinctly says that he made this fact "known in order to vindicate his oracle." . . . He also set on his young disciples to do the same thing, which must have been still more aggravating to the parties concerned.

But as he advances in his defence, this very scrutiny of his neighbors, which he declares to be his life's work, takes on a kind of dignity which always invests a man when he feels impelled by a God-given work. "Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I shall obey the God rather than you," he says; and then he goes on to tell how he questions his townspeople, and tries to make

* *Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phædo.* With Introduction by W. W. Goodwin.

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them care for their souls. And verily this old Greek philosopher makes us think of the revivalists of our day who arrest the business man in the railroad car, and ask him if he has made his peace with God. Both have the same earnestness, both have the same want of tact, and both are equally rebuffed often. Socrates, however, goes to the core of things, his principles are eternal; while the revivalist generally works upon the fears of men rather than by any other motive. Neither has that fine sympathy of Jesus, who never appears to have put himself upon others, but invisibly, by a subtle charm, drew them to him. How grandly, however, Socrates says, "I shall never act differently, even if I have to die for it many times"!

How pathetic it is to hear him say, "Do not interrupt me, Athenians; you promised to listen." We see the jeering crowd around, and the stanch old philosopher in their midst; and, whatever we may say of his methods, we are ready to place him, the teacher of Athens, near that lover of the mocking Jews, who said, "I could have gathered ye to my breast, and ye would not."

The address of Crito to Socrates in prison has a very genuine stamp about it. It has the eagerness and impetuosity of friends who blame themselves for letting their teacher be brought to trial, who are ready to sacrifice their own goods to free him from his sentence, are anxious to get him out of the city, and resort to the most powerful arguments to convince him that he must not die; namely, what will become of his children and Athens? Will he give these bad men an opportunity to carry out their designs?

Socrates' reply to Crito is masterly. He expresses himself as desirous to look candidly and respectfully upon his arguments, and then proceeds to pull them to pieces in his grand defence of the law of the land, whether just or unjust. There is a mixture of sublime wisdom and shrewd common-sense in the manner with which he refuses to evade the laws and fly into Thessaly. Shall he run away from prison in the disguise of a leathern jerkin? Will there be nobody to tell how an old man, with such a brief time probably to live, was so greedy of life as to dare to set at naught the highest laws?

As for his children, if his friends at Athens would take care of them while he was at Thessaly, would they not do it also if he departed for Hades? These words he seemed to hear as "the Corybantes the sound of the flute"; and he asks his dear Crito if he can say anything contrary to this. If so, he will hear him.

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Crito — the self-reproaching, excited, distressed Crito at the outset —"has nothing more to say."

Such is the power of truth embodied in a great personality!

The book closes with the Phædo, those rare conversations with the Master which can never be effaced from the memory of the world. Much as Plato may have enlarged or idealized them, there is a certain likeness to Socrates which could only have been drawn by an eye-witness. His fairness in discussion, and the docile manner with which he listened to the arguments of his disciples, is drawn from life. The most striking conversation is when Crito, whose character is preserved throughout,— the Peter of the Gospels,— asks how his master shall be buried. "Just as you please, if you only get hold of me, and do not let me escape you," says Socrates; the most complete and naïve answer that the soul ever made to the questioner on the bed of death,— the death of the body. "This false way of speaking," says Socrates (as if you were burying the person himself), "not only is wrong in itself, but does harm to the soul."

He goes to take his bath, to save the women trouble after his death; and at length the servant of the Eleven comes with the hemlock. Crito is the first to weep, and all give way at length as Socrates takes the potion.

How like and yet unlike the scene of the man of Galilee with his disciples! How divine the life that crowns itself willingly with death!

This book has a valuable introduction and preface, and is enlarged by comments and valuable notes at the end. (Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.)

VARIETIES.

We have had the privilege of reading a delightful letter written during a journey in Colorado by a lady to her friends in New Hampshire. We take the liberty to quote a few lines from it: —

. . . We made a new departure for Cañon City, where we spent our first Sunday. In the forenoon, a special train was made up to take our party and other strangers at the hotel through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas; and grand indeed it is. The rocks, varying from eighteen hundred to twenty-four hundred feet in height, spring directly from the swiftly-flowing river; and there being no foot-hold on either side, the workman who drilled for the first blast was suspended by a rope from the dizzy height above. Every inch of the way has been gained by blasting

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and the pick-axe,—a wonderful example of engineering skill. The road, when we were there, terminated at an unfinished bridge, over which we passed on the joists, and discovered a remarkable cleft in the rocks, running in a right angle from the main cañon. There the different parties gathered, and we held a lovely service. Mr. Collyer delivered a short address, and the audience united in singing "Nearer, my God, to thee," "My days are gliding swiftly by," and "America." I think it was the most inspiring service I ever attended; the grand old rocks resounding with Christian songs and noble lessons drawn from them to strengthen lofty purpose. Strong men wept like children, and went back more thoughtful than they came. In recrossing the bridge, or rather the foundation for a bridge, I stumbled and fell; but fortunately it was where the rocks projected somewhat beneath the joists, which were quite wide apart, or I should probably have slipped between them into the foaming torrent beneath, and you would never have been troubled with this long story. . . .

The English *Independent* contains an interesting account of the death of Dr. Mullen, the devoted missionary of the Central African Mission. One of his assistants writes of him in this way: "It is a pleasure to recall his many acts of self-denial to save others work or worry, and his constant habit of carrying everything to God for divine help and guidance." The correspondent describes how they travelled. The doctor was carried, in an iron chair made at Zanzibar, through the long rank grass. It was borne by four men, and slung on two bamboo poles. He was often many hours without food, but he bore the privation well, and was easily refreshed in their comfortable tents, warm at night and cool in the day. He was ready to joke over their native food when badly cooked, and made the best of everything. He was enthusiastic over his scientific observations, and all his pleasure he wished the others to share, often calling them to see a beautiful star or the transit of the sun or moon, through his valuable instruments, lent by the Royal Geographical Society. He said it would be only a pleasure to travel in that part of Africa, except for "the abominable long grass." The nights were cool, and the days not very warm. He loved to watch the men at their work, and would often take hold and help them place the loads on their heads, and thus became a great favorite among them. He was like a father to all in the mission, and his practical skill in teaching them how to make themselves comfortable was of great value to them. He was seized with a severe cold on descending a high hill, where he had been making observa-

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tions. It resulted in inflammation of the bowels, and he sank into a delirium, and died July 10. The writer speaks of his burial: "On either side the primeval forest stood in all its beauty, the lighter foliage of the mimosa mingling with the darker green of huge castor-oil plants. Overhead the bright morning sun glints on the hill-tops behind and above us, and shines on the plain beneath. Not a sound is heard save an occasional whisper and the steady tramp of the men who carry the burden. Just before arriving at the grave, the solemn words of Holy Writ sounded in the stillness: 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten,' etc.; and he is left in peace. When we turned from the grave we fully realized our loss; but the Almighty arms were around us, and we were comforted."

Some of our orthodox brethren in England are trying to settle the question of future punishment by a society called the "Conditional Immortality Association." A writer in the *Independent* makes a little merry over it, and we do not much wonder. He says: "The next thing will be an Unconditional Immortality Association, with paid secretary, lay treasurer, and subscription list."

Rev. P. H. Wicksteed's *Studies of Dante*, in the form of five sermons, are now published by C. Kegan Paul, London. From recent reviews of them, we should judge them to be very interesting.

The Evangelical Alliance at Basle, in Switzerland, seems to have been well attended; and the Lord's-Day Conference at Berne sought in its discussions to arouse the people to the danger they were in of losing this revered day in the midst of secular occupations and excitements.

Our French friends at Geneva have lately been much occupied with choosing a pastor for the Cathedral of St. Pierre. The little sheet, *L'Alliance Liberale*, is full of the struggle which is going on between the liberals and orthodox to get in their candidate. We have great sympathy for our liberal friends, and so much fellow-feeling for them that we are always anxious lest they should fall into the same danger as ourselves fifty years ago. A wise French lady said to us the other day, "In too much discussion and contention *la piété s' écoule*." We can only trust, in the words of our friend, that the piety of neither party will slip away in the contest.

We copy a little poem here for the benefit of our German

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readers, called "A Sunday's Good-Morning." The poems in our German exchanges are often epigrammatic, and we find them hard to read. But this one seems to flow easily, with the spirit of piety. In the last verse but one, the line, "Richer to-day in hope, poorer in care," is very felicitous, but we spoil it in translating: —

SONNTAGS "GUTER MORGEN."

AUS DER "NEUEN DEUTSCHEN DICHTERHALLE."

Am Sonntag tönt ein guter Morgen
Ganz anders als am Wochentag,
Da ruht das Herz in Gott geborgen
Und denkt den stillen Freuden nach.

Was altgewohnt uns sonst umgeben,
In andrer Luft, in andrem Licht,
Verklärt von reinem Sonntagsleben,
Wie alle Tage scheint es nicht!

Im lichten Glanz die Blume blühet,
Der Bäume Rauschen festlich klingt,
Im Busch das Vöglein sich bemühet,
Dass ihm ein Sonntagslied gelingt.

Am Sonntag strahlt die Sonne wärmer,
Ein Sonntagsmurmeln hat der Bach;
An Hoffnung reicher, Sorgen ärmer,
Sind wir am stillen Sabbathtag.

Am Sonntag tönt ein guter Morgen
Ganz anders als am Wochentag;
Es ist, als klänge drin verborgen
Der Feierton der Glocken nach!

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

Problems of Life and Mind. By George Henry Lewes. Third Series. Problem the First: The Study of Psychology, its Object, Scope, and Method. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

This volume of George Henry Lewes' extensive series of works on Life and Mind has been prepared for the press by George Eliot. It covers but a limited field in comparison with the previous volumes, being concerned only with matters preliminary to a scientific psychology. These are the object, the scope, and the method of the science of mind. This he defines as "the analysis and classification of the sentient functions and faculties, revealed to observation and induction, completed by the reduction of them to their conditions of existence, biological and sociological." The definition indicates, in brief, the stand-point of the whole work. Psychology is a branch of biology. It has for its subject, in distinction from physiology, the sentient changes as products, while physiology is concerned with the organic conditions of production. The psychological feeling and the physiological process are two aspects of one and the same event, as we must believe, while we are utterly unable to conceive the connection between the two aspects. We are not justified by our knowledge in declaring the neural process to be the cause of the mental fact, or *vice versa*, since, according to Lewes' definition of "cause and effect" in a previous volume, "the effect is the incorporation of the causes, or coöperant conditions, not a new and distinct event." The biological conditions, therefore, of all mental phenomena are emphasized, but man's natural mental *functions* and his acquired *faculties* are to be separated in our thought, and the individual mechanism is not to be credited with what is really the inherited result of experience. The motive to psychological study is "the establishment of true principles in education and government." The science is both objective and subjective; therefore its method must be determined by this double nature. But Lewes lays peculiar stress upon the social factor in the objective study. He rightly claims that the science has been restricted, thus far, too much to the study of the individual mind,

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whereas its proper object is not a mind, but mind,— the mind of the race. The "general mind" must be studied in the history of mankind. The moral sense and every other faculty has its development in time, and its only explanation in society.

This work is the last volume but one which Mr. Lewes wrote. Brief as it is, and repeating, as it does, much of the matter contained in a preceding chapter on Psychological Principles, it deserves perusal by every student of the mind, for the force and distinctness with which it ranks psychology as a science of society, and the clearness with which it separates the animal intelligence from the human in opposition to the prevailing fashion of exaggerating their likenesses. It has all the felicity of style, aptness of illustration, and vigor of argument which readers of Lewes' other works expect. Philosophy suffered no slight loss when a man of so wide a culture in literature as well as science departed from his unfinished labor. N. P. G.

Sixteen Saviours or One. By John T. Perry. Cincinnati. 1879.

This is a small pamphlet containing a series of letters written by the literary editor of a conspicuous Cincinnati journal, in reply to some books written by Mr. Hersey Graves, of Richmond, Va., assailing Christianity under the title given here at the head of this pamphlet, and others, such as *The Bible of Bibles; or, Twenty-Seven Divine Revelations.* Mr. Graves, we think, has got the worst of it in the argument. It may be supposed that we should think so, because we believe in Christianity. But, putting our predilections aside, we cannot help feeling that Mr. Graves, in common with many brilliant writers of his school, is loose in his researches, determined to force history in his favor, and disposed to give pretty full rein to his imagination in investing the mythical characters of old with sublimer qualities than can be found in Christian history. We feel that he is floundering through an immense amount of rubbish; taking just what suits him, examining none of the rest, and thus exposing himself to the chance of being tripped up in his premises by any accurate scholar on either side of the question.

Mr. Perry is cool, clear, and well-posted on all the historic allusions which he takes up. Without making, as he says, "any pretensions to being a scholar," he really shows not only an admirable acquaintance with the ancient religions, but also with

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those many side-questions and illustrations in literature which Mr. Graves often brings forward so incorrectly.

The discussion seems to have been carried on with considerable good-feeling, although we regret that in one case Mr. Perry goes so far as to imply that freethinkers are loose in their theories and in their lives. We have no reason to think Mr. Graves other than good-principled and sincere. His intellectual nature is warped, and there is of course danger that the moral nature will be enfeebled by the constant habit of grasping at false theories, and catching at straws to support them. His answer is gentlemanly, but diffuse. It does not give us much confidence in the strength of his side of the argument. Mr. Perry might perhaps have afforded to be a little more gentle in his reply, especially as he has the best of the contest; but it is certainly very creditable to the editor of a daily paper to find time, in the press of work for the public, to write and collect these able papers.

Stories of the Old Dominion. By John Esten Cooke. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a charming volume of stories of the early days, written in a clear, direct, and sprightly style, well adapted to the young people, who need something different from the school histories and their cumbrous paragraphs to arrest their attention, and fasten these colonial tales upon the imagination and memory.

Howe's New Boston Melodeon. Consisting of Songs, Glees, etc., harmonized in four voices, etc., etc. Boston: Elias Howe.

We have here a very large collection of the most popular songs, glees, etc., in a convenient form for domestic or public use. We are glad to recognize among them many old friends which it might not be easy to find elsewhere, and which it will always be a pleasure to hear.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style. By E. P. Whipple. With a new Portrait. One Vol. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

The Value of Life. A Reply to Mr. Mallock's Essay, "Is Life Worth Living?" New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

PAMPHLETS.

Report of the Association for the Advancement of Women. 1878–1879. Boston.

On a Foundation for Religion. Boston: George H. Ellis, printer, 101 Milk Street.

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Proceedings of the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association. May, 1879. Boston.

Year-Book of the Protestant Theology. Leipzig. 1879.

Fourth Report of the Executive Committee of the Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection. London.

Speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury in Support of the Bill against Vivisection.

Witnessing for the Truth; or, the Overthrow of the Papacy. A Lecture by Justin D. Fulton. New York. 1879.

Facts about Tobacco. Compiled by Prof. Edward P. Thwing. New York.

Spenserian Business College Circular. Washington, D.C.

The Creeds, or Christ? or, Whom do you Believe? A Plea for Religious Honesty. By Rev. Jasper L. Douthit. Shelbyville, Ill.

The Fifty-Fourth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. June 4, 1879.

Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. For the year ending 1879.

Have Unitarians a Gospel to Preach? A Sermon by John Wright, B.A. London.

The Rights and Duties of Women in Local Government. A Paper by Miss Becket. Manchester, Eng.

The Consecration of a New Temple of God in the Himalayas. June 28, 1879. A Discourse by Rev. C. H. A. Dall. Calcutta, India.

London School of Medicine for Women. Inaugural Address delivered by Edith Pechey, M.D. October, 1877.

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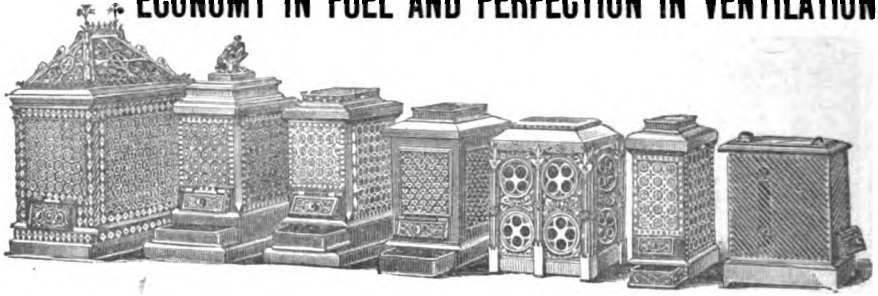

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NOTICE.

The January and following numbers of the UNITARIAN REVIEW will contain, among other Articles, the following:—

THE PREACHER, By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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THE FOURTH GOSPEL, By PROF. EZRA ABBOT.

ROMANISM AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, By GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D.

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UNITARIAN REVIEW

AND

RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII. DECEMBER, 1879. No. 6.

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF HISTORICAL RELIGION.*

It was said not long ago by a London publisher that the world of authors seemed about equally divided between those who had written books on Egypt and those who had not; and the observation was true enough to make one hesitate before adding to the overwhelming mass of literature which the fascinating theme has produced. The year, however, which sees the completion and translation of the work which we here notice makes an epoch not to be passed without remark. We now possess for the first time, not only a symmetrical and thorough exposition of the whole course of Egyptian history, but also a true and scientific point of view. The active investigation of the original records which the last ten years have seen already bears its fruit; and as we watch M. Brugsch fulfilling the purpose which his title indicates, and drawing his history strictly "from the monuments," we are fairly startled at the mass of material and the richness of results which he finds. It is not a book to review here in detail. The suggestions which are absolutely new, such as the theory of an Assyrian invasion and the topography of the Exodus, are matters which the

* *ry of Egypt Under the Pharaohs, Derived Entirely from the Monuments.* By Henry Brugsch-Bey. Two volumes. London: Murray. 1879.

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half-dozen peers of the author alone can discuss with profit; and even the general course of the history can hardly be described with more conciseness than the two large volumes of the work itself exhibit. But it is not alone the general course of events which is receiving new light. The whole series of problems which underlie the history of Egypt, the world of art and faith which students have always dimly seen there, reveals itself now in new distinctness; and the time has come to take new account of our stock of material, and to survey in each special field the new range and new limits of our knowledge.

We turn, therefore, without delay from general considerations to one such special field. It is the religion of ancient Egypt which has beckoned thoughtful observers thither from the time of Herodotus till now; it is this which has always made the central, most baffling, and most fascinating problem which the country offers; it is here that we get our first glimpse of what can be fairly called historical religion; and here, again, that we must look for the source of influences which, from the Exodus of Israelites to the Council of Nicæa, have been seriously affecting beliefs which we directly inherit and specially revere. If, then, we proceed at once to inquire, not what the Greek historians and Christian allegorists teach, but what the monuments themselves testify concerning this single problem of religion, we shall at least be applying to the subject of central interest the general method which M. Brugsch and his co-laborers have prescribed. New limits to our knowledge, and new confidence within those limits, are likely to supplant the crude guesses and hasty generalizations of earlier and unchecked research; and the first dim glimpse of historical religion may, perhaps, change under the growing light of contemporary records into a clear and trustworthy, though a closely-bounded, view.

It is no easy thing to transfer our historical associations and definitions from their common surroundings to a wholly different horizon; to make ourselves at home in an age earlier

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than the orthodox date of the Creation; to deal with periods in which centuries are as minutes, and where a stupendous civilization flourished, declined, and fell before what we habitually call history began. Yet nothing less than this complete transfer of associations, definitions, and standards is demanded of one who approaches the study of ancient Egypt. He must prepare himself to deal with epochs and periods so remote that the middle point between them and our own time is not later than the Exodus of the Israelites; he must be ready to find in those earliest periods, not the germs of civilization which his theories of social development might lead him to expect, but the ripe results of long-continued wealth and culture; he must be willing to trace, through centuries of this stupendous antiquity, the development and even the decadence of ideas which had hitherto seemed to him the peculiar property of modern times and Christian influence; and he must accustom himself to a closer intimacy with these centuries and ideas, and a more accurate acquaintance with the life, thought, habits, of this incredibly distant civilization, than he has presumed to possess of the classic periods of Greek or Hebrew history.

The first impression which this prodigious broadening of one's historical horizon is likely to create is that of wholesale scepticism about the evidence of this strange knowledge, a suspiciousness about the possibility of such penetration into the past and a sense of risk in attempting it. If this impression be controlled or conquered, the natural reaction from it is into an unchecked confidence in the evidence received. The discovery and proof of so much beget a belief that everything was there; and the art, science, theology, and philosophy of the world are referred to Egypt, not alone for their first suggestion, but for their complete and perfected form. One of these attitudes of mind is as unprofitable as the other; and it becomes, therefore, of great preliminary importance to determine both why it is that the knowledge we have of ancient Egypt is so exceptionally detailed and trustworthy, and why, on the other hand, this knowledge has its special limitations and must be used with caution and reserve.

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Our sources of information are, first of all, the result of the unique physical conditions which control the Valley of the Nile. Here is the one spot where ample fertility and the wealth that follows it are unaccompanied by dampness; and dampness is the worst enemy of the records of the past. Secure above the inundation which still in its marvellous recurrence supplies a soil of incredible fertility, locked in by the drifting sands and breathed on only by the desert air, the inscriptions, illustrations, and literature of Egyptian antiquity surrender themselves to modern research in the very completeness and freshness which their authors saw. Relics of bread, of fruit, of clothing, lie through all these centuries as if under the magic of this calm permanence; and the modern explorer, penetrating a tomb, has found there even the finger-marks and foot-prints of attendants who closed that death-chamber three thousand years before. This natural conservatism of the land, however, would of itself leave little to us, had it not been met, on the one hand, by abundance of material for records, and on the other hand, by a strange desire to use them. The banks of the upper Nile provide unlimited quarries of various and beautiful stone, its stream affords a straight and easy path of transportation, and along the lower country was cultivated, to a degree which at last caused its extinction, the papyrus plant. A people, therefore, disposed to build and inscribe and register its deeds had ample opportunity; and in using this opportunity, the ancient Egyptians displayed perhaps the strangest of their characteristics. It is what Lepsius calls a "historical sense," but it often looks more like a sense of personal and national importance. Whatever these masters of the world did or proposed to do, they "made a note of it" for future ages to read. Nothing was too trivial or minute for record. Not only were their temples covered with the story of the kings' campaigns and successes, not only did inscribed columns mark the advance of an army or hold a royal decree, but the simplest details of private life seemed to them likely to interest and instruct remote posterity; so that along with the self-congratulatory epitaphs

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in which the tombs abound, every phase of work and play, every item of family news or official success, receives detailed attention. With us, even the least modest of men leaves it to others to build his monument and write his eulogy: with them it was the crowning work of one's own lifetime to build and decorate a worthy tomb. The labor and expense of such memorials seemed to them unimportant. They fell upon a mountain-side and hewed chambers from it and dug pits through it, as if the world must be waiting to know what they had enjoyed or suffered; so that where in other lands only the public exploits of a far less remote antiquity are matters of record, this strange historical sense of the Egyptians, working upon abundant materials, and preserved by the very sand-storms that buried their cities, admits us now to an incredible intimacy with their personal and daily lives.

And yet it is evident that such sources of information, full and striking as they seem, cannot be used without a certain self-control in the student, and are likely to fail in some points of peculiar interest. Imagine, for instance, the Christian churches of our own time buried for thirty centuries, with their present variety of symbolism, and consider what strange conclusions Macaulay's New Zealander might reach as he explored the excavations of Notre Dame and St. Paul's. In the one he would find a Virgin resting on a moon, and would naturally class us with worshippers of the heavenly bodies: in the other, he would see a series of monuments surmounted by figures or heads which he might either conclude were gods, or, by deciphering some part of the inscriptions, which would be hieroglyphics to him, might make out to be the forms of ancestors before which we must have bowed. Our liturgies, our architecture, our art, might be equally misleading. All would be judged from points of view and with habits of thought which would make him almost sure either to idealize or to undervalue. And if this might be possible in the future, it must be still more possible of the distant past, where national life and thought must have been far more isolated and

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self-developed. Sweeping conclusions, moreover, which the abyss of time itself prevents, grow still more impossible through a curious characteristic of the evidence on which we proceed. Accurate as our information is in many directions, it is almost wholly limited to matters of personal and private experience, or to details of kingly government. How an individual lived in his home, drove his cattle, built his house, feasted his friends, died, was embalmed and buried; or how the king led his troops in battle, and how many of the enemy he slew with his own hand,—all these things we know as if they happened yesterday; but the larger facts, the principles under which the king governed, the ideas which controlled individual life, the complete meaning of these endless rows of passive, patient gods thronging the dark sanctuaries and accepting the homage of the king, the relation of all this building of stupendous temples and this enshrining of sacred beasts to the real life of the people, the clearness or vagueness with which the spiritual meaning of symbols was perceived beneath gross outward forms,—all this, which is really what we want most to know about the past, is left to treacherous inference or altogether wrapped in mystery. It is just the reverse with most historical research. The material we possess is usually some exceptional literature, sacred or classic even to the ancients themselves, so that in our familiarity with the highest type of thought or of faith we are apt to forget that there was a common, average, popular life quite distinct from the world of the poets, prophets, and philosophers. In Egypt, on the contrary, it is only fragments of poetry and philosophy that are left to us, though we know in a vague and tantalizing way that the world sought its wisdom there. Of no other ancient country is it possible to write such a book as Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, in which every particular of dress, weapons, and occupation is industriously collected; while in no other are the larger problems of race, creed, and tendencies more baffling and mysterious.

It is this mingling of confident knowledge with environing mystery that makes the peculiar charm of Egypt to the

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student. He adds to the satisfaction of accurate research the delight of unhindered speculation. As he approaches any one element of that ancient life,— as, for instance, we wish here to approach its religion,— it is as if he were entering one of the stupendous temples which are its monuments. His first approach is through courts and corridors whose purpose is definite and whose symbolism is plain. The sale of animals for offerings once crowded the vast space; the kings' decrees and victories still cover the wall. He passes on to holier courts, darker chambers, richer ornamentation. Here, perhaps, lived the priests, here was the library, here the robing-room. But conjecture is fast supplanting his knowledge. He is penetrating where the laity never were admitted, where every form and symbol had its esoteric meaning, and where literature was meant not to interpret but to conceal. And when he presses on into the central sanctuary, about which and for which all this mass of walls and columns is reared, the mystery grows complete. A single block of granite, or a row of calm divinities, or perhaps absolute emptiness, meets his flaring torch. The ritual of this Holy of Holies, the inner meaning of this monumental faith, the thoughts of the sacred priesthood and their relation to the waiting throng without,— all this is as dark as the sanctuary itself. And yet the mystery is almost more fascinating than the knowledge. Separate, as one must, what is historical truth from what is personal speculation, it is the central darkness that beckons one through all the splendors of the outer courts; just as the deepest charm of Egypt is when the explorer presses into the inmost shadows and sits alone at the feet of the dreaming gods.

The problem of the origin of the Egyptians and their faith offers perhaps the best illustration of this mingling of verifiable facts with fascinating obscurity. Certain negative points may be considered as clearly fixed. The theory of the Greek historians, that the civilization of Egypt descended with the Nile stream from the mysterious heart of Africa, was thoroughly exploded when the German expedition into

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Ethiopia found there only evidences of Egyptian conquest and relics of imitative art. The curious fact that the most ancient monuments are nearest the mouth of the Nile, and that a distinct and descending chronological order is followed as one ascends the stream, seems an absolute proof that the earliest civilization could not have come from the South, or even have been native to the valley, but must have penetrated it from the North. The results of comparative ethnology, uncertain as they now appear, point the same way, indicating that the skulls of the earliest mummies are thoroughly un-African and markedly Caucasian. Comparative philology, moreover, finds no trace of relationship between the Egyptian language and its neighboring African tongues, but, on the contrary, unmistakable intimacy with both the Aryan and Semitic families. Art, finally, adds its evidence, and perhaps no other witness is so striking as the series of representative sculpture in which, as we move backward toward pyramid times, we find the type ever more and more European. Here are strictly scientific data,— enough to give definite limits to any reasonable view of the origin of Egyptian life and thought.*

But within these limits there is still ample room for the imagination to sketch its grandest historical pictures. We are dealing with a prehistoric period in relation with which even Egyptian records are things of modern times; and in that dateless past we dimly see one of those many migrations that have driven mankind forever westward, leaving the primeval home of central Asia, pausing baffled by the Mediterranean shore, then sweeping round the angle of desert that divides two continents, and finding a new resting-place in the marvellous Valley of the Nile. We see this invading race mastering the small aboriginal population, yet acted upon in turn by native habits and superstitions. We see the conquerors stimulated by the strange character of the new-found paradise. They have but to tickle the soil,

*Brugsch I., 3-9; Wilkinson, *Ancient Egyptians*, Popular Edition, I., 303; Herodotus II., 104; Lepsius, *Letters from Egypt*, etc., pp. 152, 244, 208; Bonwick, *Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought*, Appendix A; Loftie, *A Ride in Egypt*, pp. 130, 208. This last book, just issued, gives unique illustrations of the earliest art.

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and it laughs with abundant crops; and yet this supreme prosperity brings with it unwonted risks. A high inundation destroys their homes, a low one blights their crops. Living thus between drowning and famine, and yet assured of marvellous plenty if they can live at all, we see how these vigorous settlers were forced to think and foresee and combine in action and calculate probabilities as no other nation need. The necessity of controlling the river's course and utilizing its current teaches them engineering; the watching for its period of overflow makes them astronomers; the fixing of boundaries which each year's flood obliterated gives them a sense of proprietorship and justice; and more than all, the mystery of the mighty river, its unknown source, its incomprehensible rising and their absolute dependence on its beneficence, touches their imagination, justifies their sense of awe and devotion, checks the pride of their own endeavor, and sets them in a permanent attitude of worship toward the prolific Nature and the spontaneous life which surrounds them.

Thus we can picture the long centuries of progress which preceded all monumental record; we can fancy that strong and pure religious thought must have resulted from this contact of the reverent Aryan mind with the mysterious resources of Egypt; we can imagine that this high thought must soon have attached to itself some of the brutal methods of the native race, so that along with what is astonishingly lofty doctrine we shall expect to find many an unworthy form; and thus as we pass on into the dawn of history, we are not so wholly surprised to find the civilization of the land already thoroughly matured, or to notice that the conspicuous characteristic of this mature civilization throughout all its history is its religion.

What, then, do we know of this religion of the ancient Egyptians, as we proceed from this dawn of history to the evening twilight of the Persian conquest?

We know, in the first place, that throughout this tremendous interval of perhaps four thousand years the conspicuous elements of faith remained essentially the same. The develop-

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ment and decadence of mythology and theology, which must be traced even in the brief career of other nations, finds little likeness here. We come upon the whole system of belief and ritual fully grown: we part from it almost as we find it. Changes of view in details we may discover, new trinities here, new incarnations there, solemn thoughts of divine judgment supplanting child-like dreams of a happy future; but, so far as we can see, the same general impulses and traditions, the same conspicuous Deities and incarnations, the same principles of ritual and symbolism, reappear in monuments separated from each other by a chasm of thousands of years. If we should choose to notice what change there is, it would be to find once more a contradiction of all other history; for, on the whole, the change seems like a decadence, and not only in the arts of sculpture and the science of engineering, but just as much in the simplicity and cheerfulness of religious faith, the Pyramid Age was the Golden Age. Far more impressive, however, than all change is the unbroken permanence of type; a permanence no more marked in the ideas than in the art, the architecture, the habits, and even the features of the people. Other ancient nations grew and prospered through contact with foreigners, conquests of territory, and assimilation of new blood and new thought: the destiny of ancient Egypt was to prosper like its crops, in spontaneous self-developed growth. Assyrian conquest and Ethiopian dynasties might for a time subdue the nation, but they could make only half-discernible marks on its language or its ideas. The people were self-sufficient, tenaciously conservative, incapable of assimilation with other stocks; and when at last it became impossible for them to live apart from and superior to the rest of the world, and Greek civilization pressed into the midst of their culture and their mysteries, then the whole structure of Egyptian faith and life, which had endured scores of centuries of isolation, fell at the first foreign touch, and the prophecy of the author of *Hermes Trismegistus* was literally fulfilled: "When strangers shall possess this land, religion will be neglected, . . . and he that remains alive will be known to be an Egyptian only by his

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language, while in his deeds he will seem a barbarian. . . . O Egypt! Egypt! there will remain only a foreign show of thy religion, . . . and naught but the letters which stand engraved on thy pillars will declare thy pious deeds!"

We know, once more, of this religion of the ancient Egyptians, that it was the constant centre of national life. This does not merely mean that the conspicuous monuments of Egypt are almost exclusively religious; that where in other nations we find triumphal arches, statues of monarchs, amphitheatres for games or fortifications for defence, in Egypt it is almost without exception temples and tombs, the witnesses of religious faith and hope, that invite attention. This contrast is of itself striking enough. Along a thousand miles of the Nile Valley but one conspicuous fortress recalls how jealously the Egyptians guarded their paradise; and this one ruin stands far south in provincial Nubia. In later and Western civilization, a tribe sought, first of all, a stronghold against its neighbors; and we trace the reason of its prosperity in the strength of its position. The abounding wealth of the ancient East seemed to scorn such fears. It spread itself over broad plains and by rivers which could as easily be reached by enemies as by friends, too confident in its own strength to need the refuge of an Acropolis; free, therefore, to turn its genius from foreign rivalry to the calmer thoughts of life and death, and to apply its art and science to these deeper problems. But far more striking than the nature of the Egyptian monuments is the fact that within these temples and tombs all life and conduct finds itself at home and gets its sacredness confessed. The ancient Egyptian could not separate his daily life from his temple worship. Everything he did or saw, enjoyed or suffered, seemed worthy of religious recognition, and had its place in the sight of the gods. The king sets out on a foreign war and slays a score of the enemy with his own hand. Forthwith the temple walls record the deed, but transfigure the king into a divine, passionless, calm destiny, holding his victims without an effort and slaying them without a shadow of savage joy. The private citizen builds his own tomb, and in the face of the mystery of death does not hesitate to use

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as decoration the most frivolous and unspiritual of his daily experiences. The royal statue is hewn out of a mountain-side, and even now recalls the unbounded wealth and ambition that could shape and transport it; but it finds its fit resting-place as a guardian before the temple, and its features are moulded, not from life, but after the uniform, unbending type of the divine features. Thus the whole life of the nation found its natural home in the temples, and the glory of kings surrendered itself to the service of the gods.

Or is it, after all, only the illusion of distance that gives this central and comprehensive character to the Egyptian faith? May it not be that the temples had little of the significance which we attach to them, and stood merely for the ambition and self-glorification of the kings? Is it not likely that the massive columns, the profuse decorations and the mysterious ritual were meant simply to overawe the common people rather than to be the incarnation of reverence and devotion which they at first appear? The royal name appears everywhere; the figure of the king is placed among the gods; the very title of God is given him; and when the act of worship is illustrated it is always the king who bears the offering, as though there were no relation with the Gods for any other man. What can this mean but that the temples of God were in reality the memorials of royal greatness? This is a suspicion one can hardly escape, as the enormous lapse of time and the difference of standpoint occur to him. Yet it is, after all, a suspicion which cannot be maintained in the presence of any complete and typical monument. Enter, for instance, the best preserved of all, the temple of Edfoo; pass from the stately open courts to the absolute and unbroken darkness of the inner chambers; study the walls which the light of day never visited, and which in ancient times never enclosed a human being save the artist who adorned them and the priests who administered the mysteries. It may have been the spirit of self-glorification which reared the stupendous gates and decorated the outer walls; but what does it mean that the inner darkness holds in every inch of its wall-space the finest workmanship and the most delicate ornamentation of

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all? There is no escape from the evidence of these secret stairways, roof-temples, and hidden works. They were not decorated to rouse the distant wonder of the throng of worshippers, like the marble and gold of many a Christian altar; for no throng of worshippers ever saw them. It is the Lamp of Sacrifice that lights these dim recesses, and it burns with purity and brightness still.

We know, again, of the faith of ancient Egypt, that its theology was pure, calm, metaphysical, and abstract, in sharp contrast with the mythologies of the West. The Greek Pantheon, for instance, is full of human passions, alliances, and intrigues. Its gods are ideal men and women; but the national ideal did not exclude jealousies, hatreds, and lusts. The gods of Egypt, on the other hand, are passionless and superhuman. They have no desires, no hopes no fears. Even where the most sensual symbols appear, they suggest no sensual impression; and the king bows before them with the same quiet reverence. The divine attributes are not exalted human ones, like those of Hercules, Venus, Apollo, and the whole list of Greek and Latin gods, but thoroughly superhuman characteristics interpreted by minds which cared more to observe and interpret the universe about them than to celebrate their own mastery of it. Amun, the supreme, universal deity; Khem, the creator; Hathor, the female principle in Nature; Pthah, the "Logos Demiourgos"; Anubis, the preparer of the way of the other world; Set, the principle of evil, working not in antagonism to good but in alliance with it,—this series of conspicuous divinities introduces those whose study of mythology has been limited to the traditions of Greece and Rome to a new world of thought and worship. And when we consider that the Osiris-myth, the most complicated and baffling of all, with its strange mingling of attributes of Nature and of human life, its trinity, its successive incarnations and its poising of good against evil, was the popular part of this mythology, the favorite and universal worship, then we begin to see how widespread was this philosophical tendency of mind, how far removed we are from this subtle thoughtfulness, and how naturally the Egyptians finally

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came to develop the simple gospel of Christ into the intricacies of the Christian theology of Alexandria.

But what is to be said of the crude and fleshly symbols that we find in the midst of this singularly pure theology; the sacred hawk in the inmost sanctuary, the succession of holy bulls reared and tended like divinities as long as they lived, and at their death honored with a sepulchre worthy of the gods? It must be at once admitted that this was, in all probability, the most popular and familiar part of Egyptian faith, just as the most fleshly symbolism is in the religion of every age. What was the relation of this beast-worship to the inner mysteries we can hardly guess, for the chief effort of the priesthood was to keep this relation hidden. All we can say is that, in the first place, this raising of animals to deities can hardly be called a lower type of faith than the degrading of deities to animals which the legends of Olympus show; and that in the second place what looks like the crude worship of cats and dogs is at least in harmony with the higher Egyptian faith in its strange reverence before all life of every kind, as though wherever that spark burned there the divine nature lived and must be worshipped.

Last and most important among the things which we know of the Egyptian faith, we name its unceasing conviction of a life after death. Here, except for the single exception of Buddhism, is the historical test of the relative dignity of a religion. High thought and pure aspiration find their natural climax in a belief in immortality. Wherever, in the history of thought, the dignity and mystery of existence have come home to men, there we find more or less definite guesses at the future. What shall we say, then, of a nation where this belief, which flickered uncertainly before the wisest of mankind elsewhere, burned clearly and undisturbed before a whole people for many centuries? It is, no doubt, impossible to draw from the monuments any single or consistent view. There was the rational development and reaction of belief which three thousand years must inevitably see. It is perhaps useless to try to trace these changes in detail, so likely are we to misread the evidence. But we cannot mistake the underlying and permanent hope.

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The secret pits and chambers in the tombs where the dead body might await in absolute security its reunion with the soul; the extraordinary preservation, not only of human bodies, but even of cats and dogs; the symbolism of the scarabeus, rolling its eggs into the hot dry sand and leaving the new life to spring out of the death about it; the detailed theological views of the career of the soul after death and its final judgment,—all go to show the ancient Egyptians, through all variations of their faith, at least looking forward with reverence and hope. The Hebrews found them in this attitude; and it must have been only by a violent reaction from everything Egyptian that they could lay aside the comforts of such a faith. The Greeks found the same confident hope in Egypt centuries later; and it may well have been with some dependence on the Egyptian wisdom of which they were students, that Socrates looked so calmly at death, and that Plato reported his master's conversation. Finally, Christianity turned from the denial of its hope by Jews and Greeks, and found quick welcome for its faith from the still living traditions of the Valley of the Nile. From first to last it was in the presence of another world, and as if overcome by the mystery of existence, that the nation worked out its destiny; and even the grotesque or bestial held their respect for the Divine and immortal nature it concealed. *

So far, at least, we may speak with assurance of our knowledge of Egyptian religion; and there are many more matters of detail which may be considered sure, and which we restrain ourselves with difficulty from considering. But the central problem of all still waits to be dealt with; and it has been so often answered with confidence in the past that the last results of investigation demand careful statement. What, after all, was the core of the Egyptian faith; the original and central worship which gave vitality and permanence to the complicated mythology of the land? Here is not only the one point we most want to determine, but also the best of opportunities for the wildest of fancies;

*For details of doctrine of future life and funeral ritual, see Duncker, *Geschichte des Alterthums*, Translation, I., 75–83.

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for this complicated mythology, borrowing its symbols from the sun, the stars, the river, from serpents, trees, and a host of other sources, gives a certain encouragement to all of the many ingenious speculations which find the source of religion in the worship of some one of these special symbols. It is a cheerless entertainment to trace these fanciful investigations. They are instructive, not through the slightest scientific value, but only as a witness of the whims and delusions of scholarship. Let it be the Egyptian obelisk that is studied in this fanciful way, and this simplest form which an upright stone could receive with grace means (a) the sun-ray, as a phase of Nature-worship; or (b) the phallus, as the type of generative force; or (c) the symbol of the law of gravitation, and built of granite to exhibit the durability of the law; or (d) the emblem of a mathematical eternity, being part of a *hyperbolic curve*, just as the figure of Buddha sitting cross-legged is a hyperbolic solid! Or let it be an origin of worship in awe before Sirius, the dog-star, which is set up to be proved, and straightway the words in all languages for God appear to be derived from the sounds of dogs. Allah is to howl; Bog, the Slavonian God, dog; and Ceres is the female of Cerberus.*

Passing over these vagaries of research, however, the only historical theory of Egyptian worship worth consideration is that of an original Monotheism, for which the classic passage is that of Iamblichus, and in which until very lately the key of the whole subject was found. It was this central

* Such fancies are as easy to frame as they are delusive to accept. Consider the gospel narrative as a sun-myth. Everything, we may say, points to it as such. The Christians were accused of being sun-worshippers, and even now they turn to the East in their reverence. The Messiah, then, is the sun in its mysterious rising and its sudden death. The twelve apostles are, with equal plainness, the twelve months or the twelve hours, standing round their Lord. Some are hot and fiery as summer or noon; some are cool and gentle as evening; some doubtful as April; all survive their Lord and wait for his return. The birthday of Christ is the autumnal equinox, because the days grow longer and the nights grow less; John the Baptist is the moon which pales before the sunrise; the angry Jews are the clouds which gather round its setting, but which only make its death more beautiful; the Lord's Day is, of course, the Sun-day; and the resurrection, at the vernal equinox, is the centre of faith, because the recurring miracle of sunrise rouses lasting awe.

Consult, on the solar myth theory, the healthy remarks of Mahaffy, "Prolegomena to Ancient History," pp. 42–95; and the masterly *reductio ad absurdum* in *Dublin Review*, in which Max Müller is identified with the Sun-God.

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monotheism which gave meaning to a multitude of symbols and rites, and explained the permanence and dignity of the Egyptian faith. It was this mystery which Moses learned from the priests of Heliopolis, and in the strength of this training that he led his people into the wilderness. The revolution he began consisted quite as much in breaking down the barriers which kept the beliefs of the priesthood a secret from the people, as in guiding his nation out of slavery; and the indignation of the leaders of Egypt was not more aroused by the loss of their laborers than by the thought that their mysteries would become general and popular beliefs. All this seemed to interpret Hebrew history as well as Egyptian worship, and even in some degree verified the primitive Monotheism which the book of Genesis describes. But the progress of knowledge about Egypt in the last twenty years may be almost defined as a transfer of confidence from the witness of Greek authors to that of the monuments themselves; and the evidence of Iamblichus grows less weighty as fast as the stock of translation from the original literature is increased. The Christian Fathers stood as far from the faith of the temple of Karnak as we do from the Christian era, and independent opinion was as impossible for them to form of the early faith of Egypt as it would be for us of the mysteries of the Essenes. When, further, we turn to the now abundant contemporary records, no such positive conclusion becomes possible. It must have been, indeed, no crude or frivolous faith that mastered so cultivated a people; but distinct Monotheism was certainly no conspicuous belief. If, on the other hand, we should say that the general faith was pantheism, we should again be in danger of misleading, not only because of the many transformations of opinion which three thousand years must have witnessed, but also because it is now no easy thing to appreciate what Nature was to such a people, or how it roused their awe and worship. The fact is, that, as Wilkinson remarks, "An impenetrable veil, concealing the earliest periods of Egyptian history, forbids us to ascertain the original character of the

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religion. We are introduced to it, as to the civilization of the people, when already fully perfected." *

If, however, dim guesses at this inner development may be permitted, we can best picture it, with our present light, as the result of various and often of conflicting elements. First and earliest, here as elsewhere, was reverence before the aspects of Nature. "Astronomy," said F. W. Robertson, "was the religion of the world's youth." Prayer, in the hieroglyphs, is represented by a man holding up his hands towards a star. The sun's disc is placed over the heads of gods, and the title Ra is added to their names. More and more this Nature-worship extended, until it held every form of life, and saw in it a manifestation of Deity. And yet it was never a thorough Nature-worship. When the Stranger Kings entered from Asia, and brought with them a genuine worship of the sun's disc, it was odious to the Egyptians. Side by side with the least dignified objects of adoration, we find the constant sense of spiritual traits, the loftiest expressions of prayer, the purest of symbols, and the addressing of each god in turn as supreme and alone. Just as the Hindoo Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, though distinct deities, are all

* Rawlinson's *Herodotus:* II. Note by Sir Gardner Wilkinson.

The old and the new views may be best illustrated by extracts from earlier and later authorities.

"Before all things that essentially exist, and before the total principles, there is one God, prior to the first God and king, remaining immovably in the solitude of his unity.... In him is the first intellect and the first intelligible, and *this One is worshipped in silence.*" Iamblichus. *De Mysteriis;* Sect. VIII., c. 2, 3.

"That which is beyond doubt and which shines forth from the texts for the whole world's acceptance is the belief in one God. The polytheism of the monuments is but an outward show. The innumerable Gods of the Pantheon are but manifestations of the one Being in his various capacities."—Pierret, *Dictionnaire d'Arch.* Egyptienne. 1875. See Miss Edwards' *A Thousand Miles up the Nile.* Appendix III.

"The leading point of belief of the Egyptians, from the earliest times known to us, was that there was one Supreme, or, as they said, one only God."—Miss Martineau, *Eastern Life,* p. 100.

"The more one studies the Egyptian religion, the greater becomes the doubt as to the character which must definitively be ascribed to it. A most fertile source of material has recently been placed at our disposal by the excavations carried on at Denderah and Edfoo. From one end to the other these temples are covered with legends, and present every appearance of being two books which treat, *ex professo,* of religion generally, and more particularly of the Gods to which these two temples are dedicated. But neither in these temples, nor in those which have been long known to us, does the one God of Iamblichus appear. If Amun, at Thebes, is 'the first of the first'; if Phtah, at Memphis, is the father of all creation, without creation and without end, it is because all the Egyptian Gods are in turn clothed with the attributes of the Eternal.... What we gather is that, with the Egyptians, the universe itself was God, and that Pantheism was the basis of their religion,"—Mariette-Bey, *Monuments of Upper Egypt,* p. 45.

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comprehended in the one Brahm,— the Supreme Being; just as the Greeks, with all their Pantheon, call Zeus "the one God containing all within himself,"— so the Egyptians touch a Monotheism in their most personal and deep experiences, praying "May God put truth in my heart," and setting above their temples the winged globe and asps,— the symbols of an all-comprehending life, as though they would say with the Psalmist, "Under the shadow of thy wings shall be my refuge." It may be that we are tracing here the conflict between the two types of mind which met in the Nile Valley; that the forms reflect the crude native needs and the finer symbols the Aryan spirit. Or it may be that we are only seeing the uncertain, tentative strivings of minds which could not wholly yield the sense of a soul in Nature and above it, but which were still overwhelmed by the restless and spontaneous power of the world about them. At any rate, we can for the present see no more.

If, then, with our present light, we go on to ask that most interesting question of Egyptian history,— the question of the relation which the thought of the Hebrews bore to the faith of their masters, we must admit that this relation looks more like a reaction and denial than a direct development. Here and there we can trace what seem like clear inheritances. The cosmogony of Genesis, in which the spirit of God broods over the face of the waters, which then recede and give room for the spontaneous appearance of vegetable and animal life, seems to present a vivid picture of the method of Nature in the Valley of the Nile; and seems a most improbable theory to frame anywhere else. The Hebrew tradition that the Creation happened in the autumn could hardly have suggested itself out of Egypt, while there the miracle actually takes place every year. In such points as these life in Egypt may have supplied a theory to the Hebrews; and if it did, the long conflict between Genesis and Science is transferred from regions where reconciliation is impossible to the one spot where it is easy to establish. But much more remarkable than the ideas which Moses took away with him are the ideas which he left behind. He had lived in intimacy with a belief in

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immortality, and he ignored its religious power. He had been trained to believe in subtle and metaphysical trinities, and he rejected the whole complicated scheme. Whatever seemed to him identified with Egypt had to be resolutely put away, along with the tempting flesh-pots of the land. Even in his thought of Deity, he turned with horror from all that was associated with bondage; and in place of the passionless, unmoved, abstract objects of Egyptian worship, there rose before him the image of a single, personal, active, though partial and national God, whose rewards and penalties were close at hand, who had chosen the Hebrew people as his own, and who hardly disguised his personal leadership behind the human instruments he used. If we can thus think of the historical leader of the Exodus as breaking away from all his training for the sake of a hope that was in him, as abandoning even lofty beliefs for the vision of something higher, as a real originator of Monotheism, however imperfect that Monotheism was, then, in the light of the Egyptian monuments, we have found a more sublime character than even Christian reverence has been able to see in Moses. The Hebrews lost for centuries much which Christians hold as firmly as Egyptians did to be the most precious points of faith. They had been for many generations a nation of slaves, and they demanded a limited and a miraculous theology. Set the doctrines of the Egyptians and those of the Hebrew refugees side by side, and the mental attitude of the former must be admitted to be nearer what we regard as likely to endure. But the real course of events was like that of every religious reformation. The reaction to simple, direct confidence in a near and active God brought with it a new vitality. Cultivation, dignity, and centuries of influence lost their effect as the Egyptian faith settled into a priestly mystery and an unintelligible form; and the hope of the world remained with the wandering tribe of rebels who would know nothing of the science, the art, and the philosophy they had deserted, but who could not live without an ever-present sense of God.

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Here, then, with much reluctance, we leave this fascinating theme of the Egyptian faith. Many more special problems of theology and ritual invite attention, but of almost all it may once more be said that the progress of knowledge brings an increase of baffling obscurity, and that the records more and more sternly rebuke rash guesses and quick generalizations. Yet the general character and the all-important lesson of the faith remain. If the ethnic religions be classified according to what now appears the most fundamental method, by the preponderance of the sense of dependence or the sense of freedom which each exhibits, then the general character of the Egyptian faith plainly classes it as a religion of dependence. Its typical marks are awe, reverence, submission, worship. Its polar opposite is the religion of Greece, in which it is human life with its beauty and power that commands respect, and where Nature seems controlled by the free activity of divinities with human attributes and human purposes. And the lesson of Egypt is no less clear. To look back past all that we have thought the dawn of history, and to find religious faith as strong an influence then as it ever has been since; to meet with the ripest wisdom of antiquity, and to find in the same spot the profoundest religious philosophy; to turn from our insular theory of Christianity, and to find its most conspicuous beliefs just as conspicuous in that dim past,— all this can hardly fail to broaden our intellectual horizon, and impress on candid minds a new sense of the universality and fixedness of religious convictions. To see, on the other hand, this pure and lofty faith in the end shrivel and waste away without inspiration for fresh disciples or self-propagating force, is to find one more proof of the transitoriness of all religion in which the priesthood believe one thing and the laity another; the gradual weakening under such conditions of popular belief, the survival of forms long after the spirit is dead, and finally the collapse of the whole structure into emptiness at the first rude foreign touch.

FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY.

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THE RELATION OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY TO LIBERALISM.

The word "liberal" as applied to religion has two meanings, which, though sometimes confounded, are entirely distinct. In its primary sense, it signifies that one has passed out from the limitations of earlier beliefs. In its secondary meaning, it describes the temper of mind that should accompany such emancipation; namely, a genial sympathy with differing views, or at least a kindly toleration of them. A man who is an advanced liberal in the first of these senses may be very illiberal in the second; while one of the most liberal Christians, according to the second significance of the word, that I ever knew, was so conservative in his own views as to be almost a Roman Catholic. I mark this distinction simply in order to make clear that in this essay I shall use the word "liberal" wholly in its original sense. By the progress toward liberalism I mean the movement away from the older views known, under one form or another, as orthodox.

While I thus recognize the *terminus a quo* of this movement, I shall here recognize no *terminus ad quem*. I shall consider the process chiefly, if not wholly, in its negative aspect. There is a point where liberalism ceases to be Christian, there is a point where it even ceases to be religious. In the judgment of some, these points would coincide; in that of others, they would differ. Some would place them earlier, some later; but such points all would recognize, each from his own position. In other words, each of us would probably find in the history of this movement which does not rest short of the grossest materialism, points where it might well have stopped. These points I shall not here notice. It is to a very great extent the same influences that are working through the whole process; and it is these influences alone with which we have to do. But, while I have here to consider merely negative relations, I believe that there is a positive aspect which is yet more important. This movement of destruction will prove to have been not wholly in vain. The

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essential truth of religion will come from the fires purified and glorified.

My special theme is the relation of philosophy to liberalism. From what has been said it will appear that the subject is to be treated historically. I can give only scattered fragments of a history, indeed, but I shall give them as such. I shall recognize an existing habit of thought, and seek some of the causes which have produced it. I shall state premises and conclusions, pausing rarely, if ever, to express approbation or dissent.

The relation of the history of philosophy to that of theology suggests much matter of curious interest. It might be thought, at first, that the two lines of history would run parallel to one another. Philosophy and theology, rightly understood, are but different aspects of the same thing. If theology be true, and if philosophy be also true, the latter expresses in the most abstract form what the other expresses more concretely. They differ thus as inner and outer. The two histories should then be but different forms of the same history, the stages of the one corresponding accurately with those of the other. In fact, however, this is not the case; and, as we look more closely, we shall see reasons for the difference.

One essential principle upon which the history of these different forms of thought depends is found in the relation of each to its own earlier results. Theology, in general, clings to the past. In its narrower forms, it seeks to preserve a minute and accurate identity with the system that preceded it. In its more liberal forms, it seeks to preserve this identity in regard to certain matters which it deems fundamental. In philosophy, on the other hand, each system seeks after originality. While theology strives to conceal even from itself the differences that actually do arise, philosophy seeks often to exaggerate them. This difference in the susceptibility of each to change is one of degree only. Theology cannot escape the drift which is bearing it steadily, however slowly, from its old moorings; and no system of philosophy can wholly escape from the hold which the past has upon it.

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Still the difference is great enough to keep the two from being in perfect accord with one another.

There is another element of difference still more fundamental, that works toward the same end. This arises from the fact already referred to; namely, the concrete nature of the one and the greater abstractness of the other. Philosophy, dealing as it does with abstract principles, finds it more easy to attain the unity which its nature requires, by separating these principles than by combining them. Its tendency is to seize first one of these and then another. It thus swings from one extreme to the opposite. A system may appear wholly unconnected with one that has preceded it, and yet may have the greatest of all connections with it, in that both are parts of a common whole. Theology, while not wholly free from similar influences and results, yet, through its concreteness, moves more as a whole. It has to satisfy, to a certain degree, at every point, the whole spiritual nature of man. It is therefore less exposed than philosophy to sudden and violent changes. Thus the two histories follow each its own course and its own law. The two act upon one another, indeed; but this interaction seems to a great extent accidental. There must be, however, some general principles or methods of influence; and a study of the mutual relation of the two in a large number of instances must, it would seem, enable us to form some sort of generalization in the matter. At least, the experiment is one well worth trying. It is my purpose to illustrate by two or three prominent examples the influence of philosophy upon theology in the later history of Christianity.

It is in the later history of Christianity alone that the conditions exist as I have described them. During the early and mediæval history of the Church, theology and philosophy were to a large extent one. Christianity gathered from the past life of the world the best results of its various civilizations. It blended the fairest products of the political economy of Rome, of the philosophy of Greece, and of the spirituality of the Hebrew. Starting with these elements, it formed a mighty and complex system, which grew ever into a fuller

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development of the whole and of every part. Philosophy was intensely active; but with few, and generally, as far as the history of the Church is concerned, unimportant exceptions, philosophy was strictly the handmaid of religion. It was willingly a servant. It was even unconscious of its servitude. It received the materials which the Church put into its hands, and elaborated them under its direction.

Had the development of the moral principle been in harmony with that of those already named, their common growth might, it would seem, have gone on indefinitely. In the lack of ethical completeness is found the source of the downfall of this imposing ecclesiastical structure. Its external authority was the first to give way. The immoralities of Rome and of its policy drove the honest German mind into revolt. The doctrinal development still continued for a short time even in the dismembered Church. This reached its highest point with Calvin. From this point, dogmatic disintegration followed in the steps of political disintegration.

There is something sad in watching the decay of any perfect organism, even when we know that it is to give place to something better than itself; and the mediæval Church was perhaps the most magnificent organism that the world has ever seen. Henceforth, however, the process of breaking up the results of its centuries of growth was to be universal and continuous. The intellectual history of the Church was to become as fragmentary as its external history. As there were to be churches instead of the Church, so there were to be systems in the place of the one great system of religious belief. And the succession of these systems was to be in general in one direction. It was to be away from the old dogmatism, from a pronounced and all-important supernaturalism, in the direction of secularism and naturalism.

In the general dismemberment, philosophy found itself emancipated. Though at first, like the newly-freed slave who brings to his old master the wonted loyalty and obedience, it maintained its old allegiance to the Church, yet the fact remained that it was free, and that henceforth its history must be an independent one. No matter what was the rela-

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tion of the individual philosopher to the Church, philosophy itself had become an independent power, and henceforth must act upon the Church, not from within, but from without. Whether it would or not, it must henceforth contribute to that process of disintegration, which it often strove vainly to arrest.

In the person of Descartes, philosophy began its successful career of freedom. The change was at first, as I have already intimated, hardly noticeable. Descartes sought to strengthen the foundations of the religion of the Church. He sought to lay deep and strong the foundations of spiritual truth as the Church had accepted it. He believed that he had done this. What he had really done was to introduce a disturbing element, the results of which cannot even now be fully calculated. What had been accomplished was, in legal phrase, a change of venue. The questions which had before been decided by ecclesiastical authority were now brought before the bar of human reason. There had of course been already in the Church many attempts to support its doctrines by human argument. Through its whole history such attempts had formed a large and not the least brilliant portion of its literature. The work of Anselm may be cited as a striking example. But I think that never before within the Church had been asserted in such an absolute manner the right and intellectual necessity of throwing aside all beliefs that were not approved by reason or native to the soul. Before, human reason had been employed as an advocate. Now, it was seated on the bench, with full judicial authority. If at first its decisions shall be in accordance with the precedents established by the old tribunal, soon it will feel its own power, and establish precedents of its own. "Beware," cries Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet!" With Descartes, the race of thinkers was let loose.

It is interesting to see in the writings of Descartes how constantly this change of method makes itself felt. It is shown very clearly in the discussions which he carried on with the distinguished men to whom he had submitted his

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essays. They would sometimes use the old methods, would quote the ecclesiastical authorities and reason upon this basis. Descartes, in his reply, would sometimes, for a moment, fall in with their method, and answer them in kind. He would play a moment with their weapons, to show that he was master of them also; but soon he would throw them aside, and take his own. Even if ecclesiastical authority was on his side, he preferred to rest his case upon that of reason.

The change, which was hardly noticeable as manifested in Descartes, showed its full gravity and ominousness in the work of Spinoza. Descartes, in spite of his attempt to emancipate himself wholly from the beliefs in which he had been educated, so that nothing should remain that was not seen to be absolutely true, and in spite of his belief that he had done this, probably never succeeded, even for a moment, in thus placing himself over against his earlier faith. Such an achievement his whole previous mental history probably made impossible for him. Spinoza had been trained under different circumstances. Born a Jew, he had been excommunicated from the Jewish, and had never joined the Christian, Church. In reality, he had probably passed through the process of disencumbering himself from old beliefs much more thoroughly than Descartes, whose disciple he seems at first to have been to some extent. He soon saw the faults in the system of his master, if indeed he had not seen them from the first. Questions that Descartes treated as a theologian, Spinoza treated as a philosopher. With Descartes, God was one substance among other substances: with Spinoza, he was the one substance in which all things consist. With Descartes, God created all things according to his will: according to Spinoza, by the necessity of his nature. The created universe, according to Spinoza, bears the same relation to God that the radii and sines of a circle bear to it. According to him, to attribute to God freedom of choice would be to attribute to him imperfection; for choice between two courses implies either lack of ability to accomplish both, or that one is not worthy of accomplishment; and

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to affirm that God has a thought that is unworthy of accomplishment is to imply an imperfection equivalent to that of inability to accomplish what is worthy. Spinoza denied that God wrought for an end, that is, he denied the influence of final causes in his action: for to act for a final cause implies that the means used for a proposed end are less worthy than it; and God can do nothing that has not in itself absolute worth. The idea of personality in relation to the Divine Being was to him meaningless. Spinoza held these views with a religiousness of faith which might seem, at first sight, somewhat foreign to them. When they were published to the world, they won for him the name of Atheist. Theologians could not sufficiently utter their horror of such godless speculation. Yet these views were to be adopted to a great extent into Christian speculation; and the stone which these builders rejected was to become the corner-stone of at least a very important portion of the new theology.

They obtained their entrance into the Christian Church through the medium of Schleiermacher. I do not say that Schleiermacher was, strictly speaking, a Spinozist. This he would deny. In his philosophy, he criticised freely the system of Spinoza. He introduced into his philosophy a refinement that he believed lacking to that of Spinoza. From a philosophical point of view, these distinctions are important; though, were I discussing the matter with a philosophical purpose, I should urge that his criticisms upon Spinoza were not wholly justifiable, and that his system was hardly an improvement upon that of his predecessor. But these differences do not concern us here. They were not such as affected materially his theology. They were certainly not such as to bring him nearer to the common religious thought of Christendom. His well-known apostrophe, "Offer with me reverently a lock to the Shade of the holy and outcast Spinoza," and the glowing words which accompany it, show how filled he was with reverence for his great master. While in his philosophic flights he sought to rise to a realm of abstraction loftier than that reached by Spinoza, in practical relations, in the discussion of definite points of

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theology, he descended at least to his level. Strauss says, in effect, that Schleiermacher reduced both Spinozism and Christianity to so fine a powder for his mixture, that it needs a sharp eye to distinguish in it the component parts. I confess that the influence of Spinoza seems to me to be less disguised, though no less marked, than this statement would make it. There is hardly an element of Schleiermacher's theology that might not be an outgrowth of the philosophy of Spinoza, while the influence of the master is distinctly perceptible in special points, as in the discussion of the ideas of knowledge, of determining choice, and of final causation as applied to God.

We may ask, then: What sort of Christian theology could be constructed upon a basis like that furnished by the philosophy of Spinoza? What space would there be for the complications of doctrine, for discussing the Divine plan, schemes of salvation, and other like matters that fill out the creeds? What place would there be even for dogmatizing in regard to the Divine attributes? God is simply the absolute Being: with Schleiermacher, he was something more abstract than even this. Certainly, one's creed must step into the background. Something else must take its place. Religion cannot, then, be a thing of the intellect. It cannot be action; for what definite course of activity can be prescribed by this Divinity, who is too abstract even to be thought? The seat of religion must, then, be in the feeling. But what must be the nature of this feeling which is the basis and sum of religion? It cannot be that of adoration, for adoration implies adorable attributes. Spinoza, indeed, would have some relation of love between God and man, however difficult this may be to comprehend, if we take his teaching in the barest literalness. With Schleiermacher, this would be even more difficult. But if we take even the coarser and more concrete substance of Spinoza, and try for ourselves what form of feeling we could naturally and obviously have in regard to the one substance in which all things consist by a mathematical necessity, I think we shall find that but one such feeling is possible; namely, the feeling of absolute dependence.

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Thus we see that the position of Schleiermacher, that religion is simply the sense of absolute dependence, is one that was the logical result of his philosophical position. It is easy to see the effect of such teaching upon the dogmas of theology. So far as they relate to the attributes of God and his relations to man, they lose their objective validity. God is simply the infinite, in the most absolute use of this term. Whatever else we may say of him is simply a form of expressing our own subjective states, or describing events in our human history. Thus the holiness of God is his causality in establishing the conscience within us: his justice expresses the fact of the connection of evil with sin. The mercy of God is a phrase, we are told, chiefly fitted for poetical and homiletical use. Of course there is in strictness no place left for miracle, at least in the ordinary sense of the term. Schleiermacher contents himself with simply affirming that the miraculous events described in the New Testament stand in no necessary relation to our religious consciousness.

To the system of Schleiermacher there were two foci. The one, theoretical, which I have described; the other, historical,— namely, the doctrine of the person of Jesus. Of course the latter is wholly dependent for its significance upon the former. What characterized Jesus was perfect sinlessness; and, because sin is the dulling of the sense of absolute dependence, what distinguished Jesus was that in him this sense of dependence was absolute and perpetual. The work of Jesus is the bringing men into participation with this sense. The ecclesiastical terms still in part remain, but the strict ecclesiastical meaning is lost. We have sentiment instead of dogma, subjective processes instead of external machinery.

I have spoken of the system of Schleiermacher as being directly related to that of Spinoza. We cannot fail to see in it also the influence of other philosophers, especially that of Kant, with whom, however, Schleiermacher had far less in common. I would gladly, had I space, dwell at some length on the influence of Kant in the direction of liberalism in

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religion. Especially would I speak of the Rationalistic school which sprung from him. All that I can here say is that the critical and psychological nature of his philosophy prepared the way for, if it did not render necessary, a theology that should rest, like that of Schleiermacher, on a psychological rather than on a dogmatic basis.

The influence of Schleiermacher, and through him that of Spinoza, and less directly that of Kant, has been one of the most fundamental elements in the later German theology. Strauss wittily compares a part of the later German theology to sausage-meat,— the comparison, he tells us, is not more ignoble than the thing,— in which the orthodox tradition furnishes the solid portion, Schleiermacher the fat, and Hegel the spice. Schenkel, himself a most marked exception to the statement, tells us, more seriously, that since the pioneer work of Schleiermacher all presentations of dogmatic theology have been more or less dependent upon his conception of religion. This controls the entire new theology, so far as it rises above rationalism. Even those theologians who seek to convince themselves and others that it is absolutely necessary to go back to the faith of the Fathers cannot wholly escape from the mighty impulse that went forth from him. The overpowering might of his spirit works in them, even if unconsciously.

It is interesting, indeed, and somewhat singular to observe the variety of systems that base themselves upon the doctrine of Schleiermacher,— the various forms, more or less orthodox, into which this sense of absolute dependence may be cast.

The general tendency of the influence of Schleiermacher must, however, be in the direction of liberalism; for, when once this sense of dependence has been made the ground and the test of dogma, whatever is artificially attached to it will have no root, and will be apt to wither. Terms that are suggested by custom, and have only the possibility of their use to sustain them, will tend to pass into disuse, when the force which caused the custom shall have spent itself.

Thus we have a very large portion of the modern German

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theology, somewhat conservative in tone, but wholly liberal in all its interpretations of doctrine. Of this, the system of Schwegler may serve as a good example, his sense of historic continuity and his love for it not standing in the way of the freest treatment of his material; while the system of Biedermann, to which I shall refer again in another connection, in its freer handling of traditional form and historical succession, may illustrate what appears to me to be the ultimate tendency of the general movement.

We need not trust merely to foreign examples of the influence of such teaching as we have considered. We can illustrate it by purely subjective experiment. The philosophy of Spencer, though it is, compared with that which has been occupying our thought, very crude, is yet as well fitted to suggest the sense of absolute dependence as that of Spinoza. The God of Schleiermacher is even more unknowable than the absolute of Herbert Spencer; for this, Spencer tells us, is a power, while the God of Schleiermacher is an abstraction higher than power. It would be as possible to construct upon the system of Herbert Spencer a system of theology that should bear a certain external resemblance to the ecclesiastical theology, as to construct such a one upon the system of Schleiermacher. It is easy to see, however, that such a system would be to a large extent artificial, that much of it would in time be swept away, that only the simplest expression of religious belief could maintain itself upon such a foundation. An elaborate theology requires something at least in some degree knowable. The structure that Mansell sought to build above the unknowable of Sir William Hamilton vanished amid the clouds, and a somewhat similar fate must attend similar attempts, however different their method.

The phrase that I quoted from Strauss shows what has been the other philosophical element prominent in modern German theology, or, in other words, in modern liberalism. If the theology of feeling, vague and yielding as it is, may be compared to the unorganized fat, the sharp dialectic and the audacious utterances of Hegel may well be compared to the spice of the later theology; and the epigram of Strauss may

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show how widely the influence of this philosophy has made itself felt.

The first utterance of his system by Hegel was hailed with rapture by a large portion of the orthodox world. Here at last was the orthodox theology met by a philosophical system to which it could easily accommodate itself. The threefold process of Hegel furnished easy suggestion of the doctrines of the Trinity, of the atonement, and the other portions of the theologic scheme. You will nowhere find a picture of Christianity more beautiful than that given by Hegel in his *Philosophy of Religion*, in statements that can be accepted at once by the orthodox, if only he be not too orthodox, and by the liberal, if he be really liberal.

A very superficial acquaintance with history of modern philosophy and theology is sufficient to show how suddenly this joy was to be turned into mourning. The welcomed ally proved to be the most deadly foe that the old theology has been forced to grapple with. If it be said that this hostility grew not out of the Hegelian philosophy, properly so called, but out of a misconception of this, the general fact remains the same. This misconception, or transformation, grew out of the system itself. The original Hegelianism, if it were not identical with this destructive form of thought, was yet the source of it. This was introduced with it into the citadel of faith. It matters little to the farmer, who mercifully takes the freezing and starving she-wolf to his fireside, whether the subsequent ravage be committed by her or by her brood. Not the moral, but solely the historical, connection at present concerns us. While the disastrous results that have come upon the old theology from the side of Hegelianism are familiar, perhaps the method by which these results were accomplished is less familiar. Beside the historical importance of the question and its importance for our present theme, the process to which it refers might well excite our interest. This transformation of the system of Hegel from a friend to a most dreaded foe is as wonderful in its way as the transformation of the philosophy of Spinoza, at first regarded as a deadly enemy to Christianity; after-

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wards becoming, as we have seen, the foundation of a large part of modern Christian thought. I proceed, then, to point out some of the elements in the philosophy of Hegel which fit it for this twofold relation to Christianity.

The first of these elements that I would name is the part which *Vorstellungen* play in this system. I have used the word in its German form, because it is difficult to decide what English word to place as its equivalent, or rather because it has no English equivalent. The word "Conception," in some of its looser uses, might answer; but the word would be confusing, because it would not determine which of its varying uses were meant, and its strict use would mislead. The word "Representation" is a nearer translation; the difficulty being, however, that in this connection it would furnish, without explanation, absolutely no meaning to one unfamiliar with the original. *Vorstellungen* are our methods of representing truths to ourselves. They hover midway between abstract thought and concrete imagination. Perhaps the word "Symbol," in one of its common uses, may illustrate the meaning of the word we are considering.

We sometimes say of statements of belief that they are not absolutely true; yet we can use them as symbols of truth, inadequate, indeed, but yet practically sufficient. It may be seen at a glance that a view of religious expressions and beliefs represented by this use of the word "symbol," may work very naturally in either of two directions, according to the mood or purpose of him who uses it. It may take the form of Catholicity, leading one to accept widely different statements of belief in general, or any one form of belief in particular, as symbolically true; or it may lead one to reject the same statements as only symbolically true, and thus as actually false. This already may help to explain the relation, at first friendly, then hostile, of the Hegelian philosophy to the older theology. This would be clearer, if we consider more definitely the nature of these representations, if I may use the term, and their relation to the system of philosophy we are considering.

In the first place, the philosophy brings to light the real

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truth contained in these representations, and thus apparently justifies them. The statements, even to the orthodox holder of them, come to have a meaning that they have not had before. He had taken them as they were given to him, and because they were given to him. They had perhaps been little more to him than shells or husks. But now suddenly he has found a kernel of meat in the shell. He sees for himself the meaning and the sacred truth that had been hidden in these traditional forms. Before, he had believed because he was told that the statements were true. Now, he believes because his reason tells him they are true. The fatal step is made, fatal to the permanent hold of these statements upon his mind, when he is content to let his faith rest upon the authority of the reasoning. For the next step is that these statements are seen to be only symbols. One of the first disturbing forces that this consciousness sets free is the knowledge that, being only symbols, they are not necessarily the only possible ones. Then, too, perhaps he may find that no symbols are necessary. One who has received certain forms of belief as sacred, and is troubled when these are attacked, finds a certain satisfaction in any reasoning that permits him honestly to use the old words. But one to whom they have never been thus sacred is less grateful for such a possibility. He can use the old creed, but he has no special desire to do this. If he is to have a creed, it must be one that naturally and necessarily grows out of his own fundamental conviction. Thus, as soon as any form of faith is shown to be merely a symbol,— that is, a form under which the mind can conveniently represent to itself some deeper and absolute truth,— so soon does this form of faith begin to lose its hold upon the hearts of men.

But, besides this negative effect upon a belief produced by the changing of what had been regarded as statements objectively true into mere subjective representations of the truth, there is a positive element involved. These forms of statement are found to be logically inconsistent with one another, and, still worse, inconsistent with themselves. "You may use them," cries Philosophy; and, in consideration of

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our human weaknesses, she adds: "Perhaps, on the whole, you had better use them. They are not true, indeed. Moreover, you cannot affirm one without implicitly denying the rest; and, when you look closely at any one, you see that it dissolves into contradictions, and means nothing. But still they may be in some way comforting to you, and so on the whole you had better use them." Beliefs that are held on such conditions as these you may be very sure will not be held very firmly or very long.

This leads us to notice a second great element in the relation of the Hegelian philosophy to liberalism in religion. I mean the logical method of the philosophy, that terrible Hegelian dialectic. This is, perhaps, especially the element of spice to which Strauss refers as contributed by this philosophy to modern theology. It begins in the mildest and most tolerant manner possible. It accepts everything. It encourages you to state your thought, and it accepts it. It encourages you to defend it, to develop it. It helps you in the work. When you can go no farther, it comes to your aid. You think you have found an ally, and rejoice in the gain. But all this is only a terrible irony. As your thought is thus developed, it changes before your eyes. It dissolves into contradictory elements and disappears, or it becomes transformed into something else. You have nothing to say. It is your own thought and your own method carried out to their logical results. And then you are shown the inner kernel of it all, that which remains as the result of the process, or the higher truth of which your partial statement was a fragment. Perhaps you are not quite ready for this, or do not care for it. Perhaps you accept the new results gladly. In either case, the old creed has lost its strength.

In this school Strauss was trained. His *Christliche Glaubenslehre*, or *Doctrine of Christian Faith*, is perhaps the most damaging blow that the old theology, if not all theology, in the strict use of the term, has as yet received. While his *Life of Jesus* has produced a more popular effect, I think that this has affected even more powerfully the theological world. The later works on theology seem to be endeavoring

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to recover their science from the effects of this onslaught. They seek forms of statement which have not felt his destructive touch, sometimes for the reason, perhaps, that they were not in existence at the moment of his attack; or they accept to a large extent his results, and seek to make the best of them. But Strauss did not so much attack the dogmas of theology as, by the method to which I have referred, let them follow out their own premises to their own results.

But, in the third place, the logical method of which I spoke is, after all, only one form of the mighty process which the Hegelian philosophy represents as going on in the universe, we might even say as constituting the universe. The universe, according to this system, is only the Hegelian dialectic embodied in measureless proportions. Especially is this true in the world of human life. The world in all its periods, and in a special manner our human history, throbs with the pulses of this infinite process. Personalities, even the mightiest, lose their importance in the presence of this mighty movement. They mark one of the stages it has reached, it embodies itself momentarily in them, it uses them, and leaves them behind it, as it seeks new embodiments and new instruments. Forms of life, forms of belief, thus have all their truth and their importance; but it is a truth that proves their partial falseness, an importance that remands them to a position of comparative insignificance. No result is final, yet none is wholly lost. Each is taken up into a higher and more perfect result that follows it. Its destruction and its preservation are parts of the same act, and may be expressed in the same word. We thus see how, from another point of view, Hegelianism may work in the direction of liberality. Dogmatism assumes perfect results to have been accomplished once for all. The Bible is such a perfect result. It came in faultless perfection from the hand of God. It is in some absolute sense the word of God, God's Book. It has thus absolute authority for all after times and peoples. But such a hard, unyielding, and foreign perfectness cannot be left to stand amid the play of the infinite proc-

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ess of which I have spoken. It must become transparent and fluent. It also must thrill with the pulse-beats of the life of the world. This view tends very naturally to criticism like that of Baur. To him the New Testament writings represent opposing elements. These elements embody themselves in one and another of the great actors in this drama of fate, and dictate all their words. If Paul hopes to preach the gospel at Rome, it is from no human love and longing; it is not from the central power of Christian love. He speaks as an embodiment of one element in the process that was working itself out through him and the other personages that figure in this great moment of the history of the world. Peter, the logical antithesis of Paul, had preached at Rome his conception of Christian truth, and now Paul must be there to offset this statement by his own. It was positive and negative eternally at war, yet eternally attracting one another.

We thus begin to comprehend the most important and fundamental of the influences by which the philosophy of Hegel has worked in the direction of liberalism. It is found in the fact that by this philosophy, according to the method in which it has been generally interpreted, the idea of the supernatural, in the sense at least in which religious dogmatism has used this word, was rendered wholly impossible. This relation of his system to religious thought was recognized by Hegel himself, when he referred to the idea of a God existing over against the world as an example of the *Vorstellung*, or symbolic representation. This does not involve necessarily the extreme results reached by one large, if not the ruling, class of his followers, but it would seem to be wholly in antagonism with any interference in the course of the world by any supernatural power; and it is in the idea of such interferences that religious dogmatism has most loved to intrench itself. We thus see that the tendency of the Hegelian philosophy is in the direction of an absolute naturalism. Nothing else than this, under some form or other, is indeed compatible with that infinite process, working through countless minor processes, which is fundamental to the system, and which is enthroned, by so many of

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its votaries, as God. This does not imply materialism. It is in fact absolutely opposed to materialism; yet, the human mind being constituted as it is,—seizing apparent results rather than nicely distinguishing between delicate methods, —it might easily, if not logically, lead to a *quasi* materialism.

It does not imply that God becomes self-conscious only in man, though it might easily suggest this belief. It does not necessarily imply that certain events, regarded as miraculous, did not occur, though this inference lies very near to it. It affirms only that the great movement of the process of the history of the world was never, and can never be, interfered with. The great play of forces, immaterial indeed, in a certain sense spiritual, goes its own way eternally. The world is objective thought, and thus akin to the life of thought within; but it moves by the laws of an iron logic of which Nature is the embodiment, a logic that presses toward its results with a pitiless and unyielding persistency. It is this element of the philosophy that we are considering which has worked under and through those which we have already considered. It was this that gave the impulse to distinguish between the concrete representation and the abstract thought. It was the impulse to let these concealed logical forces find free and open play — or, more strictly, perhaps it was the pressure of these forces to find free and open play — that led to the reduction of these representations into their inherent contradictions. It was the reverence for these logical forces which rule the world that led to the magnifying of them, until the personalities in which they had embodied themselves sank into comparative insignificance. It was this, finally, that led to the absolute reverence for the natural as contrasted with the supernatural, and to the exclusion from the possibility of thought of any interruption to the sweep of the great forces embodied in the universe.

In the realm of theological controversy, Strauss naturally presents himself as the most prominent representative of the naturalistic tendencies resulting from the philosophy of Hegel. Out of this sprung his *Life of Jesus*. The mythical origin to which he ascribes all occurrences which may be con-

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sidered miraculous, and even his critical treatment of the stories of the so-called miraculous, would have little weight, were it not for the assumption that the time has come when such stories can no longer be believed.

We have thus studied, so far as circumstances permitted, chiefly, two illustrations of our general theme. We have considered the relation of the system of Spinoza practically taking form in the theology of Schleiermacher, and of the philosophy of Hegel in the direction of modern liberalism. The system of Schleiermacher and that of Hegel stood apparently in absolute contrast over against one another. It was one of those moments of dramatic interest which history seems as fond of producing as the dramatic art itself, when Schleiermacher and Hegel stood over against one another in Berlin, the one proclaiming a theology based upon feeling, the other, with equal earnestness and in sharp contrast, insisting upon a theology of thought. For the moment there seemed no possibility of reconciliation. But the theology of feeling and the theology of thought show themselves at last, like the difference between Paul and James, like so many other contrasts that have suggested bitter strife, to be a difference of emphasis rather than one of fundamental fact. Feeling cannot furnish a theology without thought, and thought would be nothing without the crude feeling which furnish us its material. These two opposite tendencies find at least their partial reconciliation in the theology of Biedermann. Trained in the school of Hegel, and also accepting the starting-point of the theological school of Schleiermacher, he finds no difficulty in blending the most important contributions of each into a common result. He is a strong writer and thinker. He writes like a philosopher rather than a theologian. His results may seem somewhat pale and cold to the warm religious heart. Schenkel characterizes his position very well, when he tells us that, from the powder to which Strauss had ground the forms of faith, Biedermann has distilled an essence. I confess that to myself this outcome is far from satisfying. Yet I confess also that, after wandering among the subjectivities

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of the school of Schleiermacher, the attempt of Biedermann to find some statement of theologic thought that shall be objectively true, is thoroughly refreshing. It is like emerging from a cavern to the external world. It may be a very bare and barren landscape that the eye rests upon, but it is a landscape none the less. And I cannot but believe that at this point may be the beginning of a new era in the history of theology.

We have now to ask, What general principles in regard to the relation of philosophy to theology may be gathered from the facts which we have studied? The first of these principles which suggests itself to me is found in the fact that philosophy perhaps most naturally attacks the old dogma, not by directly setting itself in opposition to it, but by taking away the logical necessity from which it had sprung. Men rejoice to find that they can still utter something very like the old expressions, with something not wholly different from the old meaning. That dogma they think has passed a crisis in the history of thought, and it still stands unmoved. They do not know that it has been severed from its root. A creed that one simply can utter is not a creed that lives. A creed, to have permanence, needs behind it an absolute necessity of utterance, like the "Here I stand: I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen" of Luther. When this necessity is removed, the ultimate doom of the creed is sealed. By such insidious processes, by such irony of toleration, have the old dogmas been to a great degree destroyed. Not till a later stage has come the fierce onslaught which is the most stern method of applying the principles of the same philosophical system.

A more important suggestion which appears to me to arise from the facts that have passed before us, as well as from others to which I have not had space to refer, is that it is philosophy that has been the great instrument in the growth of the liberal thought of modern times. This, however commonplace it may seem at the first utterance of it, is a statement directly opposed to one of the fundamental assumptions of the popular thought of to-day. This assumes

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that the progress of liberalism is due to science alone. The popular thought represents Theology as holding her positions firmly, until she is crowded from them step by step by the pressure of a constantly advancing and pitiless science. I am inclined to think that many professed representatives of science would be a little surprised to find how small a part physical science has played in the history of theology. It has affected strongly the popular mind, and its influence has been in the direction of naturalism; but the great movement of theology — the theology of the theologians — has been accomplished with little aid from it.

It is philosophy that has given to modern theology the naturalistic direction which it is now to so large an extent taking. It was Spinoza who laid the foundations of naturalism broad and deep. It was Kant who corrected a certain extravagance of speculation, and by directing attention to psychological analysis prepared the way for new achievements in philosophic thought. It was Hegel who contributed the most to make strong the sense of the invariable processes which control and manifest themselves in the changes in the world and in history; and it was the interpretation that the most numerous portion of his followers gave to his system that especially stimulated the naturalistic tendency which marks the habit of thought of Germany. Science is a product, not the cause of the tendency that we are considering.

It is important that this point should be fully understood. Many, considering that it is physical science which has given the great impulse to the present tendencies of theologic thought, look upon it as being in some way the arbiter in regard to all questions relating to spiritual things. If a man be distinguished as a scientist, if he be familiar with the laws that control the relations of matter, it is taken for granted that he has some special authority in regard to spiritual matters, and his utterances on these themes are listened to as oracles. One might as well interrogate the sailor on the lookout at the bows as to the course which the ship is to follow. If you wish to know this, ask the helmsman; or rather ask the captain, who, aloof and apparently uncon-

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cerned, controls the whole. Philosophy, however much decried at present by those who are most controlled, however indirectly, by her influence, will be in the future, as she has been in the past, the great ruler of the thought of the world.

In this essay I have spoken, as I promised, chiefly as an historian. It has been necessary to touch upon many grave questions. Chief among these are those which arise in regard to the natural and the supernatural, the meaning of the terms and their relation to one another. These questions are too grave to be treated as adjuncts to another theme. I have had simply to recognize existing facts in the history of thought, and to seek their cause. Especially do I regret that the negative character of the theme leaves no place to do justice to the very important positive results of the work of Schleiermacher.

One point, however, the theme forces upon our consideration. This is the general relation of religion to philosophy. Religion must be recognized as one of the essential and fundamental facts of life. It is a fact that does not ask either of philosophy or science leave to be. It is a fact to be recognized both by philosophy and science. For the reason already referred to,—namely, the abstract nature of philosophy,— no system of philosophy can be expected to do absolute justice to religion. Religion may well accept and even seek whatever explanation or help philosophy can offer. But so soon as it attempts to rest its claim to acceptance upon any system of philosophy, so soon does it lose its true strength. So far as it attempts to cut itself down to meet the standard of any philosophical system, so far does it sacrifice something of its fulness. Even Schleiermacher, basing, as he claimed to do, his theology upon religious feeling, yet, I cannot but believe, left out of the account much that is essential to the completeness of religion, owing to the requirements of the philosophical system which he had adopted. Religion represents the fulness of the nature, each system of philosophy represents only a part of the nature.

> "Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be,"

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but religion is an eternal factor in the life of the soul. Theology should still maintain her old position as queen of philosophy as well as of science. All the more important is it that she should develop from her own principles, and by the methods of the science which belongs to her, results which shall include nothing foreign to religion, but all that belongs to it. If this is done, the partial tendencies of philosophy will be corrected. Philosophy will become more and more the worthy ally of religion. Already we see philosophy beginning to occupy a higher position than she has done of late. Especially does the later school of the interpreters of Hegel promise rich results in this direction. This is not the place to discuss what wing best represents the views of Hegel himself. There can be no question, however, that, under the interpretation referred to, the philosophy shows itself capable of producing richer fruits than it has before borne.

But, whatever this or that system may do for her, Religion, leaning upon none, using the best results of all, maintaining her central position in the fulness of its beauty and strength, will lack neither the interpretations of philosophy nor the illustrations of science.

C. C. EVERETT.

ETHICAL LAW AND SOCIAL ORDER.*

After this essay was planned and partly composed, the publication of Mr. Spencer's *Data of Ethics* made it necessary for your essayist to suspend his work until he could determine, by such examination as the time would allow, whether he should continue it as an independent student of ethical science, or come here as an exponent of the doctrines of Mr. Spencer. A careful reading of Mr. Spencer's book has convinced me that it does not contain all the data of ethics, and moreover — what is more to my purpose as a believer in the general doctrine of evolution — it does not contain the most important conclusions which may be drawn by one who accepts the general principles and methods which

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have shaped Mr. Spencer's system. As it stands, *The Data of Ethics* does not furnish such an explanation of ethical evolution as would give us a complete history of the past; nor such an exposition of ethical principles as might furnish a sufficient standard for the future.

In studying ethics and the law of social evolution, we must remember one characteristic of the science wherein it differs from many others. We are to inquire not merely what is, but also what ought to be; and not merely what ought to be in accordance with immutable laws which work beyond human control, but also what ought to be in regard to means and ends which are to be the result of human choice, willing, and action.

The discussion will be limited to a consideration of human life upon the earth. For although the ethical conceptions of one who believes in God and the immortal life cannot be precisely the same as those of one who does not believe in them, the influence of religion upon ethics will not change the nature of moral action nor shift its standards. It will have its effect rather upon the intensity of conviction, the energy with which moral ends will be pursued, the emphasis to be laid upon certain duties, and the account to be made of conceivable results which extend beyond the limits of terrestrial life.

Thirty years ago Mr. Spencer wrote of the "Divine Idea," and of "Scientific Morality" as a "statement of the mode in which life must be regulated so as to conform" to the conditions under which that idea was to be realized. To-day he drops the phrase and the method; and without detriment to our argument we may follow his example.

[A synopsis of Mr. Spencer's *Data of Ethics* was given at this point, in order to make the discussion intelligible to those who had not read the book, and is now omitted for want of space. The statement of Mr. Spencer was accepted as being true in general, so far as the lower stages of moral progress are concerned; but exception was taken to the main proposition, that the production of pleasure is the highest end of moral action. Mr. Spencer says: "Acts are called

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good or bad, according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends. . . . In the ethical sense, conduct is considered by us as good or bad, according as its aggregate results, to self or others or both, are pleasurable or painful. . . . Pleasure somewhere, at some time, to some being or beings, is an inexpugnable element of the conception. . . . The final justification for maintaining life can only be the reception from it of a surplus of pleasurable feeling over painful feeling; and . . . goodness or badness can be ascribed to acts which subserve life or hinder life only on this supposition. . . . The good is universally the pleasurable."]

This discussion, so far as it relates to Mr. Spencer's theory, will be limited to the statement that the production of happiness is the highest end of moral action.

Before discussing the merits of this theory, I shall make the statement which I had prepared because it will bring into notice a different, and I think more powerful, incentive to the highest moral action, one which is not antagonistic to the love of happiness as a moral incentive, but supplementary to it, implicitly contained in Mr. Spencer's theory, but nowhere explicitly stated. I make the statement with diffidence because it is new, and has not been sufficiently criticised. But I submit it with confidence, because it seems to me to be a logical deduction from the law of evolution; because it supplements what seem to me to be the defective systems of Darwin and Spencer; because I cannot apply it to any case of moral casuistry where it does not suggest a shorter answer, and indicate duty by a more immediate process than any other theory of evolution; and because it accords with and explains in comprehensible terms the universal judgments of mankind.

The foundation of morals lies in the perception of human rights. The primary rights which have been successively acknowledged are three: namely, 1. The right to life; 2. The right to happiness; 3. The right to improvement of life and enlargement of its resources. These primary rights of the individual are the measure of his duties to society. These duties are the negative and positive forms of obligation to

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respect the life, the happiness, and the improvement of others in society. These three primary rights and their correlated duties come into notice in regular order. They are acted upon as instincts before they appear as rational perceptions. They are necessary amplifications of the belief that anybody has a right to live. Each right and duty is absolute on its own level, and over all below it, so long as it does not conflict with a higher range of rights and duties. If there be any conflict, the lower gives way to the higher. The lower obligations emerge first. When life is held by a slender tenure, everything is adapted to the conduct which will ensure safety. When safety is secured, the right of happiness becomes a higher law by which all mutual relations in society are regulated. Life and happiness being fairly established, the longing to increase the quantity and improve the quality of life establishes a new order of moral relations.

How the love of life and the love of happiness, which suggest the right and duty to maintain them, have become part of the human constitution, we need not consider at length; for they are now commonplaces in the literature of evolution. But a word of explanation may be necessary concerning that which I have made the third stage of moral evolution, — the improvement of life. I do not find any one word which expresses what I mean by that phrase. It is improvement, betterment, progress, development, evolution,— improvement of conditions, betterment of function, increasing adaptation of means to ends, development of all one's native powers; and it is something more than all these. It is in some form a perception of the orderly course of unfolding which has brought human life to its present perfection. It is also an instinct which in the course of that unfolding has been developed in the human mind, in precisely the same way that the instinct of sympathy, and the instinctive love of life and happiness have been produced.

On the theory of evolution, many ages before man became a rational being, there was going on a process by which he was being shaped and guided toward that rational stage. At first, he was the blind, unconscious subject of laws. If

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he was adapted to his surroundings, he survived. If not, he perished. Among those who survived were naturally those who wanted to survive, and who had the best resources for defence. They also who had the greatest relish for the pleasure-giving acts which sustain and prolong life, and were best equipped with the means of securing those pleasures, were most likely to live and propagate their kind. In like manner, and long before man became aware of the process by which he was being shaped, the instinct of evolution began to appear. They who had the greatest desire to improve the quality of their lives procured the best implements, weapons, food, clothing, and shelter, and constantly tended to become superior to their rivals and antagonists, who had no such impulse. It is in accordance with the law of evolution to say that, when man appeared on the earth a rational creature, capable of noting his own actions and meditating upon them, he was already, by no act or determination of his own, a progressive being. When he comes to the rational stage, he begins to act with reference to a perception of this fact. The law of evolution was a matter of daily observation. It was clearly seen in the progress of each individual as he passed from infancy to maturity. It was clearly seen that the welfare and dignity of each individual required him to make that passage successfully. Man was not long in discovering that not only was there a natural and orderly process of evolution for the individual, but that each could by his own resources so aid that development that the whole series of improvements might be lifted far above that which would go on under favorable circumstances without special effort, and also that the whole series might be degraded or even reversed by the acts of the individual or the acts of his fellows, even while they were seeking their pleasures.

Still further, as man became possessed of reminiscences, traditions, and records of past generations, he became aware of improvements made on a larger scale. Whole families were to be contrasted, some advancing, some retrograding, tribes improving or deteriorating, nations rising or

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falling. Without perceiving the philosophic law of evolution, the fact was noted, and the principles it suggested applied. When it happened that man perceived this law of evolution, and began to classify the rights and duties which related to the maintenance of progress or operated as a check to deterioration, then for the first time, in the modern, ordinary, and highest sense, morality appeared. Before that time, man was like the brutes, subject to the law of natural selection; after that, rational selection became the law of his conduct. Then for the first time was there present among the motives which regulate human action one which in all codes of morality is admitted to have absolute authority over all the passions and powers of the individual and the rights and privileges of society.

This conception of an absolute and imperative obligation and opportunity has shaped both by heredity and by tradition a whole class of aversions and approvals. Corresponding to the intuitive perceptions of symmetry, order, beauty, and grandeur in the outer world, there are now developed intuitive perceptions of the beauty and grandeur of the best products of moral evolution in human nature. Without regard to the production of pain and pleasure, without thought of the consequences which follow the possession of the highest manly and womanly qualities, these are now seen to be worthy to be attained, even at the sacrifice, if need be, of pleasure. A baby is delightful. But a man with baby ways is a slobbering idiot. All art celebrates the beauty of an infant. But a maiden with the form, features, and proportions of an infant, would be hideous. In like manner, men judge moral qualities, and act upon their judgments without reference to pain or pleasure.

Literature is filled with passages which indicate this judgment. Take three, which successively illustrate the love of life, the love of intellectual power, and the love of progress, when divorced from happiness. The love of life has been developed to such a degree that Walter Scott could describe the victim doomed to death by MacGregor's wife, in these terms: "He prayed for life, — for life he would give

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all he had in the world; it was but life he asked,— life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations: he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills." In the Council of Hell, Milton makes Belial express the longing of the rational creature to live the intellectual life, though it be cut off from happiness: —

> "To be no more. Sad cure, for who would lose,
> Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
> Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
> To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of sense and motion?"

With still a higher flight, in the "Prometheus Unbound," Shelley describes the passionate love of that which leads to and maintains the highest forms of human virtue.

Prometheus chained to the rocks is tormented by the fiends who do the will of Jupiter. Prometheus exclaims: —

> "No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure."
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!"
>
> * * * * * * * *

Mercury speaks: —

> "Alas!
> Thou canst not count the years to come of pain?"

Prometheus replies, and the dialogue goes on: —

> "They last while Jove must reign: no more, nor less
> Do I desire or fear."

Mer. "Yet pause and plunge
> Into Eternity, where recorded time,
> Even all that we imagine age on age,
> Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind
> Flags wearily in its unending flight,
> Till it sink dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;
> Perchance it has not numbered the slow years,
> Which thou must spend in torture, unreprieved."

Pro. "Perchance no thought can count them, yet they pass."

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Mer. "If thou couldst dwell among the gods the while
Lapped in voluptuous joy"?

Pro. "I would not quit
This bleak ravine, these unrepented pains."

Mer. "Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee."

Pro. "Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,
As light in the sun, throned: how vain is talk!
Call up the fiends."

This conception of a possible progress towards and maintenance of a higher stage of being, is the universal and powerful element in all moral codes. It is the only theory which gives dignity to the rights of the individual, and imposes upon him a duty which may in certain cases be paramount to all other obligations. Of the individual, society may demand all that he has but one thing,— his time, his money, his comfort, his happiness, his life. In emergencies, society has made these demands, and they have been honored in accordance with high ethical obligation. But one thing society may not demand, or, if demanded, the individual must not yield. Even society must not require the unit to reverse the law of evolution. On no moral ground can a man be justified if he consent to his own deterioration. Anything which requires man or woman to retrace the steps of progress which lead from the brute to the man, is condemned by every code of morality under all circumstances; and there is no other moral judgment which is thus absolute.

In the highest sense, we call all acts good which tend to accelerate evolution, or maintain the results of it; and we call all acts bad which tend to retard evolution, or destroy the results of it. The popular classification of bad actions shows how this idea is applied. Vices are wrong acts, which principally injure the individual; crimes are wrong acts, which principally injure society. The popular contempt for a vicious man is not caused by the fact that he ceases to become a useful member of society; for society will often admire an energetic criminal who directly threatens and actually imperils the peace of the world, if in so doing he

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asserts and glorifies his own personality, while they detest the man whose vices, in the popular phrase, "injure no one but himself"; and this happens because the vicious man has evidently consented to and aided in his own degradation.

It has always been seen that utility was, in some way, a test of moral action. But every attempt to establish it as such has ended ignominiously in some slough of selfishness. But, accepting the principle herein laid down, we may safely make utility the test of morals. In answer to the question, Useful for what? We may say, useful for life; useful for happiness; useful for progress. Whatever is useful for either of these is right; whatever is destructive of these is wrong; with the general qualification that the higher usefulness, in case of any conflict of duties, always takes precedence over the lower.

It now becomes the task of the superior members of the higher races so to organize society that each individual may as speedily and safely as possible pass these successive stages. They may be roughly classified as follows: —

1. The non-moral, in which impulses are obeyed and immediate gratifications are sought, with no question as to whether they are useful or injurious. This stage of social existence corresponds to that of early childhood.

2. The stage of physical morals,— the unconscious result of evolution. In this stage, that which is useful and agreeable is done without reflection. This corresponds to the morality of the pointer and the hound in Darwin's famous example.

3. The stage of conventional and imitative morals, in which utility is made an empirical test. The fortunate results of right conduct are noted, the actions which seem to have served those who have attained a higher mode of life are imitated, and moral codes are accepted on authority. This corresponds to the use of logarithms by those who could not calculate the tables.

4. Rational morals, the result of observation and reflection, of discrimination and choice of the principles which tend to produce the best results within the conditions fur-

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nished by the existing environment. This corresponds to natural science and philosophy.

5. Creative morality. In this stage, man conceives an ideal order of moral progress, nowhere provided for in any existing conditions, and sets himself to create a new environment, adapted to the ideal order which he intends to establish. This corresponds to nothing else in human life, for it is itself the consummate flower of moral progress.

When the superior races attempt to superintend the passage of the whole human family through these successive stages of progress, the question will arise, whether to adopt the method of nature, to let those survive who can, and let those perish who must, leaving the sifting of materials to the law of natural selection. There are those who are ready to announce this as the scientific method. But judging from any scientific knowledge which we have, we must say that Nature is brutal in her methods, and merciless in the execution of her penalties. Human society, attempting to imitate the methods which have been employed in shaping the earlier course of human evolution, would become an enlightened, but savage barbarism. The better conclusion must be, that Nature needs to be corrected, seconded, supplemented, by the rational foresight of the best-endowed members of the race. To natural selection must be added *rational selection.*

The two criteria which we are now to contrast with each other are briefly these: The one, that the highest end of action which any man can conceive is so to live that he and others may enjoy the greatest attainable amount of happiness. The other is, that the highest conceivable end of action is so to live that both the unit and the mass of society shall constantly advance from the lower to the higher stages of mental and moral evolution, if necessary, without regard to consequences of pain and pleasure, extrinsic or intrinsic. Now it is undoubtedly true that the course of human life has been such that there is established a strong conviction that progress and pleasure go together, and will ultimately be concomitant in every case. But it is also clear, that the two are separable in thought, that they are often separated in experi-

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ence; and it is doubtful whether this earth can ever furnish the conditions of their unbroken harmony.

Among the great merits of Mr. Spencer's theory are these: That it is founded upon the earth, among the lowest elements of our nature, in the lowest stages of its evolution; that it deals with facts, and discloses many of the right relations between the facts; that it makes morality a practical affair, and appeals to the common sense of mankind for its sanctions; that its standard is not too high; and, above all, that it makes the happiness of mankind a chief right and duty. For the majority of mankind, the acceptance of the doctrine in its present form would require a vast advance over their present moral conceptions. But the moral progress of the world does not depend upon the slow attainment of the many, but the swift advance of the few; and the great defect of the doctrine is, that it does not adequately provide for those who are to lead the moral progress of the future. If this doctrine should be accepted, and no higher elements admitted, my general impression is, that moral evolution will proceed along the path which is marked out by pains and pleasures, and that men, becoming convinced that the most agreeable course must, on the whole, be the best course, they will attempt to keep pace with their fellows, to enjoy what they enjoy, to dislike what they dislike, to avoid the sufferings which devotion to unattainable moral ends always inflict upon individuals and communities, and to evade what will be considered the abnormal struggles by which sainthood and heroism have made the processes of evolution unnecessarily painful. Visions of the unattainable ideal will give way to the practical demands of a peaceful industrialism; and thenceforth human life upon this earth will proceed to develop its possibilities by the slow evolution of a society in which each will be so fitted to his environment that it will be impossible for any one to be much better or much worse than his fellows. All pain, sorrow, and irksome toil which human wisdom can foresee and prevent will be eliminated from human life, and for what will be left that is disagreeable — the unavoidable results of accident, imperfect knowledge of natural forces,

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and the occurrence of death by old age,— these being clearly inevitable, will demand a new adjustment of the emotions in order that painful sensations may not continue to cause perturbations of the moral sense. This general impression has been confirmed by reflection.

The statement that the production of pleasure is the highest motive of moral action in any society which has ever existed upon the earth, or which at present can exist, is a reversal of the verdict of the common sense and the common conscience. Sainthood, heroism, consecration to duty, and whatever words are used to describe the highest phases of human attainment, lose their popular meaning when the production of pleasure is made the sole end of virtue. Ever since history began, those who by common consent are regarded as the moral leaders of the race have been men and women who have neglected the instinct which taught them to seek their own pleasure, and have conferred the greatest benefits upon the race by persistently neglecting the alleged source of human progress, and have enjoined this neglect upon those for whom they have sacrificed themselves. It is true their course has sometimes tended towards a perilous asceticism; but between the two perils,— asceticism on the one hand and epicureanism upon the other,— the common judgment has been, that the latter was the more dangerous and the more immoral.

The desire to produce a superior race of men and women must often lead to the deliberate sacrifice of pleasure. The hero has been described as "one who voluntarily endures labor and suffering for the sake of a good cause." The highest form of heroism is seen in the case of an individual who stands far above the multitude, and sees in himself and them possibilities of excellence which they do not see. They may be happy and contented. He sees that to tell them what he knows, and stimulate them to make the progress which will advance them to his own stage of evolution, will bring to them disturbance of their mutual relations, will break the continuity of their lives, will destroy their accustomed pleasures, will unfit them for their social environ-

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ment, and bring upon himself reproach, as one who stirreth up strife. But he will make the experiment nevertheless, although he may not be able to foresee the issue in happiness. He would make the experiment, although it were impossible to determine whether this planet of ours is capable of sustaining the superior race of men and women which can be created in imagination.

No one can scientifically prove that men are happier than monkeys. No one can prove that the total amount of happiness upon this earth has been increased by the emergence of man from the brute condition. No one can prove that the surplus of pleasure is greater in the lives of the handful who are the flower of civilization than in the lives of the multitude who only fulfil the conditions of a physical equilibrium and a balance of vital functions. Pleasures of a higher order have been introduced, but more exquisite pains rise up to match them. The course of progress in its higher aspects has always been attended with labor, peril, pain, difficulty; and these have not been tokens of wrong, but signs of growth,— the labor-pains of progress.

We may admit what Mr. Spencer asserts, that in all the lower stages of life pain and pleasure are guides to those actions which sustain and prolong life; that pleasure stimulates the vital functions, while pain depresses them; that the avoidance of pain and the increase of pleasure are legitimate and satisfactory ends of endeavor in the great majority of cases; and that the pursuit of these ends results in progress from the indefinite, incoherent, and monotonous acts of the lower stages of life to the definite, coherent, and diversified actions of the higher forms of vitality. If this were all, and if the process were continued without interruption after rational existence was established, we might accept Mr. Spencer's moral system without a question. But a difficulty arises when we observe that pleasure and pain which are such trusty guides in lower stages of life, become less and less so in the higher. Mr. Spencer meets the objection, first, by disputing the fact, then by admitting it and explaining it. He disputes the fact (p. 84), and says that those who

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assert it "are required, in the first place, to show us where the line is to be drawn between the two; and then to show us why the system which succeeds in the lower will not succeed in the higher." That line it is, of course, impossible to draw, as it is impossible to tell where vegetable life ends and animal life begins,— where brutish instinct gives birth to human reason, or where animal impulse gives place to moral control. Moreover, we are not required to make the attempt. The history of evolution is one long record of the coming in of new controls, superseding and supplanting those which — their transient purpose being served — disappear, leaving their traces in unused functions and rudimentary organs.

After disputing the fact, he explains it (p. 85) by showing that vicious pleasures and salutary pains merely imply that special and proximate pleasures and pains fail throughout a wide range of cases, which are incidental and temporary. He admits that mankind (p. 99), in passing from the animal conditions, "has been subject to a change of conditions unusually great and involved. This," he says, "has considerably deranged the guidance by sensations, and has deranged in a much greater degree the guidance by emotions. The result is, that in many cases pleasures are not connected with actions which must be performed, nor pains with actions which must be avoided and contrariwise." This disarrangement is, he asserts, temporary. We may admit this explanation as a true one. But it certainly brings us to a place where some other and higher control than pain or pleasure must be introduced. What shall guide the conduct when the right action is difficult and painful, and the wrong conduct easy and pleasurable? Mr. Spencer says the perception of ultimate pleasures, remote ends, represented pains and pleasures.

The more I contemplate the answer, the more inadequate it appears. The case is this: Ever since man emerged from the brute condition, he has found himself more and more at odds with the forces which surround him. As he makes moral and intellectual progress, the derangement becomes

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more complete. Every step he takes in advance discloses new difficulties, introduces him to new pains, demands the sacrifice of some pleasures, the control of others, and the postponement of others. He comes into a moral environment, where to obey the instinct which once guided him safely is to invite moral ruin; and this state of things he sees does not draw near its close, but rather there opens before him a career of indefinite length, in which the course of progress must be sustained, not by passive yielding to the influences which play upon him, but by conquering for himself a place worthy his powers, and keeping it, spite of all threats of pain or attractions of pleasure.

The great achievement of the rational man is not adapting himself to the environment in which he finds himself. Savages have done that as successfully as civilized men. The great achievement of the saint, the hero, the sage, is in creating derangement by rising above and becoming unsuited to his social environment, and then falling to work to create a new environment. The rational powers survey the field of human action and the course of human progress; and perceiving that all along that course the field is strewn with the wrecks which indicate the waste of the finest products of human life, cast off and destroyed in the effort of man to live the healthy life of a brute, they declare that these fine, fragile, perishable elements are best, with all their pains and perils, and they determine that they shall remain, and that a new environment shall be created in which they shall at last be safe.

This also Mr. Spencer sees and admits; and his explanation is, that if such a course of action be continued, it will end in pleasure. That no moralist denies. The question is, whether in striving for that high good, the civilized man is guided by a calculation of pains and pleasures or by some other motive. If, during all historic time, the derangement which Mr. Spencer admits has continued, if it still continues, and is likely to continue for a time of which no one can foresee the end; and if so long as this derangement continues, pleasure and pain are not, and cannot be, direct guides

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of action, then there must be some other rule of life by which mankind has been and is to be guided. Pain and pleasure no doubt have been sufficient guides for those who have survived, but they have certainly failed in the case of those who perished. This objection would be of no weight, if those who survived were always the best, and those who perished were always the worst. But this is true neither in the lower nor the higher stages of development. The law of natural selection which preserved the Hottentot and destroyed the Greek needs amendment in the interest of the higher products of evolution.

So far as we can judge, in the light of any scientific knowledge we now have, the existence of man upon this earth is an accident, the emergence of civilized man from the savage condition is an accident, the continuance of human society upon this planet is not yet assured, and the maintenance of any desirable rate of progress will depend upon the skill with which man secures himself against possible and very probable contingencies in which all the gains of the past will be threatened. During the eternity which lies behind us, the material of which our solar system is composed may have been shaped into the form of planets capable of supporting life millions of times. How many times it has been barren of intelligent life, we may not attempt to say. But, among the myriads of worlds, one world counts for no more than the dust in the balance. Tennyson might have written

> And finding that of fifty worlds
> She often brings but one to bear,

and it would have been as true of worlds as of seeds. The most ardent advocates of the doctrine of evolution, holding that life was spontaneously generated, admit that the process cannot now be repeated, and that if the fortunate moment in the life of the planet when that generation was possible had passed, the earth would have gone on its way, from its birth to its final catastrophe, barren as a granite boulder. Man alone among the primates, at the fortunate moment when it was possible, lifted himself out of the grooves in which the rest of the brute creation seems doomed to run

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its course to the end of terrestrial history. But there is no absolute scientific reason why the highest inhabitants of the earth should not have been monkeys or apes, and not men. Suppose in that hypothetical Lemuria now lying beneath the Indian Ocean, in which Sclater supposes mankind to have originated, an army of gorillas had overwhelmed these human creatures, not yet fairly on their legs, as the Goths and Vandals invaded Rome, what scientific reason have we to suppose the catastrophe might not have been fatal and final?

The monuments of the pre-historic world are the fossil remains of extinct races. Since history began, we see evidences of the same profusion of resources and the same indifference to waste, and the wholesale destruction of the best results of evolution. Elaborate civilizations have been evolved, and recklessly destroyed. The earth is strewed with the ruins of glorious empires. Cambodia, India, Persia, Syria, Egypt, Mexico, Peru, to say nothing of the lost Atlantis, witness to the indifference of Nature. There are not wanting signs that this barbaric display of wealth will not continue forever; and that now at last the opportunity is offered which, being missed, will not return, for rational man to take into his own hands the completion of this terrestrial evolution which can advance no further without his well-considered and energetic coöperation.

Mr. Spencer says that the sense of moral obligation is a sign of the unfitness of certain functions for their work; and he prophesies that, as moralization advances, the sense of obligation will fade away. This statement is true, as a fact of experience, only of such low forms of moral obligation as imply an unwilling assent to the claims of morality. The sense of moral obligation is the sign not of organic imperfection nor of functional incapacity. It is a measure of the great tasks which men of developed moral constitution set for themselves. It is true that there is a sliding scale of duties, and that the tendency is for the sense of obligation to pass on from lower to higher forms of duty; but the sense of obligation deepens and strengthens as it passes. Nothing seems to me more illustrative of the limitations of

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Mr. Spencer's theory than this assertion. That he can foresee a time when man upon this earth shall be so adjusted to his environment that there will be no new adjustments to make, and no new moral realms to conquer, indicates a moral system without an ideal; and it sets the end of human progress so near and so low, that to accept it seems to me equivalent to a full surrender of that which has been the highest source of all human aspiration. When rational man at last comprehends the terms of the problem he is to solve, and accepts the trust which is put into his hands, he has choice of two methods,—the one to make pain and pleasure his guides to the action which will complete the process of evolution; the other to secure the progress at all hazards, trusting that the pleasure will follow.

The final and fatal objection to Mr. Spencer's system as a standard of conduct is, that pleasure cannot be made the direct object of action, either by the individual for himself, or by society at large, without moral danger. We need not discuss the point. All experience shows that he who makes pleasure the supreme end of personal endeavor invites moral deterioration without attaining his end. This is obvious enough, and Mr. Spencer admits it. The devices by which he accommodates his theory to the facts are curious. He says: "It is admitted that self-happiness is, in a measure, to be obtained by furthering the happiness of others. May it not be true that, conversely, general happiness is to be obtained by furthering self-happiness?" Another device is, to make the pleasures obtained by proximate means the immediate objects of action. In this way he who sets out in pursuit of a pleasure so remote that it cannot be enjoyed by himself may find his satisfactions in performing the acts which lead up to that distant pleasure. In this way what is lacking in proximate pleasure is made up out of represented pleasures, to be enjoyed by other people or distant generations; and what is lacking of ultimate pleasure is made up by enjoyment of the means which lead up to it.

But there is a more direct explanation. They who have done most for their fellows and themselves have not been

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guided by pleasure in any form. They have accepted it as a welcome concomitant to their high purpose,— to improve the quality of human life. That object can always be made the direct end of endeavor. It is safe to say, do that which tends to improve the quality of your life, and pleasure will follow. It is not safe to say, do that which is agreeable, proximately or remotely, and the quality of your life will improve. That is to say, one rule may be applied directly to the life, and the other cannot.

The contrast between the two rules of life can be brought out in no better way than by applying them in a case of Mr. Spencer's own choosing. He imagines a tenant farmer, a liberal, whose landlord is conservative. If the tenant votes with his landlord, he will keep his farm, and add to the prosperity of his family; but he will deny his principles, injure his party, and perhaps change the balance of power in the State. If he votes according to his principles, he will do a slight good to the State (in case he is on the right side), but he will lose his farm, and may be unable to feed his children. Mr. Spencer goes on balancing the relative advantages of each course of action, and closes with these remarkable words: "Admitting, then, that it is wrong to act in a way likely to injure the State, and admitting that it is wrong to act in a way likely to injure the family, we have to recognize the fact, that in countless cases no one can decide by which alternative courses the least wrong is likely to be done." To such a strait is a great man of severe morality reduced by the logical necessities of his system. Apply the other rule, and the uncertainty disappears at once. If every interest and advantage for himself, his family, and the State seem to be on one side, and on the other there is nothing but the honor of that solitary tenant farmer, still the duty would be clear. It would be better for England, better for his family, better for himself, that he should be driven from his home, be reduced to beggary, and die of starvation, rather than to allow himself to be turned back in the course of his development, and retrace his steps towards the brute from which he came; and that judgment is in accordance with the decision

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which would be instantly made by Mr. Spencer, if the case were his own; and it reveals that which, consciously or otherwise, is made the standard of action by all high-minded men.

There is one possible objection which may be made. We do not know what will tend to progress, any more than we know what will increase the total amount of happiness. I do not think that objection will be seriously made by any one who considers the question. Certainly no evolutionist can be allowed to make it. The perception of the law of evolution implies some accurate knowledge of the details of evolution. A wise man may be unable in any given case to say which is happier, a brute or a man; but he is no man who cannot see that the man is superior to the brute. Men of very ordinary capacities, who could not by any possibility judge concerning the relative happiness of a savage and a saint, will be able not only to perceive the difference in the quality of their lives, but to trace with considerable accuracy the degrees of excellence which separate them.

The defects of Mr. Spencer's system, to which I wish to direct attention, are briefly these: —

1. It reverses the common moral judgments of mankind, in regard to the higher forms of conduct, instead of confirming them.

2. It sets up a standard of conduct which cannot, without moral danger, be made the rule of conduct for the individual.

3. It disparages the sense of moral obligation, when it ought to strengthen it.

4. It fails to give any adequate account of the righteous conduct which has necessarily inflicted suffering.

5. It confounds happiness with well-being, and, making this to consist in adaptation to the external environment, narrows the moral outlook of the race, and causes the moral ideal to vanish.

In the lower stages, definite and coherent; in the higher, it becomes involved and confused, reminding one of the Ptolemaic system in Milton's phrase: —

> "With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er.
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

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But there is a word of commendation which I have reserved. One great merit of Mr. Spencer's system deserves to be mentioned with especial commendation. He does not make social needs the measure of individual obligations.

The doctrine that all duties are social duties seems to me in philosophy a blunder of the first magnitude, and in practice, a source of unmeasured moral danger. The logical results are tyranny and communism. Social duties are paramount only in a barbarous state of society; and success in the effort to make them the supreme law of individual conduct, can have but one issue,— the reduction of the individual to social bondage. Liberty is the result of the protest of the individual. So long as the existence or peace of any society is threatened by rival and antagonistic societies, the right of the unit to make the most of himself must be held in abeyance; but when once peace is established, the unit begins to claim his right to go on in the course of progress which will conduce to the acquirement and permanent possession of the means of individual development; therefore the demand for liberty is made. But the unit is associated with other units claiming the same right. It is seen that each can secure his own development only when he is protected in his course of progress, and the idea of justice is perceived and applied. Justice is done when the individual claims are so adjusted that each may secure his own betterment without interfering with the advancement of his fellows. Complete justice is done only when each individual is permitted to exercise his three primary rights,— the right to live, the right to be happy, the right to development. But liberty and justice being established as the result of the individual protest, the bond of social cohesion would not exist were it not for the unfolding of the brutish, gregarious instinct of sympathy into the sentiment of love. The transition took place when a mother began to love her offspring. The love of the human mother for her infant child founded the home. The affections developed in the home expanded into the wider relations of the tribe, which were at first blood relations. From this grew the patriotic love of the nation, out of which has finally emerged the enthusiasm of humanity. When the

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unit begins to feel the pull of this social bond, he thinks of himself as no longer merely a unit, but as a member of that larger unit, that vast organism, which we call humanity; and he thinks of his own progress as a contribution to the completion of a grander work,— the progress of humanity. A necessary result of this perception is the acceptance of the duty of aiding in the improvement of every other individual who is also a part of this whole,— humanity. If this perception were universal, and all individuals regulated their lives according to it, the social duty and the individual duty would become identical. But this ideal state never has existed, does not exist, and will not be established within any time which can be estimated. Meanwhile, because no where is social order established in accordance with the ideal law of society, the individual claims and maintains the right to resist society whenever it demands his degredation, or checks his progress. He may resist, he may bolt, he may emigrate and set up for himself, casting off allegiance to all existing society in accordance with the highest moral law. Upon this principle the republic is founded, and the claim of equality of all men is enforced, with the knowledge that equality of right includes inequality of mental and moral condition, and the means of maintaining whatever superiority of condition the individual can achieve under the law of equal liberty and impartial justice. The denial of this law leads to tyranny and to communism: to tyranny, when the claim is made that the strongest and the wisest have the right to restrict every individual who, in the attempt to exercise his three primary rights, disturbs the equilibrium of society. It has happened, therefore, that some of the advocates of the doctrine of social evolution have become the stoutest defenders of European despotism. When the claim is made by society that the interests which are held in common must always be paramount, the issue is communism. This, in its most offensive and dangerous form, is the declaration that all duties are social duties, and all rights social rights. It follows, of course, that the individual must be compelled to make all his gains contribute to the common stock of advantages, to be equally shared by all members of society. He

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may not use his talents, skill, superior industry, or more circumspect frugality to promote himself to a position of superior comfort, happiness, or the attainment of a more rapid rate of progress. Hence logically result trades-unions, enforced strikes, limited hours of labor, equalization of wages, and the denial of the right of the individual to work when he pleases, for whom he pleases, as long as he pleases, and for any rate of compensation which he may think it proper to demand and can get.

It was the claim of the individual to the exercise of his proper rights which established marriage, built the walls of the home, founded the State, erected the church, and inaugurated the generous rivalries of rational evolution. As this claim is denied, naturally enough the church, the State, the family, begin to fall, and the attempt is made to re-establish barbarism under the forms of civilization.

At the beginning of this paper, religion was ruled out of the discussion, because morals and religion are products of unlike instincts, emotions, and perceptions. Each has an origin, a history, and an object of its own. It will be a great gain to unity of thought, unity of moral purpose, and harmony of moral action, if morals can be shown to have a natural basis upon which, independent of all religious conceptions, atheists, agnostics, theists, and Christians may heartily agree to stand and work together. But while I am ready to maintain that a great impetus to moral progress is to be given by a recognition of this fact, I am not blind to the other fact that without an issue in religion the theory and practice of morals must continually lead men and women of the highest attainments up to a stage of life where they will see clearly, not the consummation of human hopes and the perfect result of human endeavor, but rather where they will see, as it never could have been possible before, what contrasts Nature can furnish when she puts the best terrestrial achievement which ever has been, or ever can be possible, by the side of the hope which inspired it; when she offers to hope, love, pity, reverence, the gratifying rewards of a peaceful industrialism, and bids them fold their shining wings, and stop the pulses of their eager aspiration,

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lest they wound themselves with useless beatings against the iron walls of the unknown and the unknowable.

This course of progress which man now undertakes, with the alternatives before him, progress or destruction, leads by inexorable law up to the stage where man's expanded powers demand an open way towards knowledge, opportunities, and achievements which can be obstructed by no obstacles, and successfully closed by no event. No man can acquire the magnanimous spirit of the higher morality without being brought again and again, in his striving, to the place where he will see how all common duties and weary drudgeries would instantly be "written large"—if he could feel the power of an endless life, and the reinforcement of an Almighty will, guiding the faltering steps of humanity to the perfect issues of absolute righteousness and peace. He will feel the need and see the grandeur of such a conception, although he may feel himself compelled in honest doubt to put away the too seductive and tormenting vision.

I have already said that religion will not change the quality of human duties. But to say that the expansion of the terrestrial horizon and the extension of the terrestrial perspective would add nothing to the zeal, the courage, and the content with which mankind pursues its good is to deny the record of history and experience. To suppose that religion can perish, and morality reach its highest evolution, is a reversal of all known laws of living. My conclusions may be summed up in one sentence: The course of human life upon this earth has been such that mankind has been led to love his life, and defend it; has enjoyed his life, and labored for happiness in it; has seen the opportunity, and undertaken the duty of enlarging his life, multiplying its resources, improving the quality of his powers, and of seeking constantly for higher incentives to action for nobler ends: and that by this course of living progress, he has been brought to contemplate the limit of terrestrial life and the bounds of human desire, with a distinct longing for that unbounded life, unbroken happiness, and unlimited progress which this earthly life can suggest, but cannot supply.

G. BATCHELOR.

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THOUGHT AS A DUTY.

"An age of great mental activity;" that is one of the phrases we are apt to use as descriptive of this present time. There is widespread literary productiveness; there is an enormous amount of reading; speculation, scientific, æsthetic, social, theological, penetrates everywhere, and everywhere are crowds of listeners for all or any such speculations. These phenomena justify the use of the phrase we have quoted; but we often go farther, and claim that this is an age of *thought*. Hereby we ignore the distinction between activity and action. An engine disconnected from its machinery may work with even accelerated speed and fury, but it creates nothing, it acts upon nothing, is only wasting its motive power, and wearing itself out. The question we need to ask ourselves is, whether the undeniably great mental commotion of this age is, or is not, mere activity; whether or no it possesses the element which converts activity into action,— the element, namely, of distinct, deliberate, self-conscious, reflective, and productive thought.

It were a task to tax a strong and wise brain to consider such a question in regard to our whole varied age; but perhaps we may without presumption attempt to see, what we surely ought to see, how it is with that portion of the age which falls under our own conditions,— with ourselves, in short. Do we think? If not, are we as well off without thinking, or are we losing a needed power? Let us scrutinize ourselves in some of our common aspects.

We take up, first, what may be called our literary life. Probably we all indulge a pride in the amount of reading now accomplished; we boast of our children, that they are great readers; we point with satisfaction to the immense circulation of our libraries of every sort; we are not unaware that we ourselves, albeit not bookworms, devour more books in a year than our poor ancestors could get in a lifetime. How real is the gain? I am not concerned now specially with the quality of the books thus read; that subject is

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beginning to rouse the attention it deserves: and there seems to be hope that the day is approaching when the service of a public library will be measured less by the number than the influence of the books it disseminates; when Sunday-school libraries will care less to count up their promiscuous hundreds than to circulate their select dozens; when parents will realize that there is as much difference in the food they give a child's mind as in that which they choose so carefully for its table; that if either be innutritious, tainted, poisonous, quantity will be but added mischief. But now it is the *way* of reading we wish to consider; for, after all, that is the root of the trouble. The truths just alluded to could not fail of general recognition, if our reading were more generally a matter of thought. We underestimate the influence of books, because habitually we get so little from them. It is no paradox to say, that we read largely from mental laziness. We want our minds occupied without exertion, titillated, amused. Fiction is absorbed inordinately, because it is the easiest way of getting this amusement; but many who pride themselves on their solid reading do not realize that this may be so dealt with as to furnish nothing but another form of amusement, while substantial gain may come in guise of stories. The reader makes the character of the reading. The wise studies from life, the vivid pictures from Nature, given us in the lofty fiction which is the one unique product of this age, may be hustled along without a moment's thought. "I skip all George Eliot's own talk," says one. "I never think of reading Black's descriptions," says another; while another lays down a valuable historical novel without having discovered clearly to what century or country it belongs. Travels are read without a map; histories, without a chart or book of reference; scientific works are skimmed for their entertaining facts, with no attempt to grasp the theory such facts were meant to sustain; philosophic and religious works are laid down with virtuous pride as finished, when they have met with no more exertion than has sufficed for the most superficial following of the sense of the words. A self-examination on the table of con-

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tents, or an attempt in conversation to compare the writer's views with another's, would often bring the reader almost to the brink of doubting if he had really seen the book at all. We need to recognize that we have not in truth read a book unless we know something about it,— have brought away some information, or understand clearly why we like, dislike, or disagree. This, to be sure, is not a fault new in our age, judging by a passage from William Law, author of *A Serious Call*, himself a writer whose poetic imagination and spiritual insight should have saved him from being swept out of sight by the rush of modern books. One of his characters says to another, "Your education has so accustomed you to the Pleasure of reading variety of Books that you hardly propose any other End in reading than the Entertainment of your mind. This Fault is very common to others, and even to those who only delight in reading good Books." This was written a century ago, when the supply of reading matter was what we should consider scanty indeed; and it is evident that the tendency he thus notes has increased with its opportunities for indulgence.

Precisely the same habit of mind is observable in us as listeners. No doubt the multiplication of books is one natural and proper cause for the lessened demand on the platform and pulpit; yet the spoken word has its own place, appeals to the mind with its own charm, not yet outgrown. We still wish to hear it, but we make the same conditions as with our books. The speaker must be entertaining, whatever else he is or is not; he shall be slighted who has a heavy style, a poor manner, however precious his matter; he shall be applauded who has a telling delivery, though he have nothing to deliver. Hence, partly, the excessive multiplication of schools of oratory, breeding utterers of other men's thoughts, without demand for original thought from speaker or hearer. Hence is it that the preacher must compel us to hear; he must make it easier for us to listen than not, or we will none of him. We may acknowledge him not only good but wise, we may recognize that he is speaking on subjects as near and vital to our souls as to his,— subjects, too, which

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demand, as they deserve, the full power of human minds; and we offer him those minds as an inert mass for him to drag out of their daily environment, out of their secular whirl, up to a higher plane, by main strength. We give him a dead lift, where we should offer wakeful activity, eagerness to grasp the help he longs to bring,— to follow out for ourselves what he has time only to suggest, to comprehend his thought with our thought. We are in duty bound to have some vitality of our own, and not require him to be a sort of spiritual electrical machine, and galvanize us into life. It might make a change in our habits of speech and feeling if we realized how possible it is that, when we complacently dismiss a preacher from discussion with the dictum, "He is dull," we may be uttering our own condemnation for indolence. Dulness does not necessarily mean thought,— lead is heavy as well as gold,— but in these cases the dulness may sometimes be on the side where we do not suspect it. We are strict to require a minister's best thought as part of his duty to us; we need to realize that our best thought in return is our duty to him, and that the efficiency of any preaching depends on reciprocal exertion.

In the field of æsthetic life, full to-day of quickened activity, there is striking illustration to be found of this neglect and impatience of thought. It is seen in the keen delight in objects of sense, dissociated from all moral or mental significance, a phase of feeling reaching its height in England in what some writer has wittily characterized as the Pagan Renaissance. This phase of feeling has its brilliant exponents in literature and art, showing us at once its value and its peril. Value it undoubtedly has,— a needed lesson to teach, a legitimate work to do. In the mind of Christendom there lurked the seeds of asceticism, offspring, first, of repulsion from Pagan vice, ready to spring up in renewed life when the growth of mediæval sensuality, overblown and decayed, was mowed down by the scythe of the Reformation swinging sturdily through all the lands. Then what began as wholesome self-denial stiffened slowly into that puritanic asceticism which looks to us even more unlovely than its ear-

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lier forms; and the sense of beauty, given man by the Creator of beauty, came to be abjured as a snare of the evil one. Our lot is cast when the race has swept through another cycle; we have grown out of that "winter of our discontent" into another springtime, and all that is fair in Nature and humanity appeals to wide-open eyes, and thrills us with young delight. It rests with us to see that the spiral sweeps upward only; that in gaining new powers of enjoyment we do not cast away that treasure of thoughtful soberminded-ness bequeathed us by our ancestors, which we could ill-afford to exchange for any amount of æsthetic wealth. History tells us to what pit descend the feet of nations guilty of that fatal barter. That there is danger for us cannot be denied when in literature we see fame won by poets in whom the pride of life has waxed so strong that they see in the Head of the Christian world only "the pale Galilean," and need to give morality and decency definitions widely different from those which the common sense of mankind has held valid hitherto. There is danger in a school of art which teaches us to be content with beauty of form, regardless of what the form expresses, asserting that when art is "moralized,"—that is, used with an elevated purpose,—it is spoiled as art. It is a good aspect of this school that it is teaching us to dislike sentimental and didactic pictures, and to delight, as we do noticeably, in pure landscape, telling no tale, and having no human interest; yet while it is a gain to enjoy such pictures, to enjoy no others is surely a loss: and it is worse than a loss, it is an outright evil, when we allow ourselves to be taught to admire whatever idol this school may set up, to give unlimited command of our praises and our purses to the magic of execution alone, so that groups can linger entranced before such a picture as was shown here a year or two ago,—two youths and a woman rousing themselves from drunken slumber in the midst of dishevelled splendor, the morning after a revel. So well painted, forsooth! An evil thing is the worse the better it is done. The artist cannot go outside the limits of moral obligation, for that is a sphere that has no limits. Let

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us bring at least enough thought to bear on matters of taste for refusing what vitiates the mind, even if we do not always demand what shall enrich it. Revived interest in humane, historic, and religious art may follow on our recognizing that Beauty and Thought are not mutually destructive forces, but divine creatures, destined to supplement and reinforce each other. Although modern art is singularly partial in its general tendency, it is not wholly without representatives of this truth in one or another aspect, as Holman Hunt, Scheffer and Millet in England and France, La Farge and Hunt with us; and some of our younger men show signs of a desire to combine significance with skill. Such tendencies are liable to be scoffed at by the self-named higher art criticism; but we may look on this as the excess of a movement founded on truth, honorable and healthful so far as it keeps within truth. The increased study of the art of the past, in its relation to the thought of the past, may certainly be welcomed as one sign of a tendency toward all that is most to be desired in our future art development.

The same tendencies might be traced, probably, in science by one sufficiently informed therein; but we will turn now from these intellectual and æsthetic aspects of our topic, to consider it on the side of social life. Let us see what place is here given to thought. What share has it, for instance, in our talk? We can all sympathize with the good lady who said: "I cannot bear a man who is always talking on subjects." Want of observation and of adaptive power as to time and place is enough to make wise and bright people into bores; but they who can never talk "on subjects" are capable of being very successful bores also. Incessant babble about people and trifles degenerates rapidly into gossip and silliness; and without falling so low as that, our common talk may run so habitually in shallow channels that any prospect of drifting into deep waters shall affright us. This is our danger. In our desire to have plenty of small talk at command for its place, we neglect thoughtful talk, till we lose the power of sustaining it. And, in our desire to avoid pedantry and heaviness, we go near to make our ideal

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of society-talk the maximum of words to the minimum of ideas. Our intercourse with mere acquaintances may be all that is desirable, but our intercourse with our friends is too often much the same as to any exchange of thoughts; so that we walk close beside each other, utterly ignoring whole worlds within, and find at last that the mere habit of silence has grown into a wall between us, vague as mist, but as blinding, and we know not how to pass through. On religious subjects, especially, we suffer from the reaction against the too frequent, light and easy speech of many religionists, and have fled from cant into suppression. This state of things is peculiarly hard for our children, at the time when their minds are beginning to act, and their thinking powers are reaching out towards their natural development. The more earnest and reverent they are, the harder do they find it to open for themselves such conversation as they need with their elders; and if they hear no such conversation about them, the interest which should have sprung up and borne fruit, too often lies dormant, like a young plant with no hand to let in the light and air. The highest service of the Sunday-school is often such friendly help as this, made practicable by the fact that between teacher and scholar such topics lie open and are easily approached. But such friendship as this is not available to every young person, and often where it exists a strange confusion is caused in a child's mind by its observing that the interests which the teacher encourages it to deem so important have no place in its home, at least so far as the child can see. Here is the harm of our silence. It requires too much intuition from the inexperienced observer. In many a home founded on Christian principle, governed by Christian feeling, there is rarely a word uttered to give the child a clew to these underlying principles and feelings. This is no fancy sketch of what might happen. Few among us can be Sunday-school teachers many years without meeting eager, questioning young people who do not know what their parents think on religious subjects, or whether they think at all; and do not know how to reach such subjects with them when no open-

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ing is ever made on their side; and this in cases where the teacher, where any adult friend of the parents, may be aware of their real and deep interest in the highest themes. The elders of a family will often come home from church to utter before the children some superficial comment, praise or criticism, on the minister's style or manner, and keep close in their hearts the deeper impression he has made, or the thoughts he has awakened. Then the younger listener grows half-ashamed at having been moved by what those whom he imitates appear to take so lightly. Our inveterate shyness as to thoughtful speech is doubtless responsible for part of this mischief; and another part is wrought by that want of thought whereby parents fail to discover that their children are growing up. The child shrinks instinctively from the supercilious good-nature which is likely to be the kindest reception given to any unusual speech or question. If any grown person looks back to a youth peculiarly blest in freedom of intercourse with parents, be sure that person can say of them, "They never even looked amazed or amused at any earnest question of mine, however crude." And if you, father and mother, want to put a barrier that shall grow higher and stronger with the years between your child's soul and your own, you can begin it in no surer way than by a look of amused surprise when first the youthful speech reveals a serious thought. No good intentions can take the place of wisdom in a parent's duties; and wisdom is a plant that needs the culture of thought. It is possible to love your children dearly, to have them ever on your mind, yet, in scheming and dreaming *for* them, neglect to think *about* them, so losing your acquaintance with their inner selves, and forfeiting that relation to their thought which shall make you a constant influence, parent of the character as well as body, forever united with their immortal part in that vital bond which is the crown of glory to parent and child.

A certain wholesome modesty of the soul has its share in our reserve, but so far as it is wholesome it can lead to no extreme. Other causes must join to produce excessive

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silence. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." If we rarely speak of high themes, it behooves us to turn and see whether they have due place in our minds. What do we *think* about? There is a constant stir in our minds as we look in at them,—something going on which we suppose to be action. But as we look closer, more and more does this stir resolve itself into a procession of images, recollections, hopes, fancies, vague ideals, dreams, and terrors,—creatures not of our creating nor under our control. If this be all, if we are but what Clough calls, "A mind for thoughts to pass into,"—the passive roadway for travellers faring we know not whence nor whither, in endless throng, why, then we are no longer lords of thought, nor even thinking beings at all. Or there may be more self-control than this, and a real action, yet no thought, only an incessant planning, scheming, contriving, much of it for petty aims and most fleeting interests. True, good aims cannot be accomplished or high interests pursued without much practical arranging and rearranging within the mind; but this necessary business of the brain in connection with outside affairs is too often mistaken for thought, and allowed to share our whole waking hours with those other mental movements wherein the imagination and the emotions play upon us at their will, so leaving nor time nor place for true thought in all our lives.

Manifold are the outward developments of this evil. With the young it takes the form of reverie, habitual castle-building, day-dreaming,—enervating at the least, and at the worst breeding self-consciousness, and ripening the mind for acts of folly. With men, exposed to the whole brunt of the world's assault, this want of thought-power is as the breach in the wall, the leak in the vessel. Over and over again does baseless dreaming weaken the reason, till the once shrewd man can trust hopes that would show as will-o'-the-wisps in one ray of searching thought, till he quits solid earth for the bog, turns business into speculation, and speculation into peculation, and so plays out that pitiful tragedy with which we are daily sickened, the natural end whereof

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is the plunge into the unknown. That plunge is easier to the thoughtless soul than it can ever be to one which has lived face to face with invisible realities. As with Hamlet, so forever is thought the preventive of self-slaughter, the barrier of the undiscovered country; and forever, when thought is at its ebb, there will increase this frightful readiness to put an end to the miserable failure which is the only life the unawakened soul can conceive.

These are the saddest issues of this evil. On other and higher planes lie other risks, less ghastly, yet fatal to the life which the soul should lead. For women, there is the possibility of an inertia, which, if unbroken, shall weigh them down to dulness or insufferable platitude; and there is also the opposite danger, to which we to-day are more peculiarly exposed, of having our thoughts crowded out of us by too much to think of! The same word should not in correctness be used in these two ways; much of what we thus dignify by the name of thinking is only that action we have already spoken of as planning. Such work may be selfish or nobly disinterested, trifling or lofty, according to its aim; but it is inevitably wearing, if the soul be given no other exercise. The most earnest men and women are the most exposed to this danger of being swept away on the current of a busy generation, of burying self-knowledge beneath multitudinous other knowledges, of losing self-possession in developing self-sacrifice. There is so much to learn, so much to do, we cry, How can we ever pause in learning and doing? We acknowledge that it is lovely to read how Isaac "went out to meditate in the field at the eventide"; but the world was very young then. When we get time to go into the field at all, we must collect specimens for our entomology class, or make our sketch, or decide what crop to put in next year, or get statistics concerning the agricultural laborer. And life was still a comparatively simple affair, we think, with those ancestors of ours who used to dedicate long portions of their day to meditation. We do not understand how they carried it on, for the word and the thing are alike gone out of fashion;

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we should not know how to meditate, even if we had the time, and that we have not, so we say. But when people burn their lamps without refilling, when they run their engines without looking to see if the water be low in the boiler, the inevitable issue is extinction or explosion. Our ancestors perhaps gave needless length of time to their spiritual exercises, but they succeeded in assimilating growing knowledge and making solid character. We who are poured in upon by such a flood of discovery, invention, combination, surely need to give ourselves some pause for mastering it, or our originality will be swamped and our reasoning power suffocated. If our labor be feverish, it will be neither wise nor strong. The work cannot be better than the worker; and what we are is of infinitely more account ultimately than what we do. This assertion is sometimes questioned, but we recognize its truth with a pang in the face of those terrible revelations which sometimes break upon us, of moral weakness or obliquity long hidden behind a screen of active philanthropy. No matter what the man has accomplished, the human judgment then is: "He has done more harm than good." And we shrink from picturing the divine judgment upon him.

Insidious are the temptations away from the inner world, for they come at times in guise of our noblest motives. We are so called, and so impelled, to a thousand forms of service that we begin to look upon it as a sort of selfishness to abide within ourselves at all, and thought we almost deem a selfish luxury. There is much significance in the history of words, the changes of meaning they undergo. It is observable that the commonest use of the word "*thoughtfulness*" at present is to signify kindly consideration for others, the perception of chances for active help; it is a pure and sacred aspect of thoughtfulness, this, but in developing it we should not obscure the original force of the word. Thoughtfulness is a deep-lying power of the soul; and the soul is given no power it does not need, none that it can neglect without foregoing privilege, aye, and failing in responsibility. It is plausible to call this inward retirement selfishness; but in its right

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place it has no such meaning. To call it so is to ignore two truths. One is this: *You* are not responsible for all the good work God wants done. If He, slowly producing good out of evil for his universe, is willing to give you a piece of this work to do, it is a privilege, a blessing, and you owe him heartiest gratitude; but you can never claim it as a right, to the neglect of the primal duties which lie between yourself and your Creator. In all the world there is but one soul for which you, and you only, are absolutely responsible, and that is the soul God has given *you*. You can never feed other souls by starving that; you can only make sure thereby of injuring one of God's creatures,—the very one He gave you to rear and develop. That is one truth. The other is this: the outward inaction may cover the utmost activity of which our truest self is capable, and it is not self only that we are to meet within. If there were no God, or if he had finished creating us in one act, and set us to run our lonely, self-reliant way, then, though thought would still be required to save us from utter recklessness and mental ruin, yet would it lack its peculiar sanctity as the one ever-open channel of communication with the one ever-flowing Source of our strength and wisdom and life.

Without thought, grave, deliberate, self-conscious thought, life will run shallow in every channel. We shall read without enrichment, study without learning; be art-critics or artists without true knowledge of true beauty; members of society who neither give nor take commodities of real value; members of homes whereof the sacred places know us not; philanthropists who literally give ourselves away till our trusts of body and mind are quite spent; citizens of a Christian land, members of a Christian Church, yet with no religious life except as we are acted upon from without; and, strangest of all, children of God who know not our Father's face. Every active duty needs to build foundations downward through habits of quiet thought; every finer instinct needs to reach upward to the Sun of Righteousness through quiet thought. Prayer needs to spring as a flower from its native soil out of quiet thought. Great might be the

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enrichment of our lives through recognizing that there is a duty for us in this matter. Then should we resolutely so order our lives that the days should not fly past in a ceaseless whirl, which our minds must leap to follow; but they would hold breathing spaces for the soul. We should demand at least some daily pause for honoring its needs; and as little allow ourselves to be hurried out of this, as now from giving the body that due care of which in our busiest days we never fail. The deepening of our characters would tell on daily affairs in ways of which we dream not. The mother of a home, pressed as she is by petty but absolute demands, feeling that she may not claim a moment for herself from her dear tyrants, might learn with surprise that her household were less conscious of anything taken from them than of something gained, in that the mother was calmer, less harassed than of old. And the busy man might find, that while no one but himself observed the brief time withdrawn from outward cares, he was conscious of an increased realization of things invisible, a clearer vision of the comparative worth of the fleeting and the eternal, which could give him just the steadiness of mind and nerve which his outward affairs were lacking.

So much, and unspeakably more, would be the gain for this mortal life. And when the outward shows shall pass, when this enwrapping world slips away from about us, and its treasure from out our hands, so shall we not come to stand before the Master naked and empty-handed, crying, "The robe of immortal life I have not woven, the riches of eternity I have not gathered; for *living* engrossed me,—I did not think!"

HARRIET R. HALL.

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FREDERIC HUIDEKOPER ON THE GOSPELS.*

We know of no man whose knowledge of everything connected with the literature and life of the first three Christian centuries is so full, so minute, and so precise as Mr. Huidekoper's. He is as much at home with the writers and habits of that period as we are with the people who live immediately around us. His first book — *Christ's Mission to the Underworld* — was published in 1853, and is an exhaustive treatise on the views entertained on this subject by the early Christians. His second work — *Judaism in Rome* — shows how great the influence of Jewish thought was among the Romans immediately before and for several centuries after the Christian era.

The present work — *Indirect Testimony to the Gospels* — follows in the same line of investigation, and indeed, to a considerable extent, covers the same ground. How did the four Gospels come into their present shape? † Near the end of the second century, as early as A.D. 180, we have unquestionable evidence that they were generally received by all Christian churches in Asia, Africa, and Europe, under the same names, and in themselves substantially the same as they are now. How were they prepared, and how came they to be universally received in the Christian Church as truthful and authoritative records of facts? Side by side with these writings, and professing to derive its origin, its inspiration, and its power from the same source, was the greatest religious movement that the world has known; and its earliest acts and institutions are monuments testifying to the same facts which are announced and authenticated in the writings. The wonderful religious, moral, and social revolution which made its appearance at the same time with

* *Indirect Testimony of History to the Genuineness of the Gospels.* By Frederic Huidekoper. New York: James Miller. 1879.

† For a very clear and forcible, but necessarily brief, outline of the historical argument for the genuineness of the Gospels, we refer to an article by Rev. L. J. Livermore, in the last July number of our *Review.*

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the Gospels, is of itself a testimony to their authenticity. At the earliest moment in our Christian history that is clearly made known to us by Christian writers, apart from the New Testament, the Gospels held in the Church just the position which they hold now with us. Thirty or forty or fifty years earlier, as the light, in the increasing distance, grows more obscure, we see references to them more indistinct, but all pointing in the same direction, and indicating the same essential features. How can we account for this?

The obvious and natural solution of the problem is that which lies on the surface of these narratives, and which shows itself in the universal belief respecting them at the earliest period which brings them to our notice. These writings, accepted then as genuine, carry with them, in that general acceptance, the presumption that they had been so received from the beginning; and so they should be regarded by us, unless decisive evidence to the contrary is found. They are in possession; and the burden of proof is with those who would eject them from the position which they have held as far back as human research can follow them.

But we are told that they gradually came into their present shape during the early or middle portion of the second century. Traditions of Jesus, founded on fact, but gathering marvellous accretions in their progress, were handed down and spread abroad. Oral statements were distorted or exaggerated in passing from mouth to mouth. Written accounts of isolated acts, altered from time to time so as to take up into themselves more and more of what was wonderful, were multiplied and circulated from hand to hand, till finally, out of these crude and disconnected materials, the first three Gospels grew up into their present form, the finishing stroke being probably given to each by an unknown person who ascribed it to some respectable author, or left it with the authorities in the Church to pass it off as the genuine production of some venerated person who was immediately connected with Jesus. In this way, from facts and myths inseparably united, with no single author or with one who was ready to commit a forgery, the Gospels, it is

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said, grew up, filling out in their sublime outline the features of the grandest personality in the world's history, supplying incidents and deeds and words in harmony with such a character, and containing in themselves the germs of an intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, which are still unfolding themselves in advance of the highest thought and life of the world. And on what evidence does this theory rest? No historical evidence is there — not a particle — to overcome the inherent incredibility of such a theory, or at least the extreme improbability of such an assumption.

To supply the lack of historical evidence, the narratives are taken to pieces, and by the exercise of extraordinary ingenuity are made to testify against themselves. It is not our purpose here to go over this ground. We would only say that, while many of the apparent discrepancies and mistakes are, as we believe, only apparent, those which still remain are not inconsistent with the supposition that the books were written by honest and competent men, eye-witnesses of what they relate or deriving their statements from those who were so. Just at this point Mr. Huidekoper's book comes in to render valuable service in clearing up our difficulties. Here is a scholar whose minute knowledge of the Christian literature of those times is second to that of no living man, and he tells us that the Gospels which are supposed to be shaped and colored and tainted by the prevalent conceptions of a post-apostolic age really bear no marks of the spirit, views, or conflicts of those later times.

The theory under consideration assumes as a fact that the temptation would be great, in passing off forged writings, to assign them to persons of high standing in the Church. Against this assumption, Mr. Huidekoper with much force argues that, in those early ages, when the whole world was against them, the testimony of enemies was of greater importance to the Christians than that of their friends. In seeking to convince and convert unbelievers, the testimony of unbelievers to the extraordinary acts and character of Jesus would have greater influence than that of friends. And, if they were dishonest enough to use forged names,

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they would adopt such names as would do them the most good.

A heathen would naturally say: "Some of your own people wrote these books. If you wish me to credit your statements, give me testimony from outside your ranks as to their correctness. You must not expect me to believe your own testimony in behalf of your own assertions." Christians were thus debarred from appeal to their Master's history in evidence of his supernatural mission. Had the Gospels been fabricated for controversial purposes, or with dishonest intent, or by persons subsequent to the apostles, they would inevitably have been ascribed to heathen or Jewish, not to Christian, authors.

As a matter of fact, the earliest pseudo-writings that we have in support of Christianity were of this character.

"A hundred and twenty years after Jesus taught," says Mr. Huidekoper, "we find that some one had succumbed to the temptation of supplying by fraud the want which was most annoying to Christian controversialists; namely, the lack of heathen testimony to the facts of their Master's life. At that date, we find a document called the Acts of Pilate, and still later a professed Letter from Pilate to Tiberius. Each of these documents is mentioned by but one writer during the first three centuries." (p. 3.)

"The most important of these was entitled Acts of Pilate. It professed to record the trial of Jesus before Pilate. During this trial, the persons cured by Jesus are represented as testifying to their cure. These miracles were thus attested, not by Christian writers who could be suspected of partiality, but by the records of a Roman court. The varying localities in which this document was used, the various prejudices to which it needed accommodation, and the various objections which it had to parry, caused alteration and realteration of its heading, as can be seen by appended quotations from various manuscripts." (p. 4.)

This is a significant fact, and justifies Mr. Huidekoper in giving entire in his Appendix *The Acts of Pilate*, and also the reputed LETTER OR REPORT of Pilate to Tiberius.

Such writings were of great importance till the fourth century, when Christianity was in the ascendant, and the testimony of early believers had greater weight than that of heathen writers. Then the "Acts of Pilate" were passed off as the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and other forged writings assigned to heathen authors appeared with the authority of Christian names.

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These two short works—the Acts of Pilate and his Letter to Tiberius—are the only apocryphal Christian writings now extant that can be traced back to the middle of the second century. Nor is there any other writing giving an account of Jesus now extant which had its origin till some time after the close of that century. It is a common thing with those who would discredit the four Gospels to speak of uncanonical Gospels as if they were common and numerous in the first two centuries. The preface to Luke's Gospel would seem to countenance such a supposition. But Mr. Huidekoper shows, we think, conclusively, that, whatever may have been the facts of the case, we have no evidence now of the existence then of any such writings. "It would," he says (p. 183), "with the exception of our four Gospels, be difficult or impossible to point out in the era mentioned [from A.D. 150 to near the end of the fourth century] a single document professedly of Christian origin, which assumed to narrate the life or ministry of Jesus." "No trace remains of the narratives to which he [Luke] refers, unless Matthew's Gospel, then extant only in Hebrew, was among those which he had in mind."

The natural supposition is that, after the death of Jesus, many different reports of what he had said and done and been would be circulated. The first preaching of his disciples must have consisted very much of references to his life and teachings and resurrection from the dead. They who had been most intimately associated with him, wherever they went, would repeat the wonderful story of his life. We who belong to an age of books can hardly understand how full a verbal account of remarkable deeds and conversations may be circulated and retained in a community for years, with no considerable variations from the truth. So it was, we suppose, that the great words which Jesus spoke, and left unwritten, lived in the hearts and minds of his followers, were repeated by them from house to house, from village to village, and from land to land. One of the original witnesses would probably write down or dictate to a scribe those facts and sayings which had fixed themselves

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most vividly in his mind, while another would have, in part, a different set of incidents and words recorded. As these separate and incomplete accounts got abroad, mythical additions would begin to find their way into them. To prevent such infusions of falsehood, they who knew the facts as they were, or who had access to original witnesses, would early feel the importance of making some more comprehensive and exact record. Thus, we believe, our Gospels were made, two of them at least, within a few years of the crucifixion, while the facts were still fresh in the minds of the writers, and while hundreds of living witnesses to the truth of what they asserted were still living. The third Gospel may have been a little later, prepared from a more careful and extended examination and collation of all accessible accounts, whether in writing or to be sought from living witnesses. Last of all, the fourth Gospel was written. It is more homogeneous in style and structure than those that preceded it. It is evidently the work of a single author, who so thoroughly digested his materials that they have become his own and partake of the complexion of his own mind. The words of Jesus, as here reported, carry with them a different atmosphere from that to which we have been accustomed in the other evangelists. How are we to account for this marked difference? By accepting the early traditions respecting the reputed author. The apostle John, who was probably very young at the time of the death of Jesus, remained ten or perhaps twenty years in Judæa, and was one of the Judaizing Christians. Then, say at the age of forty or forty-five, he went to Ephesus, or the region thereabout, where he remained forty years or more, till his death. Here undoubtedly he found, as Paul had done before, that the Judaizing Christians, with their bigotry and violence, were the greatest obstacles to the progress of Christianity among the Gentiles. Under this influence, his intensely Jewish sympathies would melt away, as they did in Paul. He would be brought into contact with the philosophical and religious habits of thought which prevailed among the Alexandrine Neo-Platonists. He would be obliged to meet

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their views; and, in order to meet them effectively, he must have understood them. For sixty years or more he had been preaching the gospel. In all these later years, he had been expounding the words and unfolding the life of Jesus in such a way as to commend them to his hearers. They must have entered into his own life, made a large part of his daily thought, partook of the character of his own mind, and become assimilated and incorporated into his existence as if they had been his own flesh and blood. Where the earlier evangelists reported, he expounded. Not the outward facts or words alone, as they stood objectively to the eye or ear, do we find here, but those facts and words subjectively, as they lived, digested, and assimilated in the life and the mind of the apostle. When, therefore, in his old age, he came to give his account of Jesus, he sought to transfer to other minds the image of that august and divine personality as it had been idealizing itself to him and expanding with his enlarging faculties. He sought to impart to them the thought and life of Jesus as they now existed in his mind. External scenes and incidents rise before him with the vivid minuteness of a daguerrotype, and some of the exact words of Jesus are there; but often it is the thought of Jesus as it has been unfolding itself to him through all those years of broader intelligence and deeper and loftier religious experiences.

Here, or in some such hypothesis as this, is the key which explains the authorship of the Gospels. We believe that they were written and had assumed substantially their present form, before those who had been personally with Jesus had passed away.

But, as we have said, there are those who think that the early accounts of Jesus, oral or written, remained longer incomplete; that they were open to change, receiving additions, alterations, mythical interpolations, especially in what partakes of a miraculous or marvellous character, for a hundred years or more; that then, when there were no longer living witnesses to correct mistakes, the Gospels as we now have them were compiled, or put into their present

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shape, one after another, as the wants of the time seemed to require. Then, assuming to have been written two or three generations before, and taking to themselves as authors the names of persons who had had nothing to do with them, they were in a few years universally received everywhere into Christian churches as genuine and sacred books. This supposition seems to us to carry its condemnation on its forehead.

Mr. Huidekoper's little book, under the modest title of *Indirect Testimony to the Gospels*, brings forward from authors belonging to that early period considerations which would make so late an origin of the Gospels exceedingly improbable. They bear in their composition, he says, no marks of that later period. The controversies which then prevailed, and fiercely agitated Christian communities, and which must have affected the style or *animus* of any important Christian writings then in the process of growth, have left no trace of their existence in our Gospels. Peculiar opinions which prevailed among Christians at that time — and which had a great influence, not only on their habits of life, but their modes of thinking — have left no impress of themselves on the writings which, according to the hypothesis under consideration, were then in the process of formation. Christian customs, such as the Sabbath, Sunday as a day of religious gatherings, Baptism, the Lord's Supper, were in the first and second centuries matters of intense interest, and exciting controversies grew out of exaggerated and extravagant views and practices respecting them. But the Gospels show no signs of having been affected by them. Terms applied to Christians and terms used by them, the very name Christian by which they were known, find no place in the Gospels. A few passages we quote from Mr. Huidekoper: —

In the contest between Judaism and heathenism, and subsequently in that of Judaism and Christianity against heathenism, certain terms came into existence as designations for those who had given up heathenism. During political embitterment, the active use of these terms was such that we find them frequently occurring in historic literature. Had the Gospels been in process of formation during such times, it is hardly

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possible that some of these epithets should not have been mentioned, and that those deemed unjust should not have been condemned. (p. 54.)

While Jesus taught in Judæa, the question was debated whether he were the Christ. This term had not yet been conjoined to the word Jesus as part of one name. In the Gospels, the Master is almost universally called Jesus, a term which occurs more than six hundred times. If the word Christ be at any time employed, it is as an official title, usually with the prefix THE, and we also find Jesus THE Christ. The exceptions confirm, rather than militate against, the inference to be drawn from this usage. (p. 60.)

Had the Gospels been written, either in Apostolic or post-Apostolic times, by persons not conversant closely with the history of Jesus, the phraseology of these times would inevitably have been applied to the Master. Jesus Christ would have been a customary term. (pp. 59, 60.)

Any remarks of Jesus on the subject of persecution are far less full than they would have been made by his followers in the second century. (p. 78.)

Had the Gospels undergone accretion in Italy, it is almost impossible that they should have contained no allusions to the emperors who influenced the external history of monotheism. No allusion, however, is made in them to any emperor whose reign began later than the ministry of Jesus. (p. 79.)

The only allusion in the Gospels to destruction of the temple is accompanied by the remark, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, . . . NEITHER THE SON, but the Father." This cannot have come from a Christian anxious to magnify his Master's foreknowledge. (p. 80.)

We give these not as an abstract of what Mr. Huidekoper has done, but as samples. The whole work should be studied. Its value depends on its minute and exact learning. In these days when men travel fifty miles an hour and assume an acquaintance with the country through which they have passed, and when much of our scholarship is gained by rushing over rather than through books with the same railroad speed, it is refreshing to find a writer who goes into a subject with the most painstaking, conscientious care, and who is less ingenious in framing theories or in making out a case than he is anxious to see just what the evidence is and how the facts lie.

Mr. Huidekoper's three small books stand by themselves. They are unlike any other books that we know of. They are not written in a popular style or form. They contain

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the results of long-continued, careful, and independent study. He has not looked at his subject through the haze of recent speculations, but has gone to the original authorities, to learn what they have to say, and to report their testimony exactly as they give it. He is careful not to press an argument too far. We feel that he deserves our confidence. His work on Judaism in Rome may not always command our assent to its particular views, but to the student who would look into those days it must commend itself as worthy of careful study. It abounds in hints and suggestions which, when thoroughly verified and carried out, may modify very essentially our views of the old Roman aristocracy, and of the emperors who incurred their displeasure and thus brought upon themselves the condemnation of the great contemporary writers who had grown up in sympathy with the aristocratic party, and whose interests were identified with theirs.

The work now before us contains much that is valuable, not only on the subject to which this article is mainly given, but in the light which it throws on the only apocryphal Christian writings that belong to the first three centuries. In those apocryphal writings, we see what sort of Gospels we should have to-day, if they had been left to grow into shape at some indefinite period during the second century.

J. H. Morison.

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EDITORS' NOTE-BOOK.

ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD.

Recently, at a funeral in Hyde Park, more people than the large house could hold came together, to show how much they honored and reverenced the character and memory of one who had lived there as if she were the lowliest among the lowly. Her family had been second to no other in the proudest aristocracy of the proudest State in the Union. She was born in one of the chief strongholds of slavery, with all the social, pecuniary, and political privileges which slavery at the highest point of its ascendency could bestow. But, from her childhood, she saw the cruel injustice involved in it. Her clear eye and true heart were never deceived by the false lights and blandishments which were thrown around her. In early youth, with all the charm that beauty, intelligence, and family distinction could give, she left everything behind, and gave herself entirely to the cause of the slave. In referring to the testimony of her sister respecting the evils of slavery, she said: "Of the particular acts which she has stated, I have no personal knowledge, as they occurred before my remembrance; but of the spirit that prompted them, and that constantly displays itself in scenes of similar horror, the recollections of my childhood, and the effaceless imprint upon my riper years, with the breaking of my heartstrings, when, finding that I was powerless to shield the victims, I tore myself from my home and friends, and became an exile among strangers,—all these throng around me as witnesses, and their testimony is graven on my memory with a pen of fire. Why I did not become totally hardened under the daily operation of this system, God only knows. Even before my heart was touched with the love of Christ, I used to say, 'Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!' for I felt that there could be no rest for me in the midst of such outrages and pollutions."

Angelina Grimké, the youngest daughter of Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, was born in Charleston, S.C., Feb. 20, 1805, and died in Hyde Park, Oct. 26, 1879. From

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her earliest years, her sympathies were with the cruelly treated race around her, and she was unspeakably shocked by the terrible punishments inflicted upon them. When a child, she had her little bottle of oil, and other simple medicaments, with which in the darkness she would steal out of the house to some wretched creature who had been terribly whipped, and do what she could to assuage his sufferings. At the age of fourteen, she was asked by the rector of the Episcopal Church to which her family belonged to be confirmed,—a form, she was told, which all her companions went through as a matter of course. But she insisted on knowing what was the meaning of this form, and, on reading what it was in the Prayer Book, she said that she could not promise what was there required. "But it is only a form," she was told. "If with my feelings and views as they now are, I should go through that form, it would be a lie. I cannot do it." This single-hearted truthfulness, without regard to personal consequences to herself, was the key to all her conduct.

Some years afterwards, under the influence of a very eloquent Presbyterian preacher, her religious sensibilities were awakened. Her eyes were opened to a new world. She was born into a higher realm of thought and life. Through deeper and more vital spiritual experiences, she entered into a new life, which took entire possession of all her faculties. So rapt was she, and controlled by these new emotions, so permeated by them was her whole being, and so did she speak and act as one moved by other than earthly influences, that her friends, even those who did not sympathize with her, looked up to her with awe. She joined the Presbyterian Church, and carried into it the fervor and strength of her now regenerated nature. She became a teacher in its Sunday-school. The day before she died, after a lapse of fifty years, there came for her a letter from one of her first Sunday-school scholars, living now in Georgia, to express thanks for the unspeakable benefits which her instructions had been to her during her whole life. Soon she endeavored to impress upon the officers of the church a sense of what they should do for the slaves. Her pleadings for them found no response. The church had no heart for such things.

"Could it then be a Church of Christ?" There was in Charleston at that time a Friends' Meeting-house, where there were only two worshippers, and they agreed with her in regard to slavery. For two years she worshipped there in silence. No word was

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spoken. The two aged men, and this young, accomplished, attractive woman, sat there under a canopy of divine silence, not unsanctified or unblessed to her. At length, she felt that her mission there was ended. Her elder sister, Sarah, had united with the Friends in Philadelphia; and she joined her in 1829, giving up in agony of heart all the dear ties that bound her to her home. But in her new religious home, even in the Friends' Meeting-house, her eye was quick to see negro seats where women of the despised race were still publicly humiliated. She and her sister seated themselves with them. The Friends were grieved by their conduct, and called them to account. The sisters replied: "While you put this badge of degradation on our sisters, we feel that it is our duty to share it with them."

In 1833, they attached themselves to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and lent their powerful aid to the work which it was doing. There was no more effective or eloquent worker in the cause than Angelina Grimké.

She had not thought at first of speaking in public; but wherever she was, among friends and neighbors, she sought relief to her burdened spirit by testifying to the cruel and fatal influences of slavery. A few women at first came together to meet her and her sister Sarah. The numbers and the interest increased till she became widely known. In November, 1836, she was invited by the Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society to visit New York and hold private meetings with Christian women. She and her sister talked to them about slavery in their own parlors. Soon no parlors could hold the throngs that gathered to hear her. The small vestry of a church was given to her, then a large vestry. But this was too small, and the body of the church was opened to the crowd which had been attracted by her. There, on a platform beneath the pulpit, for the first time she stood and spoke at what might be called a public meeting, though she spoke only to women. In the spring of 1837, the sisters went through a similar experience in Boston, speaking to women only. She went to Lynn to address the women, and there men crowded in with their wives and daughters. That was the beginning of women's speaking to promiscuous assemblies in Massachusetts. She spoke with extraordinary power to crowded audiences in the Odeon, then the largest hall of the kind in Boston. She went from place to place, in city or coun-

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try, for fifteen months, speaking publicly or privately as the occasion required.

Veterans in the anti-slavery cause, at her funeral, with stifling emotion spoke of what she did and was in those troubled and tumultuous times, when the adversaries of freedom seemed to be most entirely in the ascendant. They told how the great qualities of her life and character showed themselves in the terrible conflict with evil. Wendell Phillips spoke of her as bringing to the anti-slavery cause a greater help than any other person. He dwelt, with touching force and beauty, on her power over great public assemblies. "She swept all the chords," he said. And yet it had seemed to him that her eloquence was "that of a broken heart." As an illustration of this, he read the following passage from a letter in which she gave her testimony against slavery: "I give it," she said, "with a heavy heart. My flesh crieth out, 'If it be possible, let *this* cup pass from me'; but, 'Father, thy will be done,' is, I trust, the breathing of my spirit. Oh, the slain of the daughters of my people! They lie in all the ways; their tears fall as the rain, and are their meat day and night; their blood runneth down like water; their plundered hearths are desolate; they weep for their husbands and children, because they are not; and the proud waves do continually go over them, while no eye pitieth, and no man careth for their souls."

The eloquence of a broken heart! Yes, as she gave way to "the deep yearnings of affection for the mother that bore her, still a slave-holder, both in fact and in heart; for her brothers and sisters, a large family circle," and for all who had been most closely bound to her by ties of kindred and neighborhood, she must have felt the desolation of a soul disappointed and broken in its dearest earthly hopes and love. All the sweet and tender affections which intertwine themselves so inseparably with the thought of home had been turned into instruments of torture. As she thought of her native city, and spoke out her feelings towards it, her language might well remind one of the lamentations of the ancient prophets, or even of the words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee!" But this broken heart had a higher life and a mightier voice than can be given or taken away by any earthly affection. Her prophetic soul lived in a diviner realm, and in allying itself with the love and the righteousness of God

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felt itself reënforced by his almightiness. While therefore she often spoke from a broken heart, with a pathos which melted and subdued those who listened to her, she also rose into a loftier strain, and spoke with the mingled love and sternness of a messenger from God.

Passages like the following may give some idea of the solemnity and power with which this high-bred, beautiful Southern lady, who had left all and taken up her cross in defence of a poor and friendless race, could appeal to assembled multitudes:—

The sufferings of the slaves are not only innumerable, but they are indescribable. I may paint the agony of kindred torn from each other's arms, to meet no more in time; I may depict the inflictions of the blood-stained lash; but I cannot describe the daily, hourly, ceaseless torture, endured by the heart that is constantly trampled under the foot of arbitrary power. This is a part of the horrors of slavery which, I believe, no one has ever attempted to delineate. I wonder not at it; it mocks all power of language. Who can describe the anguish of that mind which feels itself impaled upon the iron of arbitrary power — its living, writhing, helpless victim! every human susceptibility tortured, its sympathies torn, and stung, and bleeding — always feeling the death weapon in its heart, and yet not so deep as to kill that humanity which is made the curse of its existence?

No one who has not been an integral part of a slave-holding community can have any idea of its abominations. It is a whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Blessed be God, the angel of truth has descended, and rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and sits upon it. The abominations so long hidden are now brought forth before all Israel and the sun. Yes, the angel of truth sits upon this stone, and it can never be rolled back again.

There is a spirit abroad in this country which will not consent to barter principle for an unholy peace,— a spirit which will not hide God's eternal principles of right and wrong, but will stand erect in the storm of human passion, prejudice, and interest, holding forth the light of truth in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; a spirit which will never slumber nor sleep till man ceases to hold dominion over his fellow-creatures, and the trump of universal liberty rings in every forest, and is reëchoed by every mountain and rock.

She who spoke in tones like these never lost any one of her purely feminine qualities. Graceful, gentle, retiring, taking upon herself the lowliest duties as if she had been born to them,— this woman, who stood up that her light might shine on all, and reveal to them the terrible atrocities of slavery, was like Jeremy Taylor's taper, which cast ever a modest shadow round itself. She had a

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very lofty idea of what a woman should be. "Whatever it is morally right for a man to do, it is morally right for a woman to do. I recognize no rights but human rights. I know nothing of men's rights and women's rights; for in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." "Sure I am that woman is not to be, as she has been, a mere 'second-hand agent' in the regeneration of a fallen world, but the acknowledged equal and co-worker with man in this glorious work. . . . Just in proportion as her moral and intellectual capacities become enlarged, she will rise higher and higher in the scroll of creation, until she reaches that elevation prepared for her by her Maker, and upon whose summit she was originally stationed, only 'a little lower than the angels.'"

This lowly, lofty, single-hearted woman did a great work as an anti-slavery lecturer. But in the midst of it, when she seemed to be at the height of her activity and usefulness, she was suddenly disabled physically for public speaking. It must have been a terrible disappointment. She uttered no complaint, but bowed silently and submissively to the hand which laid itself so heavily upon her. A little before this, in 1838, she had been married to Theodore Weld, a man worthy of such a wife. They were drawn together by the sympathies of kindred natures. He had been among the most eloquent and effective advocates of the anti-slavery movement. His voice, too, had been silenced by physical disability, brought on by long-continued and excessive exertion. Together they gave up their foremost place upon the platform, and opened a school, for twelve years giving to its secluded and unexciting duties the same thoughtful and conscientious care that they had given to their more public calling.

Here she found the fulfilment of words which she had written when she was most actively before the public. "I believe," she said then, "that as soon as the rights of women are understood, our brethren will see and feel that it is their duty to coöperate with us in this high and holy vocation of training up little children in the way they should go. And the very fact of their mingling in intercourse with such guileless and gentle spirits will tend to soften down the asperities of their characters, and clothe them with the noblest and sublimest Christian virtues. I know that this work is deemed beneath the dignity of man; but how great the error! I once heard a man, who had labored extensively among children, say, 'I never feel so near heaven as when I am teaching these little ones.' He was right. And I

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trust the time is coming when the occupation of an instructor to children will be deemed the most honorable of human employments." To her and her husband it was so, because they carried into it a spirit and were themselves endowed with gifts and attainments, which enabled them to fulfil its great and sacred duties.

In 1864, Mr. and Mrs. Weld removed to Hyde Park, where she and her sister, Sarah Grimké, spent the rest of their days. No one who met her there would, from anything that he saw in her, have any suspicion of the great work which she had done: she was interested in her household duties, in the little charities of the neighborhood. Once, during the war, she was persuaded to go out of her daily routine, and to attend a small meeting called for the purpose of assisting the Southern people,—freedmen, and those who had formerly held them in slavery. Very simply and modestly, but very clearly and impressively, she spoke of the condition of things at the South, of her friends there, and how we could best help them,—all in the most loving and tender spirit, as if she had only grateful memories of what they had been, and as if no thought of herself mixed itself up with the thought of them. The simplicity, directness, and practical good sense of her speech then, its kindliness towards those who had done her the greatest wrong, and the entire absence of self-consciousness made those who heard her feel that a woman might speak in public without violating any of the proprieties or prejudices of social traditions and customs. There was a refinement and dignity about her, an atmosphere of gentleness and sweetness and strength, which won their way to the heart. To those who knew her history, there was something very affecting, sublime, in her absolute self-forgetfulness. As one who knew her most intimately said, "She seems to have been born in that mood of mind which made vanity or display impossible. She was the only person I have ever known who was absolutely free from all ambition."

She had gone through many and various experiences. She had a delicate and sensitive physical organization, which helped her to enter into the feelings of others, and to make their trials and sufferings her own. After the illness which obliged her to give up public speaking, she could not even listen to a story of wrongs inflicted on others without being made sick by it. What it must have cost her, with such an organization and with the

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most loving affections, to leave her father's house and take up her testimony against practices and habits cherished there, no one can tell. Her susceptibility to suffering was in proportion to the sensitiveness of her whole nature. She bore in her own person the sorrows and infirmities of those in whom she was most interested. But she had also her reward. If she wept with those who wept, and felt in herself the sharpness of their pains, she experienced also in her own heart the sanctifying and uplifting power of suffering so endured. She rose constantly into a diviner peace and joy. With all the fullness and keenness of her sympathy with those around her, she seemed like one who lived apart, in a calmer, holier sphere. Her life was one of progress,—inward, till she had reached the inmost germ; and then outward, till she had caused that secret germ to unfold itself in words or acts of singular beauty and power. In one religious denomination after another, she was quickened by the best it had to give, and never lost what she had once gained. The reverential decorum of the church in which she was born, the higher life into which she entered under the preaching of a Presbyterian minister, the sense of God's immediate presence in the soul which must have grown within her during those two years of silent worship with the Friends, made a part of her inmost being, and led her farther and farther into the Holy of Holies.

As she entered more deeply into the mind of Jesus, and, through the deepening sympathies of her own nature, came to "know his love more fully," she found there what she had longed for, and what none of these communions had given. She saw in him how the love of God may fill out our human affections, and endow them with its own divine efficiency and calmness. The incarnation of the divine was thus brought home to her as the central life of all that is best within us, changing us into the same image. Thus, as she felt, all our faculties, our deepest affections, and the actions proceeding from them, are made divine by the indwelling spirit which endows them with its own life, and prompts and guides and strengthens them in their labors to make the world better.

There was no fickleness or contradiction in her apparent change from one organization to another. Through these outward changes she was always seeking and finding, and thus always approaching nearer to the heart of all true religion. She rested at last in the simple religion of Jesus as she found it in the Gospels, and during

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her later years worshipped in a Unitarian church, as, more than any other, accepting Jesus and the Gospels, and leaving them free to speak for themselves. Through the various churches, she had come to Jesus himself. In like manner, through different philanthropical organizations, she had found her way to that which is the inspiration and the life of them all. There she was at rest. Knowing what capabilities and susceptibilities there were within her, we who sometimes saw her in these later years could not but wonder and admire. "Great peace have they that love thy law." In that divine peace, she lived. In the darkest hours of that fearful conflict with slavery in which she was engaged, when its advocates were everywhere met with violence, and threatened with death, she wrote to William Lloyd Garrison: —

My mind has been especially turned toward those who are standing in the forefront of the battle; and the prayer has gone up for their preservation,— not the preservation of their lives, but the preservation of their minds in humility and patience, faith, hope, and charity,— that charity which is the bond of perfectness. If persecution is the means which God has ordained for the accomplishment of this great end,— emancipation,— then, in dependence upon him for strength to bear it, I feel as if I should say, let it come; for it is my deep, solemn, deliberate conviction, that this is a cause worth dying for. At one time, I thought this system would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior; but a hope gleams across my mind that our blood will be spilt instead of the slave-holders'; that our lives will be taken, and theirs spared. I say a hope; for of all things I desire to be spared the anguish of seeing our beloved country desolated with the horrors of a servile war.

These words were written by one who was standing not apart in a place of safety, but in the foremost post of danger, and who knew that she was as likely as anyone to share in the martyrdom which she foresaw. The spirit which dictated these sentences went through her whole life as its ruling influence. No one among "the noble army of the martyrs" ever lived "more ready to be offered." This was the easy, every-day attitude of her mind. But she was not thinking about it. She entered so entirely into her Master's spirit, that his yoke was easy to her, and his burden light. Her elevation of soul was such that she had become unconscious of any humiliation or self-sacrifice amid the humblest cares and duties. We might, perhaps, find her mending a stocking, as if that had been her business in

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life. No word of hers related to herself. Her voice was gentle. There was a refined courtesy about her — in her look and manner. Her bearing was that of a quiet, retiring, self-forgetting spirit; and yet somehow she impressed us, as very few have ever done, with a sense of moral and spiritual greatness. "A grand woman" — grand in the highest sense of the word — we have often heard her called. And yet she was the lowliest among the lowly. "Whosoever will be great among you shall be your servant." The servant's place she meekly accepted, but with no thought of the greatness attendant upon it.

So she lived; and over one who so lives, death can have no power except to set her free from these earthly limitations, and thus consecrate and enlarge her influence. Standing by the silent form from which so much virtue had gone out, we felt that it yielded up the dear life once enclosed within it, only that it might be diffused more widely and with new efficiency and sweetness, as, when the alabaster box was broken, "the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."

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THINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

We have already reviewed the first two volumes of this interesting history. The third volume before us opens with the death of Elizabeth and the rise of Puritanism.

The author devotes two or three pages to a consideration of the flourishing condition of England commercially and politically, as well as intellectually, at that period. Religion begins to take strong hold of the active minds of the people. The Church of England, a compromise with old traditions, had held the upper ranks together, and preserved her nationality. But the people were Puritan, and the Bible was the book which, in the absence of other literature, absorbed the attention of the masses of intelligent men. Mr. Green describes vividly how they would gather around, listening eagerly to the old Hebrew stories or the voice of the prophets, if they could find some voluble reader who would stand in their midst in the streets, and hold forth with sonorous voice. The Bible was all their literature, with its tales, its prophecies, its songs, its maxims, its parables, its epistles, and its apocalypse.

The author surveys the Puritan element in the land with great fairness, and grows eloquent even in praise of the integrity and moral force of these leaders and artisans and country gentlemen who were gradually rising to a comprehension of the rights and responsibilities of Englishmen, and the necessity of honest reason in matters of religion. He admires the sterling qualities of this party in the State, set off against the temporizing policy of Elizabeth, who played fast and loose with them as best suited her royal pleasure. At this period, too, this party was moderate in its demands, and not extreme in its religious fanaticism. There was a God-fearing simplicity and pureness of family life among them at first, without any of the ascetic abhorrence of pleasure that marked them in later years. There might perhaps, we may say, have been the same difference that marked John Robinson and his company at Plymouth, and the Puritans of Salem and Boston afterwards. In the one case, there was the modesty of simple living and great sincerity; in the other, the presumption of success and the odor of sanctity.

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He touches upon John Milton; and, while he admires his devotion to truth, he contrasts his somewhat severe spirit with the light sensuous enjoyment of Shakespeare's compeers, and feels that, although the Puritan had grand views of life and its work, he missed a good deal of the innocent, healthy joy of external physical life. Mr. Green speaks of Hooker in the most exalted terms, and places him in the highest rank among English prose writers. Hooker's spirit and method, he says, were philosophical rather than theological. He relied upon reason, and he broadened the temper of the national Church.

The accession of James, "a ruler," as the writer says, "without genius and without sympathy," interfered with the real progress of the people by the contest which he brought on between England and her kings. His early struggles with his own turbulent barons in Scotland, his moral discomfiture in the presence of Knox, Melville, and the kirk in general, and his worldly triumph at last in being made King of all England,—all is told with vigor and spirit. Then comes the break with the Parliament.

King James, our author ushers in with pretty lively word-painting. He says: "His big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, stood out in as grotesque contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble, his want of personal dignity, his buffoonery, and his pedantry; . . . but under his ridiculous exterior lay no small amount of moral courage and of intellectual ability."

His struggle with his Parliament now begins, and in comparing his state of mind with that of the sturdy English people at that time, he says: "Their practical good sense recoiled from his unpractical cleverness, which, while it seldom said a foolish thing, never did a wise one." "Like the Bourbons," he says, "the Stuarts forgot nothing and learned nothing, for eighty years, in England." The Gunpowder Plot defeats itself, James gets his episcopacy established in Scotland, and he feels no small elation as we open upon another chapter.

We have now the death of James, and the entrance of Charles on to the scene of action, keeping with him his father's favorite Buckingham, much to the disgust of the realm. Mr. Green in a few pungent words shows the nature of the favorite's relation to James. "To such a mind," he says (as James'), "the shallow brilliant adventurer came as a relief. James found all his own wise follies and politic moonshine translated for him into positive

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fact by Buckingham. He leaned more and more on a favorite who never doubted, and was always ready to act."

After relating graphically Charles' struggles with his Parliament, and final closing of it for eleven years, he, with a few touches, shows Charles' motives. He says: "Charles had, in truth, neither the grandeur nor the meaner instincts of a born tyrant. He believed implicitly in his own prerogative, and never doubted that his subjects would in the end come to believe it, too. His system rested not on force, but on a moral basis. What he relied on was not the soldier, but the judge. He was determined to free the crown from its dependence on Parliament." Strafford's character is well-drawn, as also Laud's. Mr. Green gives us another glimpse of Milton; and although he looks upon him as a stanch Puritan, he thinks he shows in his "Allegro" and "Penseroso" a desire to escape from the austerity of his co-religionists, and catch again the fancy and melody of the Elizabethan verse. "Still," he says, "Milton's imagination is not strong enough to identify him with the world which he imagines; he stands apart, and looks at it from a distance, ordering it and arranging it at his will. Yet if Milton falls in this respect below Spenser or Shakespeare, the deficiency is compensated by his nobleness of expression." . . .

The Puritan commonwealth in America takes up a few pages, and we enter upon the Rising of the Scots; then the Long Parliament opens, Pym and Hamden appear on the scene, the war begins, victories and defeats come on both sides; these two great men pass away from the stage, and Oliver Cromwell looms up with his godly soldiers. The picture of Hamden, laid away in the village church-yard, is moving; and the strong crying of his followers showed that his spirit was not dead, but ready to lead Cromwell on to victory.

The war between the king and his people now goes on; and whatever sympathy we may have for the ideal Charles, with his courtly demeanor and chivalric graces, his duplicity and want of honor in the contest destroy most of our illusions. Cromwell, grim as he was in his fierce retaliation and butcheries in Ireland, reveals more and more, under the hand of his painter, the historian, those incorruptible qualities which restrained him from much of the tyrannical spirit of his confederates, and showed him not responsible for all that was done by others in the tumult of revolution. Our author evinces no disposition to unduly exalt

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Cromwell or to abase him, but to look at him as he was; and we must say that, considering the necessities of the times and his great temptations, his record is wonderfully clean. His refusal of the crown, and his failure at length to satisfy any party except his army — composed of godly men — prepare the way for a new state of things.

Mr. Green stops towards the end of the Protectorate, to make some very sound reflections in regard to what Puritanism, with all its narrowness, had accomplished for England, and what it could not do. The moderate Royalist and the Cavalier and the Presbyterian were drawn together in a just condemnation of an illegal government which, however incorruptible it may have been, however brave in its defence of the country abroad, was really sapping all the original life of the nation. Scholars, men of science, theologians of the national Church, turned their attention away from all these discords, and tried to solace themselves in the pursuit of truth. Bacon had set them a great example. "Falkland, although he may have erred politically," says our author, "has distinguished himself in the history of religious thought; Jeremy Taylor limited the authority of the Scriptures themselves; Chillingworth was a thorough believer in private judgment; Hales declared 'that he would quit the Church, to-morrow, if it required him to believe that all who dissented from it must be damned.'" Thus we see that the old Church, though moving slower than the Puritans, and not so able to reach the masses of men, was really, through her great and devoted scholars working her way upward to higher and broader truth, coming down gradually to the best minds through the printed page.

We have now Cromwell's failure to see his dreams of a religious Commonwealth realized; and at length his death puts an end to the Puritan dominion. Yet its noble influence was not lost; all that was worth preserving was saved for the next generation, and only its extravagant pretensions were quenched. The great lights of the English Church were coming to the day, and claiming what Dean Stanley has so wisely averred, that the English Church might, in liberty of thought and speech, be the great comprehensive Church of the world. Men of logic and science, like Locke and Hobbes, were striking the same key-note for liberty; and our author speaks glowingly of all that England had gained in freedom and knowledge in spite of wars and revolu-

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tions. Charles II. had come back at length to his throne, it is true, bringing frivolity, fashion, and sensuality with him; but the best Puritan influence was not dead, but, as Mr. Green says, was destined to come forth again in the time of Wesley, and have a new lease of life. The author shows his breadth of mind conspicuously, when he draws contrasts between the influence of the Church of England in its best phases and the noblest type of the Puritan thought. The world needed both, and his catholic mind is able to appreciate both. But few historians are so impartial and free from bias in their judgments.

The dreary blunders of Charles II.'s reign take up several chapters; and the gradual rise of the church party again shows us the tables turned, and the Puritans ejected from their livings, and forbidden to preach. Sir Ashley Cooper is well-drawn, with his mingling of luxuriousness and pleasure-going with unparalleled energy and ability. The blind old poet, Milton, steps again on the scene, having outlived his contemporaries, and in the silence of his study sets himself to work on his great poem of "Paradise Lost,"—the reflex of the wars of religions and the struggle of good with evil embodied in the Calvinistic theory of God and the universe. The author says justly that Milton, in spite of the splendor of his diction and the grandeur of his scenes, "is wanting in the warm sympathy with humanity so manifest in Chaucer and Shakespeare, and utterly without dramatic power."

The wretched intrigues of Charles with the French King, the war with Holland, the defection of the Duke of York to the Catholics, the popish panic, and the fierce energy of Shaftesbury, with the bloody massacres that ensued, are relieved by some pictures of great men who shine in the midst of the darkness around. Bunyan looms up from his tinker's shop, and, after lingering in prison for his bold words, produces there that moving picture of the pilgrim in his progress to heaven, who was none other than the devout Puritan of the day, wading through the sea of discord and wrong to the shore of peace.

William of Orange comes on to the scene, and with his clear, cool eyes measures early the weakness and despotism of Charles' successor, and his chances of overthrowing his tyranny in the end. Dryden begins to write his somewhat stiff tragedies, imitating the French classic writers, and worse, even their follies and vices, but settling at last upon his satires, where he found

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himself in his true element, and exerted a wholesome effect upon the disorders of the day.

We close this volume with the triumph of the king over the revolutionists, the arrest of Monmouth, the recall of his brother James to court, and the flight and death of Shaftesbury. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

JACOB ABBOTT.

Our last number contained some interesting reminiscences of one branch of the Abbot family of New England; and now a venerable man has passed away whose name, with a slight difference in the spelling, is the same, and who has exerted a wide influence upon the young of the past century.

We saw the record of his death with emotion; and when we read in the *Christian Union* the touching tribute which an affectionate and appreciative son has paid to his father, our sympathies were deepened by the picture of a noble life drawn by one who saw it in all its simple faithfulness, unglossed by the illusions of fame and reputation. It is a pleasure to bear our humble testimony to the enjoyment and benefit which our own childhood derived from those *Rollo Stories* which began with the dawning conscience of a country boy, and carried him along through the wholesome ways of home-life and duty out into the world of men. How many young eyes have been riveted to these pleasant pages, how many young consciences pricked, how many good habits started and formed through this influence, eternity alone shall tell!

It is pleasant to see that this genial and healthful influence of Mr. Abbott began with his own children. The mother died early. The boys were scattered, and only were with the father during their vacations; and yet, says the son, "His brooding, considerate, studying love was an ever-present influence, a stronger power over our lives than any one of us knew. The father, when separated from us, was ever pointing us up to the Father invisible, but never far away."

His stories inculcated religious truths, but they were never dogmatic in their teachings; and his *Young Christian Series*, although different in its scope from what our denomination would produce, was, if our memory is correct, remarkably free from the stereotyped phraseology of some orthodox writers.

His son says that he had great faith in what he expressed on

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the title-page of one of his books; namely: "Gentle measures in the training of the young." He carried out this principle with his own children, and mingled with it so much firmness that each child yielded instinctively to his authority.

A good many years ago, we recall a slashing article in one of our monthlies criticising flippantly the *Rollo Books*, and making merry over the commonplaces of the story, and the repetitions of the conversations among the characters. The writer showed how little he understood children. This very minuteness of detail, this pre-Raphaelite painting, this questioning and answering, is just what the young mind wants. It is no sign that these books are a failure, because the growing youth may weary of them. They were meant especially for young children. We confess ourselves never tired of them, especially when sitting with our work, we can listen to some sweet, childish voice that reads patiently and earnestly page after page, never asking to skip, and drinking in, meanwhile, the soundest and simplest gospel of every-day life and duty. The modern novelist of the last twenty years has found out the value of these every-day talks and experiences, without much plot; and we have had a crop of stories in English and American periodicals, etc., which would be liable to the same adverse criticism and charge of tediousness; but the writers themselves know that these books are wanted by the young, and that they do them good.

In early manhood, Mr. Abbott bought a wild place in Farmington, Me., opposite his father's home. Here he wrote his *Rollo Books*, and occupied his leisure in clearing up the place, working with his own hands until he had made it beautiful. Two of his sons had country homes near him, and he loved to exercise his ingenuity in landscape gardening on their places.

"His religious belief," says his son, "was very simple and very profound. Its main articles were two: his faith in the unspeakable peace which Christ affords to the soul burdened with sin, and his strong conviction that faith transcends expression." He believed that nine-tenths of the theological disputes in the world were disputes about words, and was tolerant of all religious opinions. "He lived and died," the son continues, "in the Congregational Church, but he was a member of the Church Universal, the unbounded communion of saints."

He passed away on the old homestead surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and loved and honored by the whole

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village community. He had a longing to go home; and when asked, the last hour, if he was comfortable, "Very comfortable," he replied; "it worries me to be so comfortable; I thought I was going." He did go at length, leaving a precious legacy to his children and neighbors, and awaking memories in thousands of hearts, and tributes of love and respect, among which is the humble offering we lay upon his grave to-day.

VARIETIES.

Our friends of the Woman's Congress for the Advancement of Women appear to have had a good and successful time at Madison. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* gives a full and appreciative notice of the occasion. After mentioning the names of Mrs. Kate Newell Dogget, the President, with words of compliment at her manner of presiding, the editor goes on to say some pleasant words in regard to women's way of carrying out such a meeting. The business of the conference, he says, was conducted in a very business-like manner; and he pronounces women "as parliamentarians quite a success." Each member was allowed five minutes for discussion, but did not usually occupy half that time. He gives them credit for great good-nature. He takes it for granted that cultivated women are more free from envy and selfishness than men. "When a member rises to speak, her sisters listen attentively; whereas a man would solicit a chew of tobacco from his neighbor, or worse, squeak across the floor, and whisper aloud to some colleague." He even compliments them upon their appearance, and calls them even fashionable in their dress, which he considers "a trifle inconsistent."

He quotes freely from the papers read: one by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, of Boston, on "Women in Organization"; one by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, on "The Physical Basis of Mind"; another by Miss Lavinia Goodell, on "Penal Legislation"; another by Miss Abby W. May, on "Women on School Boards," etc., and many others. We should be glad to quote from these papers, if our space allowed.

The company was entertained at the house of Governor and Mrs. Smith, of Madison, and had a musical performance from Mr. and Mrs. Ole Bull. Interesting letters were read from absent friends; and the whole Congress seems to have been well-attended by the citizens and numerous delegations from surrounding towns and New England.

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In a recent letter from Rev. J. L. Douthit, our devoted missionary preacher at Shelbyville, Ill., he says: "I held five basket conferences during the summer at different places in the country. All were unusually well-attended, and people were in very good spirits. I go, next Sunday, to a neighborhood where they have been living without God in the world in some sense, but now want to have me preach for them, and promise to build a 'meeting-house.' I need a colleague,—a young man who would be willing to live on poor wages for a few years. *Where, where shall I find him?*" This Macedonian cry of our missionary is pathetic. It should touch us to the core. Let us all look round among our acquaintances, and see if we cannot find that young man "standing idle, because no man hath hired him." Our readers will perhaps understand that a basket conference means that when Mr. Douthit has got a little Western community interested in religion, he says to his own people, Let us go there and have a conference. They go, carrying their baskets of luncheon in picnic style; and their hosts, who are poor, finding no entertainment required of them but that, fill up their own baskets too, and find a pretty place out-of-doors, where they erect their stand, and hold a joyful meeting,—as our Brother Douthit, with his early Methodist training, knows how to make it, talking together of "the things that pertain unto the kingdom of God."

Our Unitarian brethren, in England, have had a *soirée* of late to receive and welcome the Rev. Alexander Gordon, M.A., and Rev. Andrew Chalmers on their return from Hungary, where they had represented the British and Foreign Unitarian Association at the Tercentenary Commemoration of Francis David, first Bishop of the Unitarians of Hungary. Mr. Chalmers gave a very interesting account of the origin of Unitarianism in Hungary, and the way that little band of Unitarians had kept themselves intact for more than three hundred years in the midst of religious wars, oppressions, and change of government. Mr. Gordon told how they remembered there so vividly the visits of Mr. Tayler, Mr. Fretwell, Mr. Hale, and Mr. Morison, from America. He spoke of the beauty of the land, the blue Danube, the snow-capped Carpathians, the heights of Deva, and then of the simple, upright character of the people. He believed he was the first Englishman who ever preached to them. They urged him to address them, and he declined, from his imperfect knowledge of the lan-

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guage. At length he got up and said: "God is one"—. Before he could go on, they interrupted him, saying that his sermon contained all it need have in it, and they wished their own pastor's sermons were as short and as much to the point. (Laughter.) We should like to quote more from these delightful addresses.

Our English Orthodox friends here held their usual Congregational Union of England and Wales this past season. Some of the speaking was very fine and catholic in its spirit. We should be glad to quote from these speeches, but want of space prevents.

A correspondent in the *Independent* waxes warm over the great liberal rally in Lancashire. Lord Hartington was present. Two hundred thousand tickets of admission were applied for. The immense audience spent their time, while waiting, in singing "songs for reformers," with a brass band to accompany them. The barriers broke down at the outset, and the Chairman of the Reform Union was borne over men's shoulders to his seat. Twenty-four Members of Parliament were cheered when they took their places. When the chairman and Lord Hartington and John Bright entered, the whole audience rose, frantic with delight, and shouted and stamped. The two former men were unused to such a reception, and stood petrified, but John Bright had had it before; but even he confessed that it was beyond anything that he had ever experienced. Lord Hartington in his speech was loudly cheered when he answerd the appeal from the government to cease criticising their policy, with the challenge that if the liberal party did not stop, they would appeal to the country. He said: "We reject the appeal, and we accept the challenge." (Cheers.) When John Bright rose, the writer says, "Such an ovation was rarely given to mortal man." Twenty thousand sprang to their feet, and cheered. The band outside was heard playing, "The Fine Old English Gentlemen." The audience caught it, and the song rolled over the vast building. Quiet was at length gained, except here and there a cry, and a homely voice called out, "They only want to see you, John." The writer thinks the speech the finest Mr. Bright has ever made. After he had got through, there was another audience outside of thirty thousand people in the open air pressing upon him, and he had to make another speech. "Many a nail," says the correspondent, "was driven that day into the coffin of Tory domination in England."

MARTHA P. LOWE.

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REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Relations of Mind and Brain. By Henry Calderwood, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 455. London: MacMillan & Co. 1879.

Dr. Calderwood, who is Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, must be known to many American readers as the author of one of the best manuals of ethics, from the intuitional standpoint, now in use. An earlier work on the *Philosophy of the Infinite* was an able argument against Dean Mansel. The spirit of his latest book is indicated by the title and by the suggestive quotation from Plato's *Republic* which serves as a motto: "Now my belief is, not that the good body improves the soul, but that the good soul improves the body." Dr. Calderwood rejects the monism of Bain, upheld also by Lewes in his *Study of Psychology*, and takes "the position that there are in human nature two forms of existence acting and reacting upon each other," to be defensible in the light of all the knowledge that we at present possess. The first two hundred pages are devoted to a full statement, drawn from the best authorities, and amply illustrated, of the anatomy and physiology of the brain. The author's temper is one of freedom and candor. He does not hesitate to rank man as a part of Nature, nor to declare the necessity of physiology in a complete science of mind. Consequently, in this preliminary study of the human brain, the comparative method is thoroughly followed, and the researches that have been made into the central constitution of the animals below man are noticed at length. The fourth chapter, on "Localization of Functions in Distinct Portions of the Brain," is the most novel one in this part of the book, containing, as it does, an excellent summary of the conclusions of Ferrier and others on this important matter. The result of the anatomical and physiological survey is that, so far as it has yet been carried, it affords "no explanation of our most ordinary intellectual exercises." Sensory and motor functions are indeed accounted for, but the functions of intellect proper are not explained by anything we yet know concerning nerve or brain. This general position is illustrated in the remaining half of the volume, in chapters devoted to the higher phenomena of intelli-

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gence, after personal experience, as connected with sensation and motor activity, has been treated in two chapters that very clearly point out the deficiency of physiological explanation of consciousness and voluntary motion. Experience, in the case of man, implies discrimination; and it is Dr. Calderwood's prime argument here, that no rendering into terms of nerve, cell, or electrical discharge has been made of this fundamental psychological fact of discrimination. No evidence that peculiar portions of the brain are appropriated to the exercise of intellect proper or of will is forthcoming. The difficulties, under a purely physiological explanation of mind, that arise from the facts of memory, speech, influence of mind upon body, and disorders of the brain are set forth in succession. The fallacy of the entire confusion of mind and brain made by shallow physiologists is fully exposed in these chapters. The whole work is to be praised as a most useful compilation, in the light of recent knowledge, of the facts lying in the border-ground of physiology and psychology. Dr. Calderwood declines expressly "the question as to the nature of mind, beyond ascertaining its functions," which he declares to be essentially different from those of brain, and altogether higher in kind. But if one refuses to rest in such a statement, and desires to formulate some theory of intellect that shall account for all the phenomena, we must believe that the author has not cut away the ground from under the monistic theory, which may have, indeed, many and great difficulties connected with it, but which is still an inevitable attempt to introduce unity where Dr. Calderwood has nothing to offer. In spite of this philosophical defect, the work remains a most useful aid to students in this forever interesting field of investigation. Its clear statements of the actual deficiencies of all physiological explanations of mental phenomena thus far given are of high value at this time, when there is so much vain reliance upon such explanations which do not explain. N. P. G.

Ethics; or, Science of Duty. By John Bascom, author of *Principles of Psychology, Growth and Grades of Intelligence, A Philosophy of Religion*, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

By any who have yet to make his acquaintance, Prof. Bascom will be welcomed as a man of great insight, candor, breadth of view, and accurate discrimination, with both brilliancy and sim-

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plicity in statement. His lucid style makes that of Mr. Spencer seem somewhat formal and clumsy; and his *Science of Duty* is a happy companion for the *Data of Ethics.*

While Mr. Spencer objects to having the utilitarian theory designated as "pig philosophy," and shows how little comprehension of it his critic has, Mr. Bascom sees how inevitable such misapprehension is, when the word "pleasure" is addressed to those who associate with it only thoughts of what is gross and low. He takes, therefore, the Greek word Hedonism, in a sense narrower than that given to it by Sedgwick or Spencer, to designate that theory which finds "personal pleasure," sensuous, or even sensual pleasure the proper motive for human action. This theory, then, naturally appears as "pig philosophy," ignoring duty, and leading to indulgence. Having dismissed it as "not a theory of morals," he goes on to a very satisfactory consideration of Utilitarianism and Intuitionalism.

Here Mr. Bascom happily shows that, if duty leads but to acts of utility, man may not pause to think of that while in the thick of the fight. Nor may we stop to identify what the judgment deems useful with that which the conscience declares right. Our author says: "Right, duty, obligation, righteousness, holiness, are not expressions of prudential calculation nor of conventional sentiment. They search each heart by itself for interpretation, and are best understood when we are least sensitive to the opinions of our fellow-men, and even when we are least sensitive to their immediate pleasures." (p. 102.)

Mr. Bascom seems wisely to decline proclaiming any "ultimate basis of morals." He sees that definitions here, like other scientific definitions, have had their sharp edges fretted away by recent controversies. He knows right well how much assumption there is in the claims now made in the name of science, for opinions whose truth is but relative, or approximate, or purely hypothetical.

Yet, while he puts aside all pleas for an absolute right, he claims for his teachings and for our separate perceptions of duty as good a ground as that on which any scientific conclusions rest. Would he say that, while right is relative, duty is absolute? He says: "A feeling is very prevalent that diversity of sentiments, and above all of practical conclusions, is in morals peculiarly to be deprecated, and vitiates in a profound way the value of so-called ethical laws. Certainty and uniformity are demanded as the

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only fitting conditions of obedience. We do not in the least sympathize with this opinion. Exact, uniform, and wholly intelligible laws would begin at once to straiten and strangle our spiritual nature. Obedience would henceforth be comparatively mechanical. Our moral constitution is thoroughly incorporated with our intellectual constitution, and must share its conditions of growth."

"The intellection in which duty is seen must forever alter and enlarge under-growing knowledge; and the ethical insight of the soul of man is present on purpose to drink in this new truth, to enjoy this new revelation. A precise command would be narrow, heartless, and would shortly have no living hold on our growing constitution." (p. 91.)

This volume of three hundred and eighty-three pages includes four books and twenty-six chapters, whose discussions cover a very wide field. Because of its great candor, sweet spirit, and absence of all controversial temper, it is eminently fit to be put into the hands of the young.

Its excellent paper and clear type make this book of the Putnam's a pleasing contrast to the newspaper-like print of Appleton's *Data of Ethics.* And its good index, which is conspicuously absent from the latter, increases our debt to its publishers.

The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

The publishers of the works of Daniel Webster have issued this volume of selections, with the purpose of calling attention anew to his genius and public services, and to revive, if possible, the interest of the community in his works and his masterly utterances on public affairs. The volume includes his most famous speeches on constitutional questions, and a considerable number of the legal arguments and occasional addresses which won for him his place at the head of the great pleaders and patriotic orators of his age. Their publication in this form is timely; for the people of this country need some better access to the mind and heart of the great expounder of the Constitution than through the ponderous six-volumed edition of Mr. Everett. And, on the other hand, the time is come when it is possible to form a more dispassionate estimate of the genius and public record of Mr. Webster than was possible while the community

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was under the spell of his personality, which formed a cult, at least in New England, for a generation; and while, on the other hand, the moral sense of the country was smarting under the disappointment of what seemed to be his final desertion of the highest moral standard in a great public exigency. We think the final judgment will be, that, whatever his personal defects of character, whatever his failure to discern the highest call of the great hour when slavery made an issue beside which all others were secondary, Daniel Webster had yet the instinct and the passion of patriotism in heroic measure, and helped more than any other man of his time to inspire it in the heart of the nation, and to direct it to the better comprehension and the larger reverence of the national constitution; so that when the conflict came the country was stronger for it, and more determined to subdue secession and maintain the integrity of the Union. If he failed, as we think he did at last, of full loyalty to humanity, it was to nothing less than country that he gave up what was meant for mankind. Now that the smoke of the conflict is passing away, and the old constitutional questions are emerging anew for resettlement or revision, it will be well for those who are to be the statesmen of the coming time, and for all this generation of Americans, to study these questions in the light of the large comprehension, the masterly statement, the high estimate of national obligations, and the fervid patriotism, which characterized and inspired the public life of Webster.

It has been pointed out that his works are the only political works of any American which have a probable chance of permanence as literature; and we wish that Mr. Whipple's essay—which, good as it is, is not among his best—had more adequately analyzed and demonstrated Mr. Webster's claim to rank as a master of English style.

Report of the Commissioner of Education [John Eaton] *for the Year 1877.* Washington: Government Printing Office. 1879. pp. CCVI., 644.

This Report is crammed with information, from the first page to the last. It is almost a solid mass of statistics. The Commissioner's Report proper fills the first two hundred pages, touching with great brevity upon almost every conceivable subject relating to the education of the people. Then follow abstracts from official reports of the school officers in all the States and Terri-

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tories, and in many of the large cities, as well as notices of educational conventions and associations.

The statistics of education, for the year 1877, are very full, gathered from returns made from every State and Territory, and cover three hundred and thirty pages.

The index is meagre, covering only seventeen pages, but it is vastly better than none.

The volume is rather a body of facts about education than a volume of instruction how to educate; and so it should be. They are needed. Many persons have very little knowledge of the progress that has been made in the methods and subjects of education within the last ten years in the United States. Here something can be found on every point pertaining to it in all the educational institutions of the nation. The labor of such a compilation must have been immense; and to give the most meagre idea of the contents of the volume would require our whole *Review*. Fifteen pages of very fine print is given to a summary of the educational system of New York. That of Massachusetts has an equal number of pages, and that of Ohio twelve. Dakota has two pages, Arizona one, and New Mexico one.

We are surprised, but delighted, to hear that the following institutions for "the superior instruction of women" are "unsectarian,"—namely, Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, Wellesley College, Smith College! Somebody has been fooling Commissioner Eaton, or there is a new edition of Webster's Unabridged published.

The relation of education to the State demands discussion, and we hope to give an article on the subject soon.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany. Revised from Lady Llanover's edition, and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

Studies of Paris. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian by W. W. C. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Bible for Learners. Vol. III. The Narratives of the New Testament. Prepared by Dr. I. Hooykaas. Authorized Translation. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

Oddments of Andean Diplomacy. With other Oddments: including a proposition for a double-track steel railway from the westerly shores of Hudson's Bay to the midway margin of the Strait of Magellan, etc., etc. By Hinton Rowan Helper, formerly of the Blue Ridge Region, now of the Mississippi Valley, etc., etc. St. Louis: W. S. Bryan. 1879.

Stories of War. Told by Soldiers. Collected and edited by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

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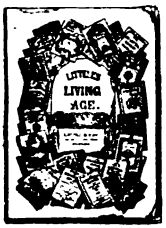

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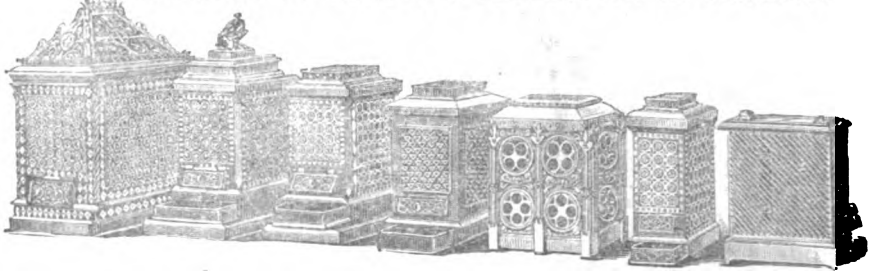

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